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A PIONEER OF OLD SUPERIOR

BY

LILLIAN KIMBALL STEWART



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TO
MY FATHER'S
GRANDSONS

NORMAN FRANK KIMBALL
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A Pioneer of Old Superior.

I.

On a bright summer morning it befell that a late sleeper in the city of Denver woke to find himself deplorably reduced as to raiment.

He had slept in two garments, a pair of old blue overalls and a miner's cast-off flannel shirt. Arising, he put on some worn-out rubbers and a torn and greasy coat. Then, as if to crown his dilapidation, he placed upon his gray head, above his broad face of a deep mulberry hue, a shapeless green felt hat. He was decently covered, but he realized that he was not decently clothed. Moreover, he was penniless and he had nothing to pawn. But he was resourceful.

He resolved to act as he had acted in stringent circumstances before, to obey the admonition—seek if you would find, knock if you would evoke the open door. Accordingly he set forth as a confident solicitor in the guise of a tatterdemalion, choosing a street where he would be likely to find a housewife willing to add to his wardrobe by subtracting from her husband's. To the woman who first responded to his knock at her front door he made formal salute, raising his hand to his hat with a courtly flourish, and then said in grandiloquent tone, "Lady, I am seeking for help. I am a poor child of misfortune born in despair. My God, Lady, give me a pair of pants."

The lady's uncontrollable reaction to this appeal was amusement. To make her pitiful the solicitor

added pathos to his eloquence. "Only think, Lady, last Sunday I addressed the Young Men's Christian Association at Fort Collins on the problem of life. I had on a white collar and a fine black suit. And look at me now."

She forbore to look, having seen. But she asked what had become of his so respectable clothes. With a backward gesture of his thumb he replied in confidential tone, "I'll tell you, Lady. I went out here to Montclair last night and they deprived me of 'em." This euphemistic statement was equivalent to the confession that he had gambled away the very shirt upon his back, that he had been completely stripped.

The lady was duly pitiful, duly responsive to his plea. He departed calling down a blessing upon her generous heart. At the nearest corner he retired behind the trunk of a sycamore tree to don his newly acquired trousers, and then walked on to complete his outfit without labor and without price. Like Sentimental Tommy he was endowed with the power to "find a w'y".

From her neighbor who contributed shoes the lady learned that their beneficiary was a well known character in Denver, notorious for his ups and downs. He was familiarly called "Tintag", because as a barker for Forepaugh's circus he had advertised a certain brand of tobacco by covering his person with the tin tags used as a trademark by the tobacco company. It occurred to the lady that so unique a personality would be interesting to Mark Twain, whose sympathy extended to all types of humanity, so she wrote the story of Tintag for his perusal. In reply she received the following letter from the great humorist:

"It is as I am always saying to myself, Life is only one long Accident, nothing more; it begins

with the Accidents of birthplace, sex, social degree, and the formidable and much determining Accident of Environment, and these helplessly breed the rest of the Accidents, and the subject becomes the shack or the temple the Accidents construct, and the idiot thinks *he* had something to do with it. Poor old Tintag, the shack. It was a villainous combination of circumstances that built him, and he probably believes that he helped, and feels sure that he is to blame or partly to blame, and it is only Accident, again, that I am not by him to prove to him the grotesqueness of that attitude, and comfort him a little while by persuading him to laugh at it with me. Oh, the delicious Human Race! always delightful, always funny, never otherwise than funny, and funniest of all when it is complimenting itself on having a share in ordering its own doings and shaping its own career, good or bad."

In this letter Mark Twain gave unequivocal expression to his philosophy of life, frankly avowing himself a determinist. His was the doctrine of inevitability, the unbroken, immutable sequence of cause and effect. Often and freely he expressed his belief in that doctrine, once in this wise, we are told, to a familiar friend:

"When the first living atom found itself afloat on the great Laurentian sea, the first act of that first atom led to the second act of that first atom, and so on down through the succeeding ages of all life, until, if the steps could be traced, it would be shown that the first act of that first atom has led inevitably to the act of my standing here in my dressing gown this instant talking to you."

Whether one accepts or rejects Mark Twain's philosophy of life, in either case if one surveys without prejudice the progress of his own life, or studies the life of another so far as it can be known from its outward manifestations, one can hardly escape the conviction that man's life is shaped by his reaction to his environment, an environment that he did not make, and that the nature of his reaction is determined by his personal endowment, meaning his temperament, his physique, his talents, his bent, an endowment that he did not choose but had to accept as his inheritance. It is in the light of this conviction that the life and character of Charles Dean Kimball, pioneer in the region of Lake Superior, are here portrayed.

The modern biologist has reached the conclusion that "heredity plays a great part, and probably a preponderant part, in shaping a man's actions and reactions, his goings and comings, his health and happiness in this world." If this conclusion be true, it follows that to ascertain in some measure the nature and quality of the endowment with which Charles Dean Kimball was supplied to meet life, inquiry must be made into the life and character of his progenitors.

So far as they are known his immigrant ancestors were natives of England. All of them were pioneers, coming to America in the first half of the seventeenth century. Two of them, Robert Page of Hampton and Ambrose Gibbons of South Berwick, built and operated sawmills. Two of them were mariners: Francis Lyford of Exeter was captain of a sloop of twenty tons, and John Low was vice-admiral of the fleet that brought John Winthrop's company to America. Two of them held judicial office: Henry Sherburne was judge at Portsmouth, and Tristram Coffin was the first magistrate at Nantucket. One of them, Edmund Greenleaf of Newbury, rose to prominence

in military life as lieutenant of the Massachusetts Provincial forces. Another was prominent in religious life, the Rev. Stephen Bachiler, a Puritan preacher forever in conflict with both civil and church authorities. John Dane of Ipswich was a surgeon. His son John, likewise an ancestor of Charles Dean Kimball, was a juror in the witch trials at Salem, as capable of being misguided as was Judge Sewall and also as capable of suffering remorse. Others were farmers and artisans. All were honest, industrious, public spirited, and competent. As the blood of all these men mingled in successive generations with that of the Kimballs, it will suffice to examine in detail the career of only those in the direct Kimball line.

II.

When Duke William of Normandy, accompanied by the flower of Norman knighthood, crossed the English Channel to wage war upon the Saxons, there were no Kimballs in that conquering army.

The Kimballs were among the ploughmen of Saxon England who rallied to the standard of Harold the Saxon king to fight the bold Norman invaders on the soil that for centuries had been trodden by their forefathers. This is revealed in the very name *Kimball*, which bears no trace of Norman French but is pure Saxon. In earliest records it is spelled *Kymbolde*, a modification of the original *Cynebolde*, meaning "royally bold." Probably the name was first bestowed upon some unnamed hero who bore himself in battle like a king and fairly won the name by high deserving. Although merely a word, with no substance, no tangible reality, in its transmission down the centuries to unnumbered descendants of that kingly man of olden time it has proved a more enduring memorial than jeweled decoration or iron cross.

For four hundred years before Captain Christopher Jones brought the *Mayflower* to an American harbor, the surname Kimball had appeared in divers forms upon the records of several towns in the county of Suffolk. In 1615 the name of one Richard Kimball was recorded in Rattlesden. In 1617 his name appeared as Richard Kembolde in the neighboring town of Hitcham. But it was in Rattlesden that this Richard Kimball, progenitor of most of the Kimballs in America, lived for at least fifteen years preceding his emigration.

The ancient and pleasant village bearing the Saxon name Rattlesden lies about half way between the ancient monastic town of Bury St. Edmunds and the ancient seaport of Ipswich on the North Sea. Its parish church was dedicated to St. Nicholas, patron saint of sailors. The coat of arms of the Kimball family of Rattlesden bore for its crest a mermaid, which would seem to indicate that at some time members of the family had been mariners. In the early part of the seventeenth century, however, the Rattlesden Kimballs were not engaged in navigation, but on the contrary were promoting travel by land through the skillful exercise of their trade as wheelwrights.

In 1630 it befell that the great fleet assembled to bear John Winthrop and a thousand followers to the New World sailed from the port of Yarmouth only a few miles to the north of Ipswich. The news of that adventure spread along the coast and reached the ear of Richard Kimball, then a man of thirty-five. For centuries his ancestors had dwelt in the home of their fathers, thinking their thoughts and perpetuating their ways, but at last a Kimball had been born in whose mind and heart awoke a response to a new call. Richard Kimball of Rattlesden felt a compelling urge to cross the Atlantic Ocean.

Was it to enjoy the ownership of land? Was it for adventure, for the excitement of the new and strange? Or was it his answer to the call of the sea? Perchance some sailor ancestor had transmitted to him a craving to make a pathway through the great mysterious deep, a craving that he had no will to deny. And by following his bent did he likewise transmit to his descendants a similar compelling urge, the desire to go forth from the home of their parents and found a new home in a wilderness? Was it from the immigrant Richard Kimball that one of his name and blood in the eighth

generation, coming under the spell of the majestic inland sea called Lake Superior must needs follow the lure of that sea even unto his life's end?

These are questions impossible to answer. Few men know the springs of their own actions. But the true pioneer knows of a certainty what road he must take if he be free to follow.

Such an inevitable road it was that in the seventeenth century drew the men of England, the hardy, the adventurous, the bold, to brave the perils of a long voyage in a small sailing vessel across the wide Atlantic that they might enter upon a new life in a new England. They realized that a pioneer life would challenge all their powers, but they were fortified with firm faith and eager zest to meet that challenge. In all England Richard Kimball of Rattlesden and his brother Henry were the first of their name to see that beckoning road and recognize it as the road that they must travel.

In forsaking the land of his fathers Richard Kimball did not likewise break all family ties, for Ursula, his wife, and her aged mother, Martha Scott, were animated by the same spirit as he, ready and desirous to accompany him to the far off American Plantations. Undoubtedly it was with a wrench of the spirit that they left their ancestral home and all its dear accustomed ways. With no thought of any future return they knew that nevermore would they chat with lifetime friends in leafy lanes or beside the cottage hearth, nevermore breathe the fragrance of hedgerows white with the may, nevermore hear the skylark singing as he soared. Saddest of all, nevermore would they listen for the bells of old St. Nicholas, summoning them to worship in a beautiful sanctuary hallowed by memories. But they were people of the forward look, the questing spirit, and bright hopes sustained them.

In the early spring of 1634 they packed their chests, and with their seven children went down the valley of the Gipping river to the port of Ipswich, there to embark in the ship *Elizabeth* due to sail the last of April. Richard took the oath of "Alleageance and Supremacy," a formality that must have been bracing to his manhood, and he and his family were listed as "Persons of Quality," a distinction that must have been heartening, at least to Dame Ursula and Dame Martha. Among the passengers were almost as many children as grown people, so the seven young Kimballs must have been cheered by the anticipation of a prolonged frolic. Altogether it was a propitious departure, and in due time Captain Andrews brought the *Elizabeth* and the Kimballs safe to Boston harbor.

Richard Kimball made his permanent home in the town of Ipswich, Massachusetts, whither he was invited by the inhabitants because he was needed as a master wheelwright. The selectmen formally granted him permission to fell white oaks, a score at a time, for use in making wheels for the tumbrils, or two-wheeled ox-carts, which served as conveyances for corn and hay. Like all pioneers of his day he was primarily a farmer, and his career in that line must have gratified his ambition. Instead of a thatched cottage and a tiny plot of ground cultivated as a kitchen garden of herbs and vegetables, he had a roomy frame house in a lot of twenty-five acres on High street, including an orchard. He also acquired outlying lands, tracts of meadow, marsh, and upland. When he made hay on the marshes of Plum Island, he could see the blue ocean stretching to the horizon, far beyond which lay his native land. His chief crop was Indian corn, a grain unknown to him in Rattlesden. He fertilized his cornfields with small fish called alewives, a novel process but adequate. His fields were

not bordered by hedges of hawthorn but fenced in with rails laid according to law "horse-high, bull-proof, and pig-tight."

In every way Richard Kimball entered wholeheartedly into the life of the community. He took the freeman's oath, served as selectman, and became a member of a nonconformist church. He did his part in defending house and land from the depredations of wolves and foxes. And he became acquainted with a deadlier foe, the North American Indian, a being hitherto as non-existent for him as an Eskimo or a cannibal.

He contributed his assessment of a peck of corn for the support of Harvard College, he signed a petition for revoking the license of an innkeeper lax in his observance of the liquor laws, he served as jurymen in the Quarterly Courts, and as a vanquished defendant he paid the costs of a lawsuit brought against him for asserting ownership of a stray heifer.

Probably many a pang of homesickness was endured by Richard Kimball, and perhaps he felt those pangs most keenly when he was sitting quietly in church. Instead of responding to the full, clear notes of a bell on Sunday mornings, he obeyed a summons given by the beating of a drum. Instead of entering a towered stone church with stained glass windows, its doors flung wide, he went forth carrying a gun to a rude frame building on whose doors were nailed the heads of wolves recently killed for bounty. He sat upon a rude bench instead of in a carved oak pew. He endured a sermon of an hour's length, and departed without ever hearing from the preacher the friendly invitation to "draw near with faith and make your humble confession to Almighty God devoutly kneeling."

Richard Kimball could not have regretted his emi-

gration, for it was in all respects successful. He lived an industrious and honorable life for the span of eighty years, and left an estate valued at £517, which in his station he could not have dreamed of in old England. Better still, he had the satisfaction of knowing that his sons were endowed with his own spirit and like him would win for themselves from nature an existence free and independent.

III.

A second Richard Kimball, who was a boy of eleven years when his father brought him to America, was dominated in his manhood by the same pioneer spirit that animated his father, the desire to leave the old home and make his fortune by conquest in a new field. Although it was safer to dwell in the settlements along the coast, true to type he pushed inward with other adventurous young men to the town of Wenham, where there was much fine meadow land. He made his home on Lord's Hill, an elevation from which he could look upon Salem harbor and the sea, but the ocean did not seem to him as to his father the pathway to old England. He cherished no backward look, no memories that were rivals of his hopes. Like his father he was a husbandman and like him he was a wheelwright. Indeed, a love of land and at the same time a mechanical bent characterized the men of the Kimball line in each succeeding generation.

As soon as the Kimball family arrived in New England they were subjected to a new and powerful influence born of immediate contact with Indians. At first their attitude toward the natives was the human one of friendliness, changing soon to distrust, hatred, and deadly fear, feelings intensified by the terrible events of King Philip's War. However, during the life of Richard Kimball Jr. an event occurred that modified those sinister feelings and gradually changed them to good will.

Thomas Kimball, a brother of Richard Jr., and like him a pioneer on his own account, had left Ipswich to settle in a remote part of Rowley called Bradford.

During King Philip's War three "converted" Indians, who had been christened Symon, Peter, and Andrew, but were not therefore imbued with an apostolic love for the entire human race, went to Rowley with intent to kill a man who they believed had injured them. It was a dark night even for prowling, and the Indians lost their way. Then it befell that they came upon the lonely home of Thomas Kimball. They made attack. Thomas, fighting to defend his home and family, was killed by Symon. The cruel marauders then took the young mother, Mary Kimball, and her three little children into the wilderness, where they were held in captivity forty-one days. Finally they were released without ransom through the friendly offices of Wana-lancet, chief of a Penobscot tribe.

They had received no bodily harm, but they had undergone fatigue and privations and had been made to suffer the agony of terror. Twice Mary Kimball had been told that she and her children were to be burned alive. Twice she had seen the fires lighted for that torture. Thereafter, not until her release was she for one moment free from the horrible dread that the dire threat would be carried out.

During almost two hundred years after King Philip's War members of the Kimball family lived in frontier settlements bordering on the lands of Indian tribes, but their attitude toward Indians was not characterized by fear, resentment, or hostility. The story of Thomas Kimball's family was not forgotten, but as it was handed down from generation to generation it ceased to be a matter of history and became a tradition. The murder of Thomas Kimball lost prominence, while the kindness of the Indians in releasing without ransom the mother and her children was emphasized as being in direct contrast to the action of the white settlers, who were bent on extermination by any

means of the original occupants of American soil.

This family tradition became a part of Charles Dean Kimball's inherited beliefs. It was the very basis of his conviction that Indians were not by nature heartless or cruel, and that the treatment they gave their white brother would be determined by the treatment they received, a conviction that in his manhood both governed and justified his action.

As Caleb Kimball, son of Richard Jr., was only nine years old when his father died, he had long to wait for his inheritance. Following in the footsteps of his father and his grandfather, he learned a trade, that of a mason. Like them too, and like the majority of men in his day, he was a farmer. He had a large family to provide for, therefore it was not until he had reached middle life that he yielded to the innate Kimball urge to go forth to a new town and take up land that had never been cultivated or cleared.

Instead of going farther inland in the colony of Massachusetts he went north into New Hampshire to the town of Exeter situated on the tidewater. Although he bought extensively he was prevented by ill health from developing his lands. In a few years he died at Wenham, the only one in a line of eight generations of Kimballs to die in the town where he was born. His lands in Exeter became the property of three of his sons, and thus another link was formed in the chain of circumstances that finally took one family of Kimballs away from New England and out to the farthest reaches of the Old Northwest.

When John Kimball, son of Caleb, left the pleasant town of Wenham with its pretty lake and its wide green meadows, to make his home in the town of Exeter, he encountered certain conditions of pioneer life hitherto unfamiliar to him, which were to be strong formative influences in the lives of some who should

come after him. One of these was due to the location of the New Hampshire town and to the nature of its territory.

Exeter was a town of thirty square miles, through whose extent ran the picturesque Squamscot river to discharge its waters into the Great Bay, where they mingled with those of the salt sea. There were several falls in the river, which had been of immediate benefit to the earliest settlers as fishing places, and later furnished valuable mill sites.

The town was covered for the most part with dense forests, which, combined with the natural water power, led to the industry of lumbering, always a source of wealth and prosperity. To be sure, his Majesty the King of England had reserved the noblest growth of the forest, the towering pines, for masts for the royal navy; but there remained groves of white oak whose trunks furnished lumber strong and enduring, clumps of birches that were steadily growing wood fine-grained and hard, also beech, maple, hemlock, and spruce. The wood of all these trees was worked up into lumber or converted into staves for casks and hogsheads to hold pork or fish.

The most important use for the lumber sawed in Exeter was the building of boats—not the light canoes used for travel and for fishing, not alone the great barges called gundalows used for transporting hay grown on the marshes bordering the Great Bay, but real ships with masts and bellying sails, ships that crossed the sea. Sloops too were built for the coast-wise trade from Passamaquoddy Bay to the Chesapeake, and beyond to the Bahamas, even to remote Barbados. It befell that the manhood of John Kimball coincided with the golden age of shipbuilding in New England, when ships built in Exeter yards not only served the ends of merchants in the colonies but

were bought by merchants in England and other European countries for commerce in the Old World.

John Kimball, who would not have been true to the Kimball type if he had not been a mechanic, was by trade a ship carpenter. It is not unlikely that as he fashioned keel and prow his imagination was no less busy than his hands. In fancy he may have sailed the seas, the captain of the sturdy ship that he was helping to build. And who knows but the dreams and visions of men are just as potent influences in determining the endowment of their children as are their conscious efforts to mold character? It may well be that if John Kimball had not built ships and dreamed dreams in that golden age of shipbuilding there would not have been born in some of his descendants a love of forests, an interest in lumbering, so powerful as to lead them a thousand miles from Exeter to the magnificent forests of the West.

Another and quite different aspect of life was presented to John Kimball, one with which later Kimballs of his line were also destined to be confronted, the life of a soldier. It brought achievement and renown to him. To other Kimballs it brought excitement, adventure, hardship, loneliness, and pain. To one it brought a blighting shadow.

In the earlier years of the long drawn out French and Indian War, the English under Sir William Johnson undertook the capture of the French fort at Crown Point near the upper end of Lake Champlain. Among the troops whose brilliant exploit gave timely aid in the accomplishment of that feat was a company of eighty-four men under Captain Folsom of Exeter, one of whom was John Kimball. Those men, strong and vigorous, alert and untiring, served from April to October 1755. They had opportunity to observe the methods of savage warfare, and became unrivaled

scouts, as little daunted by danger or fatigue as were the Iroquois or Mohawks. Their achievement is recorded in history with admiration and praise. In the Kimball family it survived as a story of prowess and adventure told to children round the family hearth for generations to come.

IV.

At the time when Joseph, eldest son of John Kimball, was born the Kimball family had been living in New England a hundred years. They were still loyal Englishmen, bound to the mother country by ties social and political. During the life of Joseph Kimball a great change was to come. Born an Englishman, he was destined to die an American. For almost the entire span of his life the colonies were engaged in wars—Indian wars, the French war, the American Revolution. So far as they are known, the outstanding events of his life were concerned with those wars.

Joseph must have been a youth of force and character, for in the autumn of 1754 he was made commander of a guard of nine young men posted in a sparsely settled town west of Exeter. It was fear of hostile Indians more than any immediate danger that made the guard necessary, and that fear the guard quickly dispelled. Two weeks of military authority, however, must have given Joseph Kimball a taste for war, not without relish then and considerably whetted by the brilliant record of his father's company a year later. But Joseph married in 1756, and his energies were thereafter devoted to the maintenance of a rapidly increasing family, which he supported by farming and by working at his trade as a carpenter. He had no opportunity to gratify any military aspirations until the fourth year of the American Revolution.

In the summer of 1778 American troops in Rhode Island under General Sullivan were waiting for a favorable time to capture the city of Newport. The British, with Hessian reinforcements, were seven thousand

strong, while the Americans had only sixteen hundred men. In that emergency neighboring states were called upon to send immediate aid. New Hampshire responded promptly, and in Colonel Gale's regiment one of the corporals was Joseph Kimball.

The men set out on horseback August 5th, and traveled one hundred and three miles southward in less than three days. Then it befell that instead of engaging in a welcome conflict with British soldiers they were forced to contend with the destructive powers of Nature.

On August 12th a terrible storm arose, which raged for forty-eight hours. On the sea it was a hurricane. On land it caused intense suffering to the army. Tents were prostrated, and the men were exposed to the chill of a driving rain. Ammunition was damaged, and also the food supplies so that the soldiers suffered from hunger as well as cold. After three weeks of waiting for an opportunity for action, it seemed to the volunteers that they had come on a fool's errand. On the 28th Joseph Kimball was one of three thousand who departed for their homes.

Fate played a trick on the disheartened three thousand. On the very next day the long awaited battle took place, lasting for six hours. It did not result in the taking of Newport, but it was a decided victory for General Sullivan over the British and Hessian troops. Lafayette said that it was the best fought engagement of the war, and yet out of five thousand Americans who took part only fifteen hundred had ever before been in action.

How bitterly Joseph Kimball must have regretted that he did not hold out for one more day. It was small compensation that he had an exciting story to tell his children on his return home, for it lacked the glory with which he might have invested it if he had

participated in the fight. It fell far short of the exploit in which his young son Peter had been engaged the year before, a fact that must have added chagrin to his disappointment. In later generations the details of his service were forgotten. It was remembered only that he had been a soldier of the Revolution.

Although Joseph Kimball inherited a large share of his father's property, he did not remain in Exeter after his father's death. He had passed the prime of life, and the pioneer spirit of his ancestors did not carry him far; but even though he was afflicted with blindness he was eager to move on. Accompanied by all but two of his ten children he made his way up the valley of the Merrimac to the town of Canterbury, where he died.

One of Joseph Kimball's children who did not go with him to Canterbury was his eldest son, Peter Sanborn Kimball. He was named for his grandfather, Peter Sanborn of Kingston, and early in life chose to write his name in full, the first of his line to adopt that practice. No doubt that youthful flourish was due to Peter's admiration for his grandfather, who was prominent as a patriot during the Revolutionary War.

When the War began Peter was a lad in his sixteenth year. It is easy to imagine how keenly he and his comrades enjoyed the exciting news of the battle of Lexington. It was brought to Exeter by messengers on the evening of the 19th, and confirmed by a courier at dawn on the 20th. Immediately the inhabitants were aroused by the ringing of bells and the beating of drums. They understood the summons and came flocking in to the village from their farms. A company was formed to proceed at once to Cambridge. Bullets were cast, cartridges were made, and at nine o'clock that morning one hundred and eight men were armed and equipped ready to obey Captain

Hackett's order, "Forward, March." How young Peter must have envied them. When they set out on their long tramp to the music of fife and drum, he may have been one of a cheering crowd of youngsters who accompanied them part way, loth to see the last of them.

On the next day, April 21st, the Provincial Congress of New Hampshire met at Exeter, to which Peter Sanborn was the delegate from Kingston. He may have stayed at the Kimball home, and may then have fanned the flame of patriotic ardor in the breast of his young grandson. In a short time too Peter Sanborn Kimball's uncle, another Peter Sanborn, was serving as a colonel in the American army. It was no wonder that the boy longed to go a-soldiering. His opportunity came in the summer of 1777, immediately after the battle of Bennington, when he had just completed his seventeenth year.

The victory under General Stark at Bennington had so encouraged the friends of freedom that many volunteers enlisted in the northern army. Several young men of Exeter, among them Peter Sanborn Kimball, enrolled themselves under Captain Zebulon Gilman of Exeter in the regiment of Colonel Evans, raised to join the northern army under General Gates at Saratoga. In the record of that regiment no mention is made of horses or of any other form of transportation for the soldiers. No doubt they traveled on foot all the way across the states of New Hampshire and Vermont, a distance of more than a hundred miles. They had to make their way through forests, over rugged hills, and across innumerable streams, including three large rivers, the Merrimac, the Connecticut, and the Hudson.

Their reward was the opportunity to take part in the two battles of Saratoga, which led to the surren-

der of Burgoyne and the withdrawal of the British from the northern frontier.

The boy, Peter Sanborn Kimball, felt that he had helped to win a great and glorious victory. Naturally he was eager to get home so that he might relate his thrilling experiences to admiring and sympathetic listeners. It was a long and weary march back to Exeter in the short autumn days, wherefore on November 5th Peter and two of his comrades, all Exeter boys, deserted the ranks to go home by a route and at a speed of their own choosing. Their desertion was not regarded as an act of disloyalty or as any violation of duty. The boys had rendered their service. The company was soon to be disbanded. In the Kimball family there were father and mother and little brothers and sisters to be impressed with Peter's greatness. Besides there was a maid, his cousin Abigail Dean, whom he longed to tell of the "dangers he had passed", even as Othello had told Desdemona.

Peter Sanborn Kimball went no more a-soldiering. Instead of seeking further the excitement of war and travel, he was content to stay at home and apply himself to mastering the trade of a cooper. In 1783 he realized his heart's desire to marry Abigail Dean. They made their home at Newmarket on the Great Bay, a town that boasted a shipyard and was a thriving port of the coastwise trade. Peter Kimball's casks and kegs as containers of fish were sent on many a voyage.

Like all his Kimball ancestors Peter had a longing in his heart to go to a new country where he could have a hand in shaping its development, but he had to wait six years before he could gratify that longing. Abigail's parents were feeble, and being their only child Abigail felt that she could not leave them. In 1787 her father, Nehemiah Dean, died, and a year

later his widow followed him. With Abigail's inheritance to help them in establishing a new home, the Kimbells set out in the spring of 1789 for the extreme eastern part of Maine where land was cheap. They intended to buy a farm and make their living in the Kimball way, by cultivating the soil.

They made the journey by sea, sailing northeast along the coast of Maine, and making their first stop at Yarmouth. There it befell that one of the children was taken ill, and it was necessary for them to remain on shore. Their stay was indefinite and prolonged. Disaster came—in a few years Abigail died, and Peter was left with three boys to bring up alone. For some reason he felt unequal to the task, so he bound out the two older boys, Joseph and Charles, as apprentices to learn a trade, and kept with him only the youngest son, Dean.

During the years that father and son spent together they lived in the town of Brunswick on Casco bay, where, on account of extensive fisheries, there was abundant opportunity for Peter to work at his trade. He kept Dean constantly at his side except when he was at school, and as soon as the boy was able to handle tools he taught him the cooper's trade. The son Charles, next older than Dean, had been apprenticed to a tailor in Brunswick, and although his master held him to strict account for his time, still the two boys met occasionally, and had a strong affection for each other.

Peter was in failing health during the last years of his life, and lived wholly in the past. He had come to Maine hopeful and strong, cheered and inspired by his beloved wife. Misfortune had bereft him of all courage, all hope. Without her whom he had known and loved all his life he had no will to carry on. In the leisure hours that he and his son spent together in

close companionship Peter's talk was all of Exeter—of ships and sawmills, of woods and waterfalls, of hunting and trapping, of his march over the hills to the northern army, of the battles in which he had borne a part, of his home at Newmarket, of his uncles and cousins, the Lyfords, the Gilmans, the Sanborns, and the Dudleys, and of old tales that his grandfather John Kimball had told him of life in Massachusetts.

These reminiscences, heard over and over again, created a sort of glorified past for the Kimball family in the imagination of young Dean. They were stories that he would never forget. When his father died, in addition to his vigorous body, his perfect health, his family traits, and his trade, these family traditions made up the sum of his inheritance. They were the sole capital with which he was equipped to make his way in life. He had no personal recollections of New Hampshire, no thought of going back to his relatives there, though in making his resolve to abide in Brunswick he little realized how significant, how important to him, was his father's migration to Maine.

It was the step that would lead with all the certainty and directness of fate to the greater migration that he himself would make to a western land of which at that time he had never heard.

V.

The life history of Dean Kimball began with that of the United States, for he was born in 1787, the year of the adoption of the Constitution. It was in 1787 also that the life history of his grandfather Dean ended, wherefore Abigail Kimball was moved to bestow upon her infant son the cognomen Nehemiah Dean. However, her common sense told her that the biblical Nehemiah, though well befitting a dolorous Hebrew prophet or a pious Puritan deacon, was not appropriate for a new-born real American boy. Accordingly she treated the name Nehemiah as merely honorary and commemorative, and always called her son Dean. Never in his life was he known by another name, not even in probate or military records. Only his tombstone bears witness to the fact that he was christened Nehemiah.

In so far as schooling went, the education of children in the last decade of the eighteenth century was restricted to reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, and a little so called geography. Dean Kimball had a natural aptitude for reading, and no printed page that met his eyes was too formidable for him to read aloud. He pronounced words as they were spelled, and his memory recorded the spelling of every word he saw. As for arithmetic, he mastered the four fundamental processes, learned the tables of weights and measures, and attained absolute accuracy in the keeping of accounts.

That he was proficient in the art of penmanship there is direct evidence in the family records written by him in the family Bible. He wrote a 'round and

running' hand, using a quill pen. He had perfected himself in the delicate art of fashioning a quill pen even to the minutest detail—from the selection of an adaptable quill, always from the left wing of a goose, to the shaving of the shoulders and the nibbing of the point.

Dean Kimball was a constant reader, not of many books but of a few books many times. His leather bound volumes, the leaves now yellow with age, are worn both page and cover with his handling. His favorite subject was history, and his knowledge of general history was derived from a book entitled "Sketches of Universal History, Sacred and Profane, from the Creation of the World to the Present Time."

Following the scheme of Bishop Ussher, the author divided time into three periods: precisely one thousand six hundred fifty-six years from the creation of the world to the flood, about two thousand years from the flood to the birth of Christ, and the period thereafter. The book begins with a narrative of the disobedience of Adam and Eve, affirmed to be "the origin of the calamities of Man", and then traces man's history in countries ancient and modern from that event to the close of the eighteenth century, characterizing it all as merely "the events which have arisen in consequence of the awful denunciation of Heaven", thereby supporting Mark Twain's contention that a first act determines all subsequent acts.

It is not likely that Dean Kimball questioned the author's chronology or the truth of any of his statements. Skepticism did not break out in the Kimball family until the next generation.

In addition to the knowledge that he had obtained from reading and from attending district schools, Dean Kimball had acquired a trade. In his day, when

barrels of all sorts were made entirely by hand, a mastery of the cooper's trade was no mean achievement. The material for a barrel was not ready to hand, the finished product of a planing mill. The cooper himself had to shape the staves with a draw-knife, making each stave a little wider in the middle for the bulge, and tapering each side to each end exactly alike. He had to bevel each side so that the staves would fit closely, also groove each end to receive the circular head, and finally gird the barrel with tightly fitting hoops. When it was finished, light but strong, able to resist pressure from without and from within, easily moved either by rolling or by derrick, and capable of being stored with the greatest economy of space, it was a piece of handiwork worthy of admiration. As a container of man's food and drink, it ranged in size from the firkin for butter, the keg for shrimps, the cask for wine, and the butt for salmon, to the larger barrel for sugar and the huge hogshead for ale or molasses.

Dean Kimball plied his useful trade in the town of Brunswick peacefully and prosperously until it befell that a change was wrought in his affairs by an all-powerful hand on the other side of the world.

During the opening years of the nineteenth century France and England were at war. No doubt Dean Kimball was aware of that fact. Probably too he knew that the seemingly invincible ruler of France was one Napoleon Bonaparte. But it is most unlikely that he had the slightest apprehension that the breath of the Thunderer could come nigh him. Yet it so befell, and in this wise. Napoleon's decree that vessels of neutral nations trading with Great Britain would be subject to seizure and confiscation led to a like decree from England, and the two decrees led in 1807 to President Jefferson's embargo proclamation, shutting

up all foreign going shipping in every port in the United States.

The embargo was a great blow to the prosperity of the coast towns of Maine. The merchants of Bath had for years been sending cargoes of lumber, provisions, and fish to the West Indies, selling lumber at sixty dollars a thousand that had cost them eight dollars, and bringing back cargoes of rum, sugar, and molasses on which the profits were equally large. Suddenly, with the stroke of a pen, that lucrative commerce was annihilated—there was no more trade with the West Indies.

Dean Kimball felt the heavy hand of the embargo because whatever affected the trade in fish and other foodstuffs affected the employment of a cooper. Work became slack, and wages low. It is not surprising that like all other people on the coast of Maine Dean Kimball entertained a very cordial feeling for the belligerent powers of Europe, but the feeling was not akin to love. A war with either France or England would have been much to his liking. And the war came.

When, as a child, Dean Kimball heard his father's tales of the battles of Saratoga and of his grandfather's expedition to Rhode Island, his imagination was fired, and always he had longed for a similar adventure. As soon as he was old enough he joined the Brunswick militia, and had never missed a drill. At last, after years of waiting, he was to realize in the War of 1812 the long cherished aspiration of his childhood to learn something of a soldier's life at first hand.

During the first two years of the war the battles were fought on the open sea or in frontier regions far from Maine, but in the summer of 1814 British warships cruised along the coast of that far eastern state, and even sailed up the Penobscot river as far as Hamp-

den, and made attack there. The city of Bath, a near neighbor of Brunswick, had suffered so severely from President Jefferson's embargo seven years before, that when the British ship *Bulwark* anchored off the mouth of the Kennebec river, great alarm and excitement were caused in Bath fifteen miles up the bay. General King, in command of the Maine militia, was importuned to send a detachment of soldiers at once to the fort at the mouth of the bay. He took immediate steps to comply.

The fort was a small brick building on a ledge of rock at a place on Hunniwell's Point called Phipsburgh. The place was named for Sir William Phips, whose career was known and envied by every boy on the Maine coast. Far from being the scion of a noble family, William Phips was the son of a squatter, born near Bath in 1650. His most improvident parents had a family of twenty-six children, of whom twenty-two were boys. In his youth William tended sheep. Later he learned shipbuilding and went to Massachusetts to work in the shipyards of Boston. From that time his career was almost too romantic to be true.

He married a widow older than he, who brought him some property and taught him to read and write. He built a ship for himself and engaged in commerce, but desiring a shorter road to fortune he conceived the idea of seeking for Spanish treasure ships reported to have sunk off the Bahamas. Failing in his first venture, he went to England, won the interest of the King, who gave him a warship to use, and returned to the Bahamas for another search. After two years of alternate hope and disappointment his perseverance was rewarded. He found the treasure in fifty fathoms of water, brought up the heavy chests filled with bullion, coin, and jewels, and made himself famous the world over.

The treasure amounted to one million, three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, of which his share was eighty thousand dollars. In recognition of his service the King of England conferred upon him the honor of knighthood. When he came back to America, the people of Massachusetts conferred upon him the highest honor in their power to bestow — they made him Governor of the Colony.

The thirty-two soldiers called out of the Maine militia by General King for service at Phippsburgh were drawn from several companies in neighboring towns. Captain Wilson of Topsham was in command, and Dean Kimball of Brunswick was Corporal. There was also a detachment of artillery of thirty-two men, making sixty-five in all.

Part of the time they were engaged in watchful waiting, but there was a little action and much hard labor. British ships hovered round, and one morning several barges put out from the *La Hogue*, filled with armed men who rowed directly for the Sheepscot river. They made landing at a point where there were four guns, spiked them, and took away some fat sheep. A number of soldiers at the fort under command of Corporal Kimball immediately crossed the river to the place in gondolas, arriving just as the barges were departing. The soldiers fired on the barges, hoping to stop their progress and take some prisoners. The British soldiers rowed away as fast as possible, also firing. The result was a lively whizzing of bullets through the air, but nobody was injured, and the only captives were the sheep. Such an encounter could hardly be called an engagement, but it broke the monotony for a time and gave the men something to talk about.

The anticipation of battles and bloodshed that had exhilarated Dean Kimball and his comrades when they

set out for Phippsburgh were not realized. The British soldiers made no overtures that might lead to battle, and the militia were compelled to maintain a strictly defensive attitude. They were completely forestalled from provoking a fight by orders sent to Captain Wilson to the effect that he would be held accountable for the proper use of all the ammunition and ordnance stores in his garrison, and that to prevent waste he was not to deliver out more than ten rounds of cartridges to a man unless particular circumstances required it, and that each man was to be held accountable to him for all cartridges unnecessarily expended. The men could not even indulge in the sport of target practice on account of the so precious cartridges, which to their way of thinking had been made for the express purpose of being fired.

It did not follow, however, that the Maine boys were loafing during a long summer vacation. Prompted by true New England thrift, orders were given that they construct a fortification opposite Hunniwell's Point on a high promontory called Cock's Head.

The fort was to be built of sods, which had to be dug at the foot of the cliff, then transported in wheelbarrows up the steep banks to the summit. It was back-breaking work, and performed in the sweltering heat of August it was almost unendurable. The men grumbled, not sparing any intensive words in their vocabulary, but being under military discipline they could not protest. And the result was worth the labor, for so high a fortification made any passage up the bay an impossibility. Guns on Cock's Head could be so trained as to hit any barge on the water below, but guns on boats below could not be trained to fire on the fort—their balls would land in the banks.

The drudgery performed so unwillingly prevented possible bloodshed, the sacking of Bath, and the burn-

ing of valuable shipping. Sixty-five years later the reward for Dean Kimball's military service of laying sod came in the form of a pension to his aged widow.

During the stay of three months at Phippsburgh there was one unforgettable day for Dean Kimball. On August 24th Captain Wilson received this order: "The troops in the garrison under your command will be mustered and inspected on the last day of this present month, and it is expected that they will appear clean and in a soldier-like manner, their guns and equipments in complete order." The next week the men cut and wheeled no sod. They were busy with washing and mending, polishing and burnishing, both themselves and their arms, so as to make a showing that would pass muster.

Many people took a trip from Bath and neighboring towns to see the soldiers drill. It befell that among them was a fair, blue-eyed girl from Bath, named Mary Moore. After the parade, when the soldiers had broken ranks and were mingling with the crowd, it came about naturally or by fate that the dark-eyed, auburn-haired corporal of Captain Wilson's company met Mary Moore, and was loth to leave her side. It was long before they met again, but each was mindful of the other.

VI.

Dean Kimball was twenty-seven years old in 1814, and after his service at Phipsburgh he came to the conclusion that he must engage in a more lucrative employment than coopering. Having grown up in the region of the Kennebec and Androscoggin rivers, he very naturally turned to lumbering, in those days the most prominent industry in the state.

There is abundant reason for Maine's having long been known as the pine tree state, with the figure of a pine in the center of her Great Seal, though in more recent years the place so proudly held by the majestic tree as the chief source of her great wealth has been usurped by a mere groundling, the lowly potato. There is reason too in the refrain chanted by refreshment venders on Maine railroads—"Spruce gum! 'Way down East state o' Maine chewing gum!" For the resinous spruce was no less characteristic of Maine in her entire extent than was the murmuring pine.

A few miles north of Brunswick lay the town of Lisbon, where lumbering had been carried on extensively for years. Thither Dean Kimball went to better his fortunes. Lisbon was originally covered with a superior stand of white pine. Long before Dean Kimball's day, however, trees that were more than two feet in diameter had been singled out for England's king to be used as masts, which were then made all in one piece. Some of those trees, having been growing for centuries, were one hundred and twenty feet high. Their trunks had to be transported in ships made especially for them and capable of carrying fifty in one cargo.

To get those huge columns from the woods to the lading place was a hazardous task. The great log, stripped bare of its branches, was hauled over the snow by many yoke of oxen, which were never once allowed to stop pulling after they had set out, because of the difficulty in getting so many oxen started again. If an ox became exhausted his place was filled by another without halting the train. It was man power that felled the ancient trees, brute power that transported them after they were laid low, but for the voyage across the sea the impelling power was the very wind of heaven, the wind that had swayed their branches and sung with them the song of the universe.

In addition to its forests the town of Lisbon had the swift-flowing rivers necessary for sawmills in which trees could be converted into lumber. There were eight water powers in its streams, formed in some places by granite ledges extending across the course of a river, and so causing a waterfall, and in other places by steep rocks bordering a stream and crowding its waters into a narrow, rapid flow.

Dean Kimball worked in the lumber camps in the winter, swinging an axe to fell the trees or driving ox-teams. In the summer he found work in the mills, sawing logs or sorting and piling lumber. As his hands touched the broad white boards without a knot or a blemish, how he must have delighted in their perfection. It is probable that some of the lumber that he sawed in Lisbon mills was used in the stately mansions on the Maine coast, which stand in all their early pride after the wear of a hundred years, their pine unblemished still.

As the years passed Dean Kimball continued to cherish the thought of Mary Moore. Since the gala day at Phippsburgh they had met only at long intervals, but he knew beyond doubt that she was the girl whom

he wished to make his wife. He knew too that he wished to leave the coast, and go with her into an undeveloped region whose recorded history did not, like that of the Maine coast, reach back almost two hundred years. The old urge in the Kimball blood was asserting itself. He longed to make a home where none had been made before, to till the virgin soil, to fell the tallest pines in a primeval forest known only to the red man.

Mary Moore sympathized with his desire, for she likewise was endowed with the pioneer spirit. Besides, she would have gone "beyond the horizon's utmost rim" if Dean Kimball led the way. They were married at Bath August 27th, 1822, and soon thereafter were on their wedding journey to the far-off town of Canaan.

Why had they chosen Canaan for their dwelling place? And had they chosen? Or were they led by an irresistible power outside themselves? If Dean Kimball had been asked for the reason of his choice he might have answered, "Because my old friend Noah Burrill lives there, and he has written to me to come. He says there is no end of fine timber in the town, and all of it in easy reach of streams. And land is cheap there. You can get it for six shillings an acre. Who wouldn't go to Canaan?"

Any man dominated by the pioneer spirit within, subjected to the influence of a trusted friend without, and free to follow both, would have yielded as surely as did Dean Kimball, and would have thought like him that the change was of his making, an act of his own free will. Unwittingly Noah Burrill was the agent through whom destiny carried out its plans. If Dean Kimball had gone to any other town than Canaan he would not have come later under the powerful influence that directed him to leave the valley of the Ken-

nebec for the valley of the St. Lawrence, in a western state that was not even a territory in 1822.

In that day the cities of Maine were either on the coast or near it on the banks of the large rivers. Newer and smaller towns in the interior were contiguous to those rivers or their tributary streams, and the rivers were the main highways by which to reach those towns. Canaan was situated on the Kennebec, more than eighty miles from the city of Bath, and yet remote as it was there was a choice as to the mode of transportation that Dean and Mary Kimball could take thither.

They could go by water to Hallowell about thirty miles up the river, and thence by stage over good roads and bad, northward to their destination. The objection to that route was that they could not take with them the household goods that were to furnish their home. On the other hand they could take a longboat designed especially for carrying freight but with accommodations for passengers also, and make the entire trip by water. The objection to this mode of travel was that the boat was a sail boat and could not therefore proceed up the river without a fair southerly wind.

They took a chance and chose the longboat. Luckily for them a favorable wind was soon forthcoming, and they set out with all their worldly goods on a trip that might last a fortnight or might be accomplished in a few days. They were young enough to get a thrill instead of a worry out of the very uncertainty. And where is the couple that would not choose to prolong a wedding journey?

Dean had his few belongings—his clothes, his books, and some tools—snugly packed in a small trunk. Its primitive covering was neither canvas nor leather but the untanned hide of the seal inhabiting the Maine coast. As the hide was unshorn, the short, wiry hairs

made the trunk fairly bristle, as if warning all beholders to keep hands off. Mary had a similar trunk for her gowns, shawls, and best bonnet, also a bale of bedding, a barrel containing dishes, pewter, and tallow candles, all packed in straw, a cherry bedstead and chest of drawers, a drop-leaf table and a few chairs, besides a generous sized hamper of food. Mary was then twenty-six years old. She had spent the years of her young womanhood in perfecting herself in the household arts of cooking, knitting, spinning and weaving. In her "hope chest" of a century ago were linen sheets and tablecloths, woolen cloth, woolen yarn, hand-woven coverlets and patchwork quilts.

After all the Kimball baggage had been safely stowed away on the longboat, Mr. and Mrs. Dean Kimball gave themselves up to the enjoyment of their first trip together.

What interested them most at first was the boat on which they were traveling. In size it was about eighty feet long and twenty feet wide. It was rigged with two masts and two large square sails, its speed depending not so much upon its handling by the skipper as upon the stiffness of the breeze. It was a clumsy craft, but it moved along steadily and smoothly past Gardiner and Hallowell until it came to the rapids at Augusta. There the wind was not strong enough to overcome the current. As such a condition was not infrequent, adequate preparations had been made to meet it. Several yoke of oxen were attached to the boat by rope and chain, and thus it was virtually pulled through the rapids by the plodding oxen on the bank.

Half the trip had been accomplished when the rapids were passed, and thereafter the wind carried the boat leisurely on, giving the travelers ample time to scan the shores. They presented a succession of charming scenes, unfolding like a panorama as the

boat rounded bend after bend. In some places the stream narrowed to flow between rocky banks, behind which were tall, dark forests. In other places it broadened out like a lake, opening to view the great dome of the sky. Here the shores were sandy, clean, and smooth. There they were hidden by waving reeds. A little farther on grassy slopes stretched back from the water's edge to meet the trees that everywhere marked the horizon.

All that Dean and Mary Kimball saw on the upper reaches of the Kennebec led them to think that life in that far away region would be peaceful and happy. When the longboat arrived at its landing place in the town of Canaan, Noah Burrill was there with an ox-team to greet Dean Kimball and his bride.

VII.

The earliest settlers of Canaan, attracted by the forests of white pine, had gone there in the last decade of the preceding century, but the town's development had been slow. To a woman who had lived in the city of Bath all her life it probably seemed like the very backwoods of civilization, fit habitation for only the caribou, the moose, and the Indian.

Dean Kimball had seen many an Indian, more or less civilized, about the lumber camps, and even to Mary those silent, stolid folk were no great novelty. She had seen them in the white man's boots and trousers idling on the streets of Bath. She had bargained with squaws wrapped in a blanket, shod with moccasins, their shining black hair hanging in two long plaits, and a papoose strapped to their shoulders, when they had come to her father's house door with pails of wild red raspberries. In Canaan she was to have a closer contact, for the Indian huts hidden in the depths of the woods or in retired glades beside little streams, housed many dwellers, old and young, who mingled freely with the white settlers. They were descendants of the Abnakis, the "people of the sunrise", the aboriginal inhabitants of all Maine.

The valley of each of the great rivers flowing from the northern lakes of Maine southward to the Atlantic was once occupied by a tribe of the Abnakis. The Canibas, also called Norridgewocks, occupied the valley of the Kennebec and so gave to the river their name.

Very early in the seventeenth century French Jesuit priests from Canada had converted the Abnakis to a

kind of Christianity, and had instilled into them a very real enmity toward the English. Everywhere they attacked the English settlers, murdering and pillaging, causing thus a series of bloody border wars that went on for more than a hundred years. Their weapons were spears, hatchets, and tomahawks. They terrified their victims with their fierce war whoops and unearthly death songs. Finally they themselves were overcome. So many of them were slain that the surviving remnant desired peace. The Canibas met their overthrow in a battle on the Kennebec, where the town of Norridgewock commemorates the fact by its name.

As a tribe the Canibas removed to Canada, but individuals remained in the haunts of their ancestors on the banks of their beloved river. Sometimes they worked in the logging camps, but only at intervals, for a steady job was not to their liking. They also served on occasions as it pleased them, sometimes as guides for hunters, sometimes as boatmen in either bateaux or canoes. They were lazy, shiftless, and irresponsible, but not unfriendly. Dean Kimball knew the old tale of the captivity of Mary Kimball of Bradford one hundred and fifty years before, but it is doubtful if he knew that Wanalancet, who obtained her release, was an Abnaki of the Penobscot tribe.

The town of Canaan, which in 1822 included what is now the town of Skowhegan, was situated near one of two great bends in the Kennebec river, Norridgewock at the other. Running through the town was a smaller stream, the Carrabasset, on whose banks were pleasant meadows, wide spaces open to the sky, where cows and sheep might graze and gardens flourish.

The first settlers named the place Canaan because after their toilsome journey up the river the green slopes seemed to them like the promised land, capable of flowing with milk and honey. The most striking

features of the town were its forests, its granite ledge, and the falls in the river. The falls were then even more picturesque than now, situated as they are in the very heart of Skowhegan. The early comers delighted in their beauty and were awed by their dark grandeur. The broad river, intercepted in its steady flow by a rocky island, separates into two streams, which plunge over a precipice twenty feet high, then unite to dash madly along until again the river broadens out and flows serenely toward the sea.

Most of the settlers in the town were farmers. Even those who went to the logging camps in the winter raised potatoes and other vegetables, and kept hogs and sheep, not only supplying their own families with food but furnishing provisions for the woodsmen also. During the years of his greatest vigor Dean Kimball worked in the lumber industry all the year round, at the camps in the winter and as sawyer in the summer.

Instead of building his own habitation he leased a log house of two rooms, with a root house for vegetables and a garden plot that had already been cleared and cultivated. This primitive dwelling had been made weatherproof and warm by chinking the logs with clay and moss. The roof had been rendered rain proof by thatching it with the heavy bark of spruce trees. The inside walls were neatly covered with birch bark, and the floor was of smooth pine boards. There were glass windows, and a stone chimney with a wide hearth where the cooking was done over an open fire.

The kitchen, or living room, was simply furnished, but it contained two priceless heirlooms. Upon a shelf, between two pewter candlesticks, lay a Bible printed in Philadelphia in 1811, which had belonged to Mary's mother. On the top shelf of a corner cupboard was Mary's share of the Moore family treasures—a large pitcher of copper luster decorated with white figures

in relief. Some of them depicted characters in Greek mythology, but the most prominent figure, occupying the entire front beneath the spout, was the American eagle. Mary soon had a spinning wheel in operation near the hearth, and at one end of the room a loom was set up on which she could weave coverlets of ancient patterns from fine woolen yarn that she herself had spun and dyed.

Some of the first settlers in Canaan were intemperate, addicted to rum, and paying the penalty for drunkenness and idleness in poverty and misery. Such a condition was not in accord with the convictions of Dean Kimball, who was a total abstainer and extremely religious. With others he was active in promoting prohibition, and in 1843 succeeded in prohibiting by law any sale of liquor in the town of Canaan except for medicinal purposes. That town law took effect eight years before prohibition became the law of the state.

But although Dean Kimball was an ascetic in so far as strong waters were concerned, his intolerance did not extend to certain other means of gratifying man's appetite. He was a constant user of tobacco, with no compunctions or concealment, and he had no objection to his wife's indulgence in that weed.

Mary Kimball never rolled a dainty cigarette or saw one, never lit a mild Havana, never put a pinch of Prince Albert into her mouth, but she did enjoy the pungent taste of tobacco through the medium of a common clay pipe. Whether it was to her a stimulant or a sedative one cannot say. She never smoked for sociability around the hearth fire with others of the family, and never lighted her pipe at odd moments. She smoked regularly every day after each meal, and one pipeful sufficed at a time. She neither defended

her practice nor apologized for it. She merely followed it. It was apparent that she enjoyed it.

As the years sped along they were made memorable in the Kimball household by the arrival of children. The first to come was a girl. Promptly and without the formality of consultation with the child's other parent, Mary Kimball announced that her daughter was to bear the name of her mother, Sophia Ann. The next child being a son, she knew without deliberation or debate that it was altogether right and proper to name him for her father, James Moore. The second son she elected to name Dean for her husband, but at that point the father took a hand in the family nomenclature, strongly advocating Charles, the name of his brother. They made a happy compromise on Charles Dean, and Mary thought that she had had her way, but the father was really victor, for the boy was always called Charles. Then came Mantheno Alkander, John Parsons, Joseph Collis, and William Langdon.

The three younger boys were named for friends of their parents, but what association with either the living or the dead led Dean and Mary Kimball to bestow upon an infant incapable of protest the name of Mantheno Alkander is past finding out. The first name suggests an Egyptian high priest and the second a Greek warrior, but where in history sacred or profane did the Kimballs come across the combination? After all, if the name provoked critical comment they could defend it on the ground of distinction and dignity.

No diminutives were used in the Kimball family except for Sophia Ann, who was called Sophy. James was never Jim, and even the youngest was always William.

Additions to the family demanded additions to the little log house. One of these was larger than the

house itself, which became thereafter merely an ell. The new part contained three rooms and had an upper story, very low, for the eaves were only a foot or two from the floor, but roomy enough to furnish a sleeping place for all the boys. It served also as a store room—in summer for feather beds, in winter for seed corn and bunches of aromatic herbs, catnip, sage, horehound, and boneset.

The kitchen was equipped with a bake oven of brick, a great improvement over an open hearth fire and much appreciated by Mary, who officiated as cook for a family of nine. Saturday was the great baking day, for the Kimballs held rigidly to the practice of abstaining from all unnecessary labor on the Sabbath. Never did the children forget the appetizing odors that issued from that oven, or the delicious viands that were drawn out of its dark depths—brown bread, johnny cake, custard pies, mince pies, baked beans, suet puddings, roast partridges and roast pork.

Such was the house in which all the children were born, the house in which their happy childhood was passed. No elegance achieved in later life could have for them the charm of that old log house in Canaan with morning glories climbing at the windows and portulaca blooming by the door.

VIII.

A century ago the town of Canaan was a paradise for boys. There Mother Nature had provided all that interests children—woods to roam in, brooks to wade, trees to climb, fruits and nuts to gather; also living things, some to watch and beware of, some to meet on friendly terms. All those attractions were so presented, half revealed and half hidden, as to pique the children's curiosity and make them eager to explore. Even a lonely child would have found companionship there, and for a group of children like the seven Kimballs every day brought adventure, knowledge, and delight.

Charles Kimball's earliest playmate was his sister Sophy. He loved her because she was beautiful, with her brown eyes and auburn curls, because she was sprightly and merry, full of play and laughter, because of her imagination that gave life to the snowflakes, the stars, and the flowers, and because she let him share her fancies and amusements. Most of her games were of her own invention, and her directions always began with the engaging proposition, "Now, let's make believe." Sophy was quick at learning rhymes, and verses from the Bible, which she in turn taught to Charles. When she taught him "Twinkle, Twinkle, little star," he asked, "What is a diamond?"

"Father says it's a teenty tonty stone, only it looks like glass, only it twinkles like a star even in the dark. Mother says queens have diamonds in their crowns."

Sophy believed that the stars and the moon saw the children looking up at them. She said that the stars winked at her, and when she went indoors after a game of hide and coop in the evening she had a way

of saying good night to the stars. Her brothers said that this game of hers was funny, meaning absurd, but they all liked to play it. One summer each of them chose a certain star for his own, and looking for the same star evening after evening, they discovered that stars move, as they expressed it, and that some of them do not twinkle. While his brothers were elated at discovering these facts but accepted them as matters of course, Charles wondered about their causes and longed to find them out.

When Sophy was old enough to mind the baby and help her mother about the house, Charles played more with Mantheno. Their interest lay chiefly in the living creatures in the woods and streams. Their sharp eyes could detect a squirrel's whereabouts in a tree by the slightest movement of a leafy twig, or a musquash on the muddy bank of a shallow stream by a ripple on the water. They knew how beavers build their dams, and the difference between a moose's track and a deer's. They had observed their father when he set traps for wolves, and they themselves trapped smaller animals, not to kill them but to tame them for pets. Mantheno caught a pair of wild rabbits, but it was only Charles who could make a proper hutch for them.

The dearest thing Charles owned was a pocket knife, which he handled with unusual skill. He made a strong box cage for an owl that he caught one evening in the root cellar. He whittled little strips of wood for a tiny cage to house a convalescent chickadee that Sophy had found disabled under a spruce tree. His earliest achievement in woodwork, which had established his reputation in the family, was the construction of a cage for a gopher that he had caught in an old stump.

The experience of Charles with his gopher was one of the stories that not he but his brothers liked to tell.

He handled his pet more than was agreeable to the gopher, and once when the little creature tried to elude his grasp he seized it by the tail. He held on so tightly that the gopher, pulling with all its might, fairly pulled itself out of the fur of its tail, leaving it in Charles's hand and vanishing like a streak. That loss was no joke to Charles, and he wondered long and sadly what reception a gopher with a bare tip to its tail would receive in gopherdom.

Birds too helped to make childhood in Canaan joyous and interesting. Charles wakened to the robins' chorus in the morning, and listened at evening for the sweet song of the woodthrush. The friendly chirp of the chickadee and the shrill pipe of the white throated sparrow were as familiar to him as Sophy's laughter or his mother's call. Every bird that he knew by sight he knew also by sound—the resounding tap of the red-headed woodpecker, the drumming of the partridge, the bell-like note of a bluejay in flight. Many times he had seen a great heavy loon rise from beneath the water and fly away to its nest in the marsh. He had seen fish hawks dart down and seize a fish from out the river, and once he saw an eagle drop like a cannon ball from the sky and take the hawk's fish away.

When Charles was only six years old he met an eagle face to face, an encounter that was long vivid in his memory. One summer afternoon his mother took him with her to visit a neighbor living on the farther side of a wood through which ran an old logging road long abandoned. When they reached the road and turned to enter it, they saw, standing in their path, not twenty feet away, a full grown white-headed eagle.

Mary Kimball stopped still in terror. Many times she had seen such a bird swoop down from the sky, or soar into the blue until he was lost to sight, but never before had she looked into his fierce yellow eyes. She

feared that he might rush at her or her child to devour them. She knew not what to expect or what to do. She dared not stir or take her eyes from the eagle. He looked at her a moment, then turned his back on her, spread his wings, ran along the road for a little space, then rose into the air and sailed away.

When Mary told of this adventure at home, she also related a story that she had once read of an eagle's carrying away Hannah Lomond's bairn, wherefore the children gained the impression that Charles had narrowly escaped being seized in the eagle's talons and carried up to his nest in some lofty pine. He was the hero of the family for a time and not averse to the petting he received from Sophy.

The Kimball children went often with their mother to pick blueberries in the openings, or to gather high bush cranberries in damp places along the streams. They learned to recognize at sight the herbs their mother gathered — smartweed, thoroughwort, sarsaparilla, and a whole catalogue of mints. Roaming about much by himself, Charles learned where to find the earliest and the rarest flowers, the purple trillium, the delicate harebell, blue flag, white water lilies, dainty lady's slippers veined with pink, starry bluets, yellow marigolds, and the flaming spikes of the cardinal flower.

One day he went out in his canoe to gather water lilies for Sophy. After obtaining a dozen or more he pushed his canoe into the reeds as far as he could, thinking to leave it at a safe and secluded landing place that he had discovered. Not seeing the log that he was accustomed to use as a dock, he stepped out of the canoe to put aside the reeds and look for it. The bog was softer than he thought, and after a few steps he noticed that he was sinking. Feeling sure that the log was near, he went on as quickly as he could, sink-

ing deeper at each step, and then he became afraid—afraid to go on, afraid he could never get out. Desperate, he leaned forward, pushed the reeds down flat before him, and tried to crawl over them. Floundering, but still making headway, he did finally find the log. Wet through and exhausted, he sat there thinking of what a fate he had escaped, thinking of the lilies in the canoe and of Sophy's disappointment. He went home, managing to elude his brothers, and so let only his mother know what had befallen him.

Mary thanked the Lord devoutly in her heart, scolded Charles for taking any chances in a marsh, warmed him with ginger tea, sent him to bed, and put his clothes to soak.

IX.

As the years passed, the work of a lumberer became irksome to Dean Kimball. When he came home from the logging camp in the spring of 1839, after a winter of very deep snow and a period of thaw that had played havoc with the logs piled up in ravines, he said to his wife, "Mary, I'm tired of chopping down trees and everlastingly sawing 'em up into boards. I'd like to plant some trees and help 'em to grow."

"I don't blame you a mite, Dean," was Mary's response. "It always seemed a pity to me to cut down those big pines. They grew in the woods and they belong there. Let's buy some land and set out some apple trees and currant bushes."

Dean Kimball, no longer in his prime, was quite ready to give up the hazardous life of a woodsman for the peaceful pursuit of cultivating the soil, the fundamental occupation of his forefathers. He bought fifty acres of land at a dollar an acre, situated near the farm of an old friend, Charles Libby.

The new house, which the three older boys helped their father to build, was made of lumber instead of logs, and the inner walls were lathed and plastered. It had a cellar and a milk room, and in the kitchen was a wonderful new invention, an iron cookstove. In due time Dean had his apple trees and Mary her currant bushes. There were oxen, cows, and a horse in the stable, and pigs in the pen. The boys helped their father with the farm work, and Mary was the queen bee, ruling the seven men of her household so gently that they never suspected it. Dean soon bought an adjoining tract of thirty-three acres, so that during

the growing season both he and his sons were kept busy with the planting, the cultivating, and the harvesting.

In a few years the older boys went into the lumber camps for the winter, while Dean remained at home to care for his stock, to read the Bible and the *Maine Gazette and Inquirer*, and to hold endless discussions with Charles Libby on politics and religion. He thought that Mary and he had settled down for a serene and peaceful life, and was in every way content.

Then tragedy befell.

A few months before Dean and Mary moved into their new house a girl baby was born to them. They named her Mary Jane. She was a healthy, happy child, and added much to the joy of the family. Adored by her parents and petted by her six big brothers, she was nevertheless unspoiled—docile, obedient, and affectionate. Unlike her mother, who was tall and of large frame, she was small like her father, quick of movement, fleet of foot, curious about all things both indoors and out, and eager to take part in all activities.

One morning in September, after Dean and the boys had breakfasted and gone to the potato field, as Mary Jane was still asleep in her trundle bed the mother set about preparing for dinner some partridges that James had shot the day before. To make the plucking easier it was her way to plunge the birds into hot water, and to that end she filled a large bucket on the floor. Then she went out to the barn to get the birds. On her way back she heard a wail, a scream.

Instinctively she knew that Mary Jane was frightened or hurt. Running into the kitchen, she was horrified to see the child struggling to get out of the bucket. In a moment she had her darling in her arms, the steaming nightgown was taken off, and the little body, scarlet almost to the throat, was laid upon the

bed. Every household remedy that Mary knew was tried, and James rode post haste for the doctor. Before he arrived Mary Jane had become unconscious. At sunset she died.

When Charles emptied the bucket he found at the bottom Mary Jane's rag doll, the beloved companion that she played with all day and took to bed with her at night. Soaked through and spoiled, she was mute testimony to the motherly solicitude of a little girl of four, who had tried to rescue her from drowning.

The death of Mary Jane was the first grief that had come to the Kimball family in twenty years. It came like a stroke of lightning, with no warning, no possible defense.

Mary was heartbroken. She could not reconcile the suffering of a helpless child with the kindness of a merciful God. She believed that God was a Being, all powerful, without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falls to the ground. How, then, could He permit a child to be tortured, a child such as Jesus would have loved? Was it to punish *her*? And what had she done amiss? She could not answer.

Dean tried to comfort her with the assurance that whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, but it was years before her meek heart could accept such comfort, years before she could sing again her old time favorite hymn, "Oh, for a closer walk with God." Had she made of Mary Jane an idol? Had she set her on God's throne? Had she not loved God all the more for sending her so sweet and beautiful a child? Life and her relations to her Maker had seemed simple heretofore, but now they were unintelligible.

Sophy and the boys kept their own grief hidden in order to comfort their mother. They knew that she had anticipated years of companionship with Mary Jane after her other children should have left home,

and now she would be desolate. They tried to soothe her, to bring her to resignation, but in their hearts they sympathized with her bitterness.

On Charles this blow made such an impression that he became skeptical of an over-ruling Providence. While he could not deny that God created the world, he could no longer believe that God ordered all events in human lives. He had a glimmering idea of destiny when he thought of the line of natural causes that led to his little sister's death. All of them were innocent—the shooting of the partridges, his mother's plan to prepare them for a feast, and Mary Jane's waking at the moment when her mother was not by. It was to him a sequence of events for which he could hold no God accountable.

He pondered much, but kept his thoughts to himself.

X.

For a score of years Dean and Mary Kimball had lived a wholesome, happy life. Simple it had been but not dull, for to them the birth of a child had been an event, important and joyous. Quiet too it had been but not without conflict, for year after year Dean had contended with snow and wind and freshet, while day in and day out Mary had trained up her children in the way they should go. Never had their hearts been heavy with doubt or grief or frustration of their hopes until they lost Mary Jane. It had been sweet to have the children come. It was sad to have them go.

When Sophy was married, it was brought home to them that sooner or later the boys would be leaving and they two would be alone. They little thought that Sophy's marriage would keep them together and at the same time take them far from New England. Only a few years more were they destined to live in Canaan, the years that would bring their three older sons to their majority.

James, Charles, and Mantheno saw their schooldays over before they were sixteen. The value of their schooling, like that of their father's, lay in their knowledge of mathematics and their ability to read. Their desire to read, their capacity to comprehend what they read, were inherited. Their powers of observation had been stimulated and trained, not by the teacher in the district school but in response to their environment. Their skill in various forms of labor had been developed through the demands for its exercise. Their activities had been along the lines afforded by life in Canaan—farming, lumbering, hunting, fishing.

Not one of them had any desire to keep a store, or work at a trade, or hold an office. They would live out of doors and win their sustenance from Nature at first hand. Life in Canaan did not seem to them barren or circumscribed, for every day brought fresh contact with nature and opened another road to discovery. They traveled far, if only on forest paths and by the water highways.

Charles especially was never happier than when he was exploring. He longed to set his feet in a path that had never been trod, to discover something that had never met the eyes of man. All that he learned increased his desire to learn more, intensified his boyish aspiration to be one with Balboa and Columbus.

A frequent companion on his excursions was an Indian boy, Goomteek, who was attracted to Charles by a pocket compass that he carried. When the sun shone Goomteek knew his bearings. When the sky was overcast he could climb a tall spruce and scan the scene for some known landmark. But when he was far from home under clouded skies he was helpless, for he had not attained the lore of his fathers that enabled them to tell direction by such bits of evidence as the position of moss upon the tree trunks. Therefore he was attracted by the mysterious power of the compass that always worked.

Charles sometimes permitted him to carry it, a privilege for which he paid by teaching Charles how to make a birch bark canoe. Together the two lads cut and peeled the flexible bark of the white birch, whittled slender ribs and frame from the tough wood of the cedar, sewed the strips of bark together with wattap, adjusted the sheet to the frame, bound the edges with the strong, rope-like roots of the black spruce, and made the seams water-tight with a mixture of grease and rosin.

When all was done, Charles had a craft that he could paddle as swiftly and silently as a duck swims, a craft so light that with the aid of a strap across his forehead he could carry it on his back from stream to stream.

For a few years the bark canoe was all that Charles desired, but as he grew stronger and more venturesome he wished to navigate swift places in the river where a bark canoe would go to pieces. To ride the rapids it was necessary to use a bateau, a boat long common on the Kennebec but not the invention of the Abnakis. They had adopted it from the early French explorers.

A bateau was so constructed of boards, perfectly smooth and flat on the bottom, that it could be propelled over rocks underlying rapids. Charles had tested his power to guide a bateau before he determined to build one. Again Goomteek was his assistant, and again they made trial of a craft of their construction. It was exciting to stand, pole in hand, as Goomteek rowed to meet the foaming waters, and then at the right moment to set the pole in the exact spot that would make the bateau leap forward, bow in air, clean over the rocks and into still water.

Part of the delight that Charles derived from this boat was due to his imagination. He liked to think that it had been the boat of the fur traders more than a century before. He liked to picture those hardy men rowing in unison, their bateau filled with the skins of otter, mink, and beaver. But as he paddled his swift canoe, the boat of the Indian, or poled his bateau, the boat of the voyageur, up the waters of the Kennebec, his imagination brought him no vision of far different craft propelled by wind and steam, on which he would sometime make his way through waters more beautiful and more historic.

It was easy for Charles to imagine the life of the voyageurs because he himself was a hunter. He liked the sport, not so much for the killing as for the pursuit. As a boy he had shot wild ducks, stealing upon them at dawn on cool autumn mornings when, fattened by wild rice, they were on their way southward. With his brother James he had gone into the forest to hunt deer, and had brought them down with a shotgun. He had gone with Goomteek and brought them down with a bow and arrow. Then it had been his ambition to kill a moose, and he had spent many a night with Goomteek at the chase before he succeeded in getting his prey. He liked the stillness of the woods, the dark, the stimulating fragrance. The mere making of his way in silence, stealthily, through tangled brush and over fallen trees, was thrilling to him.

On one memorable night, when Goomteek with his horn of birch bark called the moose, he became tense with excitement, and his sight and hearing were increased tenfold. When the huge, ungainly animal answered the call and stood expectant on the bank of a dark stream, full and clear in the moonlight, he raised his gun and fired. He felt that his aim was sure, and expected to see the moose fall, but instead it disappeared. Goomteek then led the chase, and soon they came upon their victim, prone and dead.

There was no more thrill, but the purpose and end of such killing was never mere sport, for the flesh of the moose was good food, and the hide furnished leather out of which woodsmen made moccasins and leggings.

Although Charles found sport and adventure both enjoyable and satisfying, and although such pursuits added much to his practical knowledge, they were by no means his usual occupation. He knew that he must

earn his own living, and he had no doubt that lumbering was to be the means.

He entered upon that business during the winter of his sixteenth year, when he went to a lumbering camp to serve as helper to the cook. He learned to bake beans, fry pork, brew strong tea, stir up a batch of saleratus biscuits, and make pancakes to be eaten with pork fat and molasses. He also learned to make beds of cedar, plucking the branches apart into sprays and laying them overlapping so that the stems were always covered, and so on layer after layer until the bed was deep enough to seem soft to men wearied by work out of doors.

He was permitted to set traps in the woods and along the streams for otter, beaver, wolves, and bears, whose hides he could sell for fur. The cook taught him how to skin an animal with a sharp knife, how to cut up a carcass into joints for roasting, and what pieces to throw to the dogs.

The camp brought to him pleasant memories of his childhood days in the log house where he was born. It was a large structure with no partitions, having as its central feature and chief attraction a capacious fireplace from which ascended a huge brick chimney. Around the fireplace, well out of the cook's path, were benches on which the men sat after supper, in their red flannel shirts, to smoke, spin yarns, and grease their boots with mutton tallow.

A year or two later Charles went with older men during the summer into the woods bordering Chesuncook lake to cruise for timber. After locating a stand of abundant white pine, they cut the grass in all open spaces thereabouts to be used as feed for oxen during the following winter. They also made themselves familiar with nearby ravines and streams, and then went home to wait for snowfall and cold weather.

Charles worked as chopper that winter, and sometimes instead of going to camp at night he slept with his gun and dog for company in a bark-covered hut in the woods. Snugly wrapped in a moose skin, he did not feel the cold. As that locality was far from the Kennebec, the logs were not hauled as usual by ox-teams to the frozen river but were piled up in ravines. The melting of the snow in spring would send them into the streams, which in turn would carry them to some expanse of calm water where they could be confined in a boom and then towed to a sawmill. Whatever was hazardous and required skill Charles delighted to do. He was the first to volunteer to break a lock where logs had jammed, and he was always ready to ride a refractory log in his spiked boots, and by dexterous use of a long maple pole tipped with steel, steer it into the boom. He got many a ducking, but he was so light and agile that he never came to harm.

Lumbering was hard work but not monotonous. It appealed to Charles because it was a continual contest with nature and likewise a continual conquest.

There was one feature of life in Canaan, attractive but quite baffling to Charles, which led him to a deep interest in the earth's surface—its formation, and its capacity to further the progress of mankind. This was a granite quarry situated a few miles from his father's farm.

Once he had gone with Goomteek on a canoe trip to Moosehead lake, where he beheld Mount Kineo lifting and spreading its enormous bulk of rock, which cast a dark shadow on the rippling water. He had seen also in the forest and in streams great boulders that had withstood the action of frost and moving water for ages. When he saw the quarry, its masses of stone buried in the earth, how deep he could not guess, he wished to know more about the sparkling

rock, how it came there and how long it had been there.

His father's history of the world made it less than six thousand years since the creation of the earth by the mandate of the Creator. He knew that it took centuries for a pine tree to grow a trunk large enough for timber, and he wondered whether rocks had really come into being at one stroke, as it were. Nobody in Canaan could tell him, nevertheless he resolved to find out. He had no conception, neither any fear, of what that resolve would lead to in his way of thinking or in his way of life.

XI.

It has been hinted that through Sophy's marriage an end would come to the sojourn of the Kimball family in the state of Maine. It befell in this wise.

Sophy's husband, George Hubbard, was a prosperous young farmer whom she had met as a direct result of her father's act when he made choice of Canaan for a dwelling place. George had an older brother Ebenezer living in the town of Lincoln on the Penobscot river and engaged in lumbering. As early as 1837 there were two hundred and fifty sawmills on the Penobscot. In 1846 the resulting competition was so keen that Ebenezer Hubbard looked for a newer field. He had heard of the extensive undeveloped pine forests in the territory of Wisconsin, and so made a trip to that region to judge for himself.

On his arrival in the eastern part of the territory he was so well pleased with the outlook that he bought land in Winnebago county, erected a sawmill at Oshkosh on the Fox river, and began logging operations on the Wolf, a large tributary of the Fox. Oshkosh was a thriving village, where there was great demand for lumber. But lumber was not the only resource of the locality. From Charles Libby of Canaan, then newly established on a piece of land a few miles north of Oshkosh, Mr. Hubbard learned that land in the Fox river valley "couldn't be beat for farming." After two prosperous years he quite naturally wished that his brother George might benefit by the same advantages that were enriching him. He wrote George a letter extolling the West, and urging him to sell out in Canaan and come to Wisconsin. George was filled

with enthusiasm for the venture, and Sophy had no objection to it except that it would separate her from the family of her parents. She dreaded even to tell them of George's plan, but early in the spring of 1848 she summoned courage to put Ebenezer Hubbard's letter in her father's hand, and then tell him that George had decided to go. It was a fateful day.

There was surprise amounting to consternation in the Kimball family at Sophy's news. They had never contemplated the possibility of Sophy's going where they could not see her when they would. Their hearts were stricken with sorrow and dismay.

In the evening, as Dean and Mary talked the matter over with their sons, Charles was moved to make the astounding suggestion that they too go West, all of them. They raised objections to his plan, but, aided by his brothers, all of whom were eager for a change, Charles argued down one objection after another, and set up the indisputable claim that if Wisconsin were such a marvelous land of opportunity, then it behooved the six Kimball boys to go there as soon as they could. In reality it was the only solution of their problem. Their family affection dictated that parents and children should keep together, and common sense ruled that the young men should go where opportunity called. It was therefore decided that as soon as they could make arrangements they would set out on the long trail to the West.

George and his wife with their five young children departed in the spring of 1848. George built a saw-mill on the Fox river in the town of Neenah, and bought land in that town of the United States Government at one dollar and a quarter an acre.

In the following summer Dean Kimball sold his property in Canaan for four hundred dollars, and bought a tract of one hundred and sixty acres in the

town of Neenah for half that sum. By that time several friends of the Kimballs had likewise been inspired to go West, so that when Dean and Mary left Maine in August they knew that they should find as neighbors in Wisconsin their old neighbors in Canaan—the Maxwells, the Burrills, the Wymans, and the Libbys.

Cheered as they were at the prospect of reunion with old friends in a new land, there were times when the hearts of Dean and Mary were heavy with sorrow. When Mary stood beside the little grave in the orchard that she had kept neat and green, she saw it as it would become after she had gone — neglected, overgrown, obliterated. As she went about the house, looking from the windows at familiar scenes, she wondered if any other house could be so dear, any other fields and groves so beautiful.

When Dean went to the county-seat, Skowhegan, he took time to go up on a high bank and gaze, alone with memories, at the majestic river that had borne upon its breast year after year logs that he had hewn, lumber that he had sawed. He knew that no other river could mean so much to him as the river that he had known since childhood, the river that had brought him and Mary together to the town of Canaan and soon would take them and their children away. He went also for a last visit deep into the forest, put his hands upon the trunks of the pine trees, listened to the murmur of their branches, felt again the spell of their calm, looked up between them to the blue sky, and was sure that no other forest, though virgin and unexplored, could speak to him so eloquently of the peace and steadfastness of God.

Mary was unwilling to leave Maine without a farewell visit to her sister Jane in Bath, and Dean was inclined to see once more old friends in Brunswick, so the whole family went down the Kennebec to Bath, a

great and wonderful city to the untraveled Kimball boys. They were agreed as to what they most wished to see, the shipyard and the mud fort, as they called it, which their father had helped to build on Cock's Head. Each of them also had made up his mind as to what he was going to buy. For most of them it was a tool, but for Charles it was a book to read and a diamond ring for Sophy.

Without telling his brothers of his purpose he went into a jewelry store and asked to see a diamond. To the question, "What size, Sir?" he replied, "As big as a star." The largest diamond in the shop was brought forth, and Charles admitted to himself that it did verily twinkle like a star. He inquired about it with such ingenuousness that the jeweler told him that it was mineral, the hardest known, that it would cut glass, that it was imported from across the sea. Charles admired it very much and ventured to ask the price. If it had cost the full half of what he possessed he would have bought it, but it cost more than his little all. No smaller diamond appealed to him, so he left the shop disappointed but determined that some day Sophy should have a solitaire.

As for his other purchase, a book, he knew only that it must be about foreign lands, the countries he had read about in his father's history of the world. Looking over the books in a bookstore, he noted the long title, *Narrative of a Mission of Inquiry to the Jews from the Church of Scotland in 1839*. Glancing at the chapter headings, he saw that the book told of France, Italy, Egypt, Palestine, Constantinople, Prussia, Austria. He had found the book he desired.

Charles accompanied his father to Brunswick, and while there heard of Bowdoin College. He walked out to see it. Entering the building and going about the rooms, he came upon an exhibit of minerals col-

lected by Parker Cleaveland. It suggested the granite quarry in Canaan, and reminded him of what the jeweler had said of diamonds, so he set about inspecting the specimens.

A professor, noting his interest, volunteered some information. His words were incomprehensible to Charles, such words as *miocene* and *pliocene*, *fossils* and *mollusks*, *Devonian* and *palaeozoic*. But Charles wanted to understand, and asked whether there was any book telling about the rocks of the earth. The professor named Lyell's *Principles of Geology*. Charles procured a copy before leaving Brunswick, and on the boat sailing from Bath to Portland read as long as he could see. Mantheno protested, urging him to look at the Atlantic Ocean and assuring him that he would never know anything about the world if he always had his nose in a book.

Charles was satisfied with what he was learning of the world, satisfied, amazed, and a bit troubled.

XII.

At Portland the Kimballs took a railway train for Boston, whence they would complete their journey to Albany, and there make connection with the Erie Canal. A railroad trip was to them a novel experience. The boys were more or less familiar with the operation of a steam sawmill, but they had never before seen a locomotive. They could examine the track, the rails, and the wheels of the coaches, but they could only surmise as to the operation of the engine.

Dean, and especially Mary, were concerned with the bestowal of their luggage. They had sold their household furniture, but they were carrying their clothing and some of their prized possessions in their old seal-covered trunks, in boxes, and in carpet bags. Mary had carefully packed their few books—her mother's Bible, Dean's two precious volumes of Clark's *Commentaries on the New Testament*, his *History of the World*, and a tiny volume entitled *Improvement of the Mind*, by Isaac Watts. Folded and placed in the Bible was a steel engraving of the signatures to the Declaration of Independence, published in 1819. It was prized for a picture of the Capitol at Washington just below the signatures, a building that the Kimballs no more expected to see with their own eyes than they expected to see the Sphinx.

The beloved lusterware pitcher Mary carried in her arm as tenderly as she would have carried a baby. In her trunk she had two hand-woven coverlets, one in blue and white of the pine tree pattern, and a more elaborate one in three colors, cream, tan, and olive green, of an intricate pattern that she herself had de-

signed. That coverlet was famed for its beauty in all the countryside round Canaan, and the praise it received had added greatly but not unduly to Mary's self-respect.

Mary deeply regretted leaving her loom and her dye-pots. With what care she had boiled the bark of the black oak to get the bright green that she softened to beauty by dipping the yarn in indigo for one brief moment. And her browns, shades of the autumn leaf—with what solicitude had she watched her yarns as they lay in the tincture obtained from the bark of the spruce tree. Her dyes were gifts from nature to one who had the patience, the skill, and the desire to use them. She wondered, with misgiving rather than hope, whether she would ever again see yarns so richly colored forming fabrics of beauty beneath her fingers.

They did not linger in Boston, for theirs was not a pleasure trip, and Dean was anxious to get his house built in Neenah before cold weather set in. At Albany they embarked on the Erie Canal for Buffalo. It was a repetition of the embarkation of Richard and Ursula Kimball two centuries before. The mode of travel was different as to both safety and convenience, but the purposes and hopes of the passengers were the same. The Kimballs found on the packet several other families going West, most of them to Illinois, one to the gold fields of California.

Although Dean and Mary remembered no hardship endured on their wedding journey in 1822, they admitted after a brief inspection that as a transient abode a canal boat on Clinton's Ditch was preferable to a longboat on the Kennebec river. The *Pansy* was an odd-looking craft, about eighty feet long but only fourteen feet wide, for the canal itself was but forty feet in width, and there had to be ample space for the boats and barges to pass one another. Outwardly the

boat resembled a long, narrow, one-story house with a row of little windows along each side. The cabins were small, but the berths were comfortable, and there was no pitching of the boat to keep travelers awake, no throbbing of an engine, no shrieking of a siren. The long space between the two rows of cabins was used as a dining room by day and as a dormitory for the cabinless by night. At the front was the pilot's house, a cubbyhole too small for even one visitor, and at the rear was the cook's apartment, protected by a warning, "Positively no admittance."

The boat was not propelled by any power within itself. On the contrary, it was drawn, the pulling power being exerted by three horses walking in a tow path single file. Being heavily laden, the *Pansy* advanced at the rate of only four miles an hour. There was no spray or foam visible at the bow, and fashionable ladies sitting on the flat roof shaded by their parasols had ample time to note every feature of the scenery.

The canal was three hundred and fifty miles long, a distance that even a primitive railway train could travel in twenty-four hours, but it took from eight to eleven days for the canal boat to make it, because for much of the time the boat was not advancing. Stops were made every eight or ten miles for a change of horses, and there were many locks to pass through. In one space of two miles the boat was lifted one hundred feet by means of twelve locks, and in another space of one hundred miles there were fifty-two locks. There were also level spaces, one of seventy miles between Utica and Syracuse, and another between Rochester and Lockport. All the lifting was done between Albany and Rome, where Charles informed his mother that she had risen in the world to a height

of four hundred and seventeen feet above the aristocrats in Albany.

In its course across the state of New York the canal traversed all kinds of surface from low marshes to lofty precipices of solid rock. The rocks cut through at Lockport to a depth of sixty feet made the Kimball boys wish that they had been near to witness and hear the blasting. Like all the other passengers the Kimball family marveled at the feat of building such a highway, and also rejoiced in what it had accomplished for emigrants like themselves. But they were glad when the journey was over. If it had not been for Charles's book of travel the days would have been tedious indeed. Many hours Charles read aloud to his father and mother, making them forget their inactivity and giving them scenes to contemplate that were newer and stranger than even the Erie Canal.

Charles was much disappointed because their route did not permit them either to see Niagara Falls or to hear them roar. His conception of a waterfall was based upon the falls in the Kennebec at Skowhegan, and he had been told that those falls were not "a drop in the bucket" compared to the mammoth cataract between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. Dean and Mary were quite willing to forego all side excursions and proceed as speedily as possible to their destination and to Sophy.

At Buffalo they took passage on a steamboat bound for Chicago, a boat of the type called a side-wheeler. It was a wooden boat in which cord wood was used for fuel to get up steam, and whale-oil lamps and candles were used for light. It made stops at Cleveland and Detroit, entered Lake Huron, passed through the straits of Mackinac, and then proceeded up Lake Michigan toward the port of Sheboygan in the territory of Wisconsin. The only stops were for lading

and unloading except at Mackinac island, where passengers were allowed to go on shore for several hours.

The boys climbed the heights on which Fort Michilimackinac and Fort Holmes had been built by the British in 1812, not estimating them highly as fortifications but admiring their almost impregnable situation, and also the surrounding waters, blue as the sky and dotted with green islands. Charles felt so in harmony with the scene that after they set out again he put away his book and sat for hours gazing at the lake, fascinated by its long, low waves that seemed to be consciously coming toward him, as if in welcome. His whole heart went out to meet them.

At the forlorn little port of Sheyboygan the Kimball family left the steamboat to travel west by stage coach to the village of Fond du Lac at the head of Lake Winnebago.

They set out at seven in the morning on a journey that would take the entire day. The coach was a heavy, unwieldy conveyance with no springs and no backs to the seats. Baggage was strapped on behind, where the many heavy parcels of the Kimballs disturbed the balance of the coach, causing it to sink at the rear whenever it came to an inviting soft spot in the road. Mary and Dean occupied the back seat where they could brace themselves against the back of the coach, but the boys were pitched in all directions as the coach jolted over the rough corduroy or suddenly descended into mire. Sometimes the four horses, tug as they would, could not extricate it. Then the boys, glad of an excuse to dismount and limber their joints, would lift and push until again the coach was level on its wheels. It was a relief for all to leave the lumbering vehicle for the noonday stop at the halfway house, where they were refreshed with a hot dinner of bean

soup, boiled pork and potatoes, doughnuts and apple pie.

After a welcome night's rest in Fond du Lac they went aboard the *Peytona* and steamed down Lake Winnebago to the village of Oshkosh. Ebenezer Hubbard met them at the dock, and saw them safely aboard another stage coach bound for Neenah. He instructed the driver to unload them at a certain point where they would find a man in a lumber wagon waiting to receive them.

"That will be George Hubbard," was Mary's thought, "and there we'll unload and load up again for the last time, and I can set this pitcher down to stay."

It was a mild day in mid-September. No recent rains had converted the dirt road into mud and water, so the stage proceeded northward at a good speed and no discomfort to the passengers. The Kimballs were feeling rested after a night's sleep, and were inclined to be pleased with the country they passed through. And well they might be. The land was level, varied by open spaces and by groves of hickory, oak, and maple, with here and there a glimpse of the blue water of Lake Winnebago.

George Hubbard met the stage in front of Dean's quarter section, and there too were Charles and Eliza Libby, waiting to greet their old neighbors. The Kimballs were delighted with their land. It lay high, on the east side of the north and south road, so that their house would have a west frontage like the old house in Canaan. Mary promptly selected the site, which she determined at first glance by the location of a stately, wide-spreading linden—the house must be near that tree. George Hubbard had already built his house, a large one, on a road farther to the west than the main highway. There Sophy and the children were eagerly

awaiting the travelers, and thither George's sturdy team transported them.

XIII.

What claim to interest had this new land to which the Kimballs had come as pioneers from old New England?

Wisconsin was a part of the Northwest Territory won from the British in 1779 by the heroic persistence of George Rogers Clark and his band of frontiersmen. However, it was by intrepid French explorers from Quebec and zealous French missionaries that Wisconsin, part of the region of the Great Lakes, had first been discovered and explored. Its original occupants were various tribes of Indians, mostly Algonquins, some of them Dakotas, and one, the Winnebagoes, a tribe whose origin is still a matter of conjecture. These Indians roamed from place to place, fighting each other to the death for possession of the land.

In 1634 Jean Nicolet, the first white man to enter Wisconsin, made on the shore of Lake Winnebago a treaty of peace with Hurons and Winnebagoes, the first treaty ever made with the Indians of the West. Thirty years later Father Allouez founded an Indian mission on Green Bay, which became the first permanent habitation of civilized man in the state. He went up the Fox river to the western shore of Lake Winnebago, which he described as "the fairest land possible to behold." In 1673 Joliet and Father Marquette left St. Ignace in two birch bark canoes, with provisions of smoked meat and Indian corn, entered Green Bay, and paddled up the Fox river to Lake Buttes des Morts, where Indians told them of a "great river" to the west. Accompanied by Indian guides, they ascended the Fox river to a portage, where they crossed to the

Wisconsin, down which they were borne to the mighty Mississippi.

It was fortunate that the early French explorers were gentlemen and scholars, "graced with polished manners and fine sense", and that the Jesuit missionaries were benevolent and kind, desiring the material good of the Indians as well as the spiritual. It was fortunate too that although some of the missionaries and explorers were cruelly put to death by savage and mistrustful tribes, others came unflinchingly to the post of duty or the pursuit of knowledge. Along with their religious work and their explorations they founded a commerce with the Indians. They traced routes, gave names to places, made maps, and wrote reports on soils, minerals, forests, and climate. More than all else, they gave to the Indian a belief in one Great Spirit, the Father of all mankind.

When the Kimballs came to Wisconsin, the day of the fur-trader, the explorer, and the missionary had passed. The day of the emigrant had come. He brought with him his wife and children, and his purpose was to make for them a home.

The first project undertaken by Dean Kimball and his sons was the building of a house. Mary wished it to be located north of the linden tree, whose foliage would then shade the south windows, but it was deemed best to set it south of the tree. Afterward they were all glad of this, because whenever they were returning from church or market in Neenah they could see from miles away the lofty tree that meant home.

The house was large, of two full stories, built of lumber sawed in George Hubbard's mill. Painted white, it presented a sharp contrast to the low wood-colored house a few rods south, built by Charles Libby. Many were his arguments with Dean Kimball as to the needless expense of paint and the folly of brick

chimneys. As long as he lived he stubbornly refused to permit the smoke from his two fires to have any other outlet than an iron stovepipe projecting through the roof. The Kimballs built such a house as would make them a comfortable home for the rest of their lives. Dean and Mary had no desire for another migration.

During the first autumn the boys made themselves familiar with their surroundings. Lake Winnebago, covering three hundred and fifty square miles, lay only a short distance east of their land, and they were delighted with the view across its blue waters to the purple hills on the farther side, part of a limestone ridge two hundred feet high.

They learned that the Fox river, which they had crossed at Oshkosh on a floating bridge, was the main feeder of the lake and also its outlet. At the village of Neenah, situated at the foot of the lake, the river issued in a broad stream that divided to encircle a large island. Then the two streams united, proceeding northeast to Green Bay with a rapid flow that reminded Dean of the Androscoggin in the town of Lisbon. It was a wonder to the boys that a river so far west should finally discharge its waters through the St. Lawrence into the Atlantic Ocean.

Dean found that Ebenezer Hubbard had not exaggerated as to the soil, which was a deep black loam of inexhaustible fertility. There were no pines in the town of Neenah, nor any dense, impenetrable forests like those in Maine. The groves were "openings" rather, often with grassy ground and no underbrush. The frequent clear tracts, spoken of as "prairies," level or gently rolling, were ready for the plough. All the felling of trees that had to be done the first year was for fuel, and there were six vigorous young men to wield the axe.

As the months passed, the Kimballs made fewer comparisons between their new home and Maine, not all of which as at first were disparaging to Wisconsin. Apparently they were as contented and happy as they were active and interested.

Mary was in the prime of life, her health unimpaired, occupied with the pursuits that she enjoyed, her housework and her gardening, also finding leisure to knit socks for her little grandsons. Dean was past threescore, his youthful vigor gone, and was quite willing to resign all leadership to his sons. His work was caring for the stock, which put him on friendly terms with every living creature on the place, from chickens to Star and Bright, the ox team.

He spent many hours in the house reading *The True Democrat*, an Oshkosh weekly newspaper, or studying his *Commentaries on the New Testament*, partly to bring his knowledge to bear on his frequent arguments with Charles Libby. It was a matter of rivalry between them as to which was more familiar with the Scriptures and which had read the Bible the more times "from cover to cover." From the varied contents of the Old Testament they derived the same gratification that their children derived from history and fiction. Dean liked to read aloud, not always to willing listeners, and in order to divert him from the too familiar *Commentaries* Charles presented to him D'Aubigne's *History of the Reformation* in four volumes. Those books were a satisfaction to Dean because of their contents, and a delight because of the superiority that their possession gave him over his old adversary.

As for the young men in the Kimball family, they gave no sign of either content or discontent. They seemed to be living only in the present, taking the day's work or pleasure as it came; but their thoughts were "long, long thoughts," not retrospective but

reaching out into the misty future. Some day they would break the strong home ties under a compulsion that they could not, would not, withstand.

During the spring and summer they were kept busy with the farm work. During the winter the four older ones, James, Charles, Mantheno, and John, went into the pineries on the Rat river, a tributary of the Wolf, while the two younger ones, Joseph and William, remained at home to do the chores. James did not fancy the term "lumberjack," bestowed upon him by acquaintances in Oshkosh, but Charles was not disturbed by that epithet, for he thoroughly enjoyed life in the logging camps and believed that lumbering would be his lifelong occupation.

The crew of which Charles was a member was divided into groups—swampers, choppers, loaders, sled-tenders, teamsters, landing men, and blacksmiths. The swampers were the vanguard who cleared the way for the choppers. It was their work to cut away the brush, and remove old logs and worthless fallen trees both from the woods where the choppers were to fell the pines and from the roadways on which the logs were hauled to streams. The logs were not piled in ravines as in Maine, to be floated to the rivers when the snow melted, but were loaded on sleds drawn by oxen or horses. The sled-tenders handled the skids and the chains by means of which logs were rolled high upon the sleds. The landing men helped to unload, and then marked the logs. The blacksmith kept the horses well shod, and repaired both the sleds and the tools.

Charles worked in each of those capacities except that of blacksmith. He liked to fell the trees, but he liked best another kind of work that came in the early spring, when the streams were dammed to form ponds, and the logs were sluiced through gates to the next

dam, and so on to the river or boom. The logs were kept moving by drivers, who walked them in calked boots, and with long pick-poles and cant-hooks separated the logs in a jam and set them afloat again. It was expert work for one with a quick eye and a strong arm, but just as on the Kennebec Charles had never failed to select the key log, so on the Wolf he rode the logs lightly, and unerringly set his cant-hook in the one that caused the lock. He earned good wages, saved his money, and expected to be himself the "boss" of a crew, and ultimately the owner and operator of a sawmill.

XIV.

The life of the Kimball boys was by no means devoid of recreation and social intercourse. The Kimball farm was situated about half way between the thriving villages of Oshkosh and Neenah. The connecting road passed the Kimball home and was traveled often by the young men, sometimes on horseback, sometimes by team and lumber wagon.

Oshkosh had a dance hall in which lectures, concerts, and theatrical entertainments were also given. The Kimballs saw there the horrors of slavery depicted in a series of paintings, and attended "spirit rappings," as seances were called, for spiritualism was then at its height. Every summer they went to a circus in Oshkosh and enjoyed a boat excursion up the Wolf river or across the lake to Clifton. On one memorable day everybody was invited to ride on a new steamer, the *Menasha*, noteworthy for its elegance, its size, one hundred and sixty feet by forty, and for the fact that every part of it was made in Wisconsin—the machinery in Milwaukee and everything else in Oshkosh. Truly it was an occasion worthy of celebration, for only ten years before no craft had been seen upon Lake Winnebago but the bark canoe of the Indian.

Through the sleighride parties to the nearby village of Buttes des Morts, which were always followed by a dance and an oyster supper, Charles and Mantheno became acquainted with young women, enjoying their society but remaining fancy free. At one notable ball given in Oshkosh on the Fourth of July 1851, and attended by all the young people for miles around, including Charles and Mantheno Kimball, a sensation

was produced by the bravery, or effrontery, of a certain young woman who defied custom and appeared in the very latest style of dress denominated a "bloomer costume." Comment by the editor of the local newspaper tells the story:—

"At the ball given at the Oshkosh House on the Fourth, a young lady appeared in a white dress with short skirt and pants. It was of plain material, made plainly, and looked decidedly pretty. We like the style. It was amusing, however, to witness the manner of its reception by the company. Some admired and praised it. Some liked it but thought it not prudent to be the first to wear it. While some thought it ridiculous and immodest, and that she ought to be ashamed of herself. Some of the ladies held their fans, and some their handkerchiefs, over their faces when she came near, while some sneered at and ridiculed it so as to be overheard. The gentlemen generally admired it.

"It is sometimes useful to reflect upon what custom has to do with this matter. There were some ladies there—very pretty ones—whose dresses were cut extraordinarily low in the neck and bosom, and were entirely without sleeves. Some of these were shocked at the want of modesty of the lady with the short skirt, and openly treated her with contemptuous rudeness. She quietly remarked that if they would pull up their dresses about the neck as high as they ought to be, their skirts would be as short as hers. We could not but laugh at the retort. None seemed to think it immodest to expose the arms and neck indefinitely low, but the short skirt was proper bad. Such is the force of custom."

Some of the pleasure resorts open to men in Oshkosh, and not considered by the community generally

as of questionable character, were the saloons. They were freely advertised in *The True Democrat* as if they were deserving of patronage by the most highly respectable citizens. One proprietor, who characterized his saloon as "genteel," announced that it was "open at all seasonable hours for gentlemen of leisure"; that there was "always on hand for the refreshment of gentlemen oysters, sardines, apples, and the choicest of liquors"; that "gentlemen may be assured that the strictest moral order will be preserved, as the proprietor wishes his saloon to be the Hall of Amusement rather than the scene of brawling." A sympathetic editor listed the choice liquors to sharpen the appetites of gentlemen of leisure as "Detroit ale, Scotch ale, old London porter, choice brandy, and excellent wines."

No appeal of such a nature evoked a response from any of the Kimballs. Dean was a thorough going prohibitionist, and his sons had no inclination for liquor. Many times they had seen lumberjacks intoxicated, a sight that roused in them only disgust and pity.

During the three years between 1848 and 1851, when it seemed as if nothing could occur to disturb or change the life of the Kimballs, forces were at work to mold their lives after new patterns. The first to become aware of this and to make a decision in his own behalf was James, the eldest. He had worked diligently, had bought land in Neenah, and had accumulated more than a thousand dollars. He liked farming, and wished to cultivate a farm of his own. Having heard and read much of the wonderful fertility of the prairies in Minnesota, he resolved to go thither. His brother John wished to accompany him, and much as the others desired to keep the family circle whole, they would not oppose them. Accordingly James sold his land in Neenah and the two brothers went forth to Stearns County, Minnesota.

From that time Charles, being the eldest son at home, acted as head of the family, accepted as leader by the rest with full confidence that in all ways he would act for the good of all. He little realized that for some time he himself had been under the influence of one, an agent of destiny, who would lead him also far from Neenah to the land of his heart's desire.

That person was Asa Aldis Parker, seven years older than Charles, a wide reader, a student, a man of varied experience. He had been living in his father's family in Neenah since 1838, brought there by peculiar circumstances and as if for the special purpose of meeting Charles Kimball.

His father, a native of New Hampshire, had gone when a young man into Lower Canada, where he came under the influence of Louis Papineau, Speaker of the Assembly and leader of the radical party that opposed the union of Upper and Lower Canada. Papineau was bold enough to say in the Assembly, "The time has gone by when Europe can give monarchies to America; on the contrary, the time is now approaching when America will give republics to Europe." In 1837 an order was issued for his arrest on the ground of high treason. He fled to the United States. Mr. Parker as one of his adherents likewise fled across the border to New York, and later went as far west as Neenah, Wisconsin.

Asa Parker and Charles Kimball met as naturally, and took as immediate and strong a liking to each other, as if from the beginning of time their friendship were predestinate.

In 1845 Parker had greatly desired to go to the gold fields of California but had been dissuaded by his parents. He was deeply interested in mining, and when in 1849 Charles Whittlesey, a geologist on the staff of David Dale Owen, was making examination of

the red clay deposit in the Fox river valley, Parker became acquainted with him and learned from him of the copper deposits in the region south of Lake Superior.

He told Charles of Whittlesey's investigations in their neighborhood, awoke his interest in Artesian wells, many of which had been drilled in Fond du Lac and Oshkosh, and explained what strata and what dips and inclinations made such wells possible. His talk reminded Charles of the book on geology that he had bought in Brunswick. He reread it with a revived and more intelligent interest.

Meantime Parker had been so impressed by what Whittlesey had told him of copper on Lake Superior that in 1851 he went to Ontonagon, where mass copper had recently been found. He returned to Neenah for a brief period in the summer of 1852 and renewed his acquaintance with Charles Kimball.

When Charles told him of his intention to engage in lumbering on the public lands during the next winter with a crew and camp of his own, Parker said, "Why do that, Charlie? In a few years there will be the same condition on the Wolf river that Ebenezer Hubbard wanted to escape from on the Penobscot. Already there are a dozen sawmills in Oshkosh, and almost as many in Neenah. The pine in this region will be exhausted in a few years. In the north, along Lake Superior, there is no limit to the pine. Come up to Ontonagon and do your lumbering on the Ontonagon river. You could set up a sawmill there and ship your lumber to Detroit and Buffalo."

Such advice did not change the purpose so long cherished by Charles, but it made him pause. For Parker went on to talk of what lay nearest to his own heart, mining. He used the scientific terms that Charles had met in Lyell's *Geology* as if they were no less familiar to him than everyday English. He told Charles

of a race of ancient miners who had worked at Ontonagon in prehistoric times. There were remains of ancient pits from which they had taken huge masses of copper. One such mass had recently been found in the depths of a pit eighteen feet below the surface, a mass ten feet long, three feet wide, and two feet thick, weighing more than six tons, and abandoned by the ancient miners because it was too heavy for them to raise. Scattered around it were cartloads of stone hammers that the ancient miners had used as sledges. This recent discovery had led to the settlement of Ontonagon and the investment of capital there.

When Parker told further that in one of the ancient pits a hemlock was growing whose trunk showed three hundred and ninety-five annular rings, thus antedating the coming of Columbus, Charles felt a stir of the imagination such as he had never felt before. Who were the "ancient miners"? When were "prehistoric times"? Before returning to Ontonagon Parker told of a book on the geology of the Lake Superior region recently published, the work of one, David Dale Owen. Charles sent to Philadelphia for a copy of that book, a large volume with many illustrations from original sketches. He read much in its pages and was profoundly interested. Still he thought that for a livelihood he would depend on lumbering rather than on mining.

In reality the decision as to his life work was not to be of his making. Owen's Report, Asa Parker, and the Sault Canal—those three were the agents to determine his destiny.

And who was Owen?

XV.

In 1757, thirty years before the adoption of the Constitution of the United States of America, there was born in Wurtemberg, of humble, pious parents, a child named George Rapp. He grew up to be a weaver by occupation, a devout Lutheran, and a great student of the Bible. He believed that men should live together after the manner of Christ and his disciples, having all things in common, and he had attracted to himself a considerable group of followers who shared his ideas. They could not live according to their belief in Wurtemberg, so they looked to the free republic of the United States for an opportunity to live as their conscience dictated.

With the same motive as the Mayflower Pilgrims, they crossed the ocean in 1803, and formed a small settlement in Pennsylvania. They accumulated flocks and herds, and became so well-to-do that in 1815 they bought a tract of thirty thousand acres on the banks of the Wabash in Posey County, Indiana, and established there a village, which they named New Harmony. They cleared land, raised crops and stock, planted vineyards, manufactured woolen cloth and cotton goods. They built a large church and four community houses, also a granary fortress whose tower story had walls three feet thick, provided with loopholes and iron gratings. They lived a pure and simple life, and were known as the Rappites.

A contemporary of George Rapp was Robert Owen, born in Wales in 1771. He married a daughter of David Dale, Lord Provost of Glasgow, and owner of extensive cotton mills on the Clyde. Robert Owen

became manager and later the owner of those mills. He wove into cloth the first bale of American cotton ever sent to Liverpool. But he was more interested in Mankind than in manufacturing. He believed and taught that the interests of employers and the working people should be made identical and harmonious instead of separate and conflicting. He advocated the abolition of class distinctions and approved community of property. He had a strong intellect, great practical knowledge, honesty, and sincerity of purpose.

A certain Scotchman, William Maclure, who shared Owen's communistic views, had come to America in 1796, had traveled extensively on foot, and had published the first geological map of the United States. To-day he is known among scientists as the father of American geology. As like finds like, so William Maclure and Robert Owen met and became friends, united in a common purpose. They wished to form a community in which all should receive a liberal education, with facilities for an unlimited pursuit of knowledge, where religious views were to be unrestricted but morals were to be of the purest type, where property was to be held in common but under constitutional restrictions.

Maclure knew of the Rappite colony of New Harmony and suggested its purchase. The Rappites were willing to sell, and so in 1825 Robert Owen bought the village for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A large number of people came with him to America and took possession of the buildings, farms, and factories in New Harmony.

Thus it befell that David Dale Owen, son of Robert Owen, became a citizen of the United States.

Under the influence of Maclure the young man went from New Harmony to Switzerland to study geology. In 1837 he was appointed to make a preliminary geo-

logical survey of Indiana, and in 1839 was appointed United States geologist with headquarters at New Harmony.

He was instructed to make reconnoissance of what was then the Great Northwest, now Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, and northern Illinois, in order to point out for preservation by the Government the salt springs, lead and other mineral-bearing rocks, previous to offering the lands for sale. With a large corps of assistants he accomplished his herculean task in two months. His achievement was all the more remarkable because the territory covered was almost entirely without settlements, so that each of his companies of explorers had to be supplied with food by hunters, who accompanied them and brought down wild game. In 1848 the same region was more systematically surveyed by Mr. Owen, and a much more comprehensive report was rendered.

The headquarters of the United States Geological Survey remained at New Harmony until 1856, when they were transferred to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. Owen's brother, Robert Dale Owen, congressman from Indiana, originated and introduced in Congress the bill for founding the Smithsonian Institute.

It was through the report of David Dale Owen's second survey, published by Congress in a quarto volume weighing six pounds, that the minds of Owen and Charles Kimball were brought together.

Charles read first what the geologist had to say of eastern Wisconsin. In a section devoted to the manufacture of lumber on the Fox river and Green Bay, the assertion was made that there was enough timber on the rivers to supply the demand for thirty years to come. Looking back over the twenty-five years of his life, Charles thought it a long period. He did not

know how more and more swiftly the next three decades would pass. He thought that he could easily make his fortune in thirty years, so he concluded that he would remain where he was.

Fate had other plans for him, and forces were even then at work to carry them out.

Although Wisconsin had been made a state in 1848, the boundary line separating from Minnesota the extreme northwest portion of Wisconsin lying between the St. Louis and the St. Croix river had not been surveyed or even agreed upon. It had long been a matter of dispute, but was finally decided in 1852 as suggested by Senator Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, that the line of separation begin at the first rapids in the St. Louis river and extend due south to the St. Croix. It was a simple and sensible solution of the vexatious problem, and the line was immediately surveyed by George R. Stuntz, a government surveyor. In the following year land in northwest Wisconsin was offered for sale.

When Asa Parker came again to Neenah, in the summer of 1853, he had much to say about the unusual advantages of the region at the head of Lake Superior. He had learned of them from the fur traders who dealt with the Indians at Fond du Lac on the St. Louis river, and he had positive opinions as to the enormous quantity of pine thereabouts and the existence of valuable mineral ores. He had been informed that a demand was to be made on Congress for the creation of a subsidy to make possible the building of a railroad from the head of Lake Superior to the Pacific coast. He knew that the Government had already granted seven hundred and fifty thousand acres of land to the state of Michigan for the building of a ship canal around the rapids in St. Mary's river, connecting Lake Superior with Lake Huron. It seemed as if communication from coast to coast in the near future were already

assured, which would entail the rapid settlement and development of the entire Northwest.

Before Parker left Neenah Charles Kimball had agreed to go to Ontonagon in the fall, and with Parker as guide make a trip to the head of Lake Superior. He—or was it Fate?—had cast the die.

He read again from Owen's Report. It was very encouraging as to timber in the northwest but not so as to iron and copper. It stated that copper-bearing rock existed on the south shore of Lake Superior between the Bois Brulé and the St. Louis river, but with no evidence of ore in sufficient quantities to warrant any reservations by the Government.

Charles had heard so much from Parker of accidental discoveries by prospectors after geologists had pronounced a locality barren, that there arose in his mind the beguiling idea that he might be the fortunate one to find treasure. He argued with himself that the conclusions of geologists were not always positive beliefs, but were opinions founded on observations that did not extend to every locality. In fine he made himself believe what he wished to believe. He felt a compelling desire to discover what the earth was hiding in her bosom, to uncover and reveal her treasures. He was a victim of the lure that drew the gold seekers to cross the Rocky mountains. A call had come to him that he must follow.

When his plan to go to Ontonagon was discussed in the family circle, it was decided that Joseph should accompany him and that Mantheno should assume management of the farm.

XVI.

Then began the period of Charles Kimball's manhood. Hitherto he had been a member of his father's family, one of the boys, acting if not always under his father's direction nevertheless always with his sanction. Henceforth he would be responsible to himself alone. He was going into new surroundings to make his way among strangers, and by methods of which he had no certain knowledge.

What equipment had he for such a venture, such a trial? What endowment had his progenitors bequeathed him? Toward what results had he used his endowment?

Physically he had inherited a strong constitution, every organ of his body sound. He had developed his strength and endurance by labor and by life out of doors. He had not impaired his health by excesses or undue strain, nor had he suffered from accident or illness.

Mentally he was born with a receptive mind, quick to discriminate between the false and the true, eager for truth and willing to accept it at any cost. His schooling had been meager, his reading limited, but he had learned much by observation and experience. He had mastered the craft of the woodsman. Living close to nature, he had learned how to respond to her invitations, how to cope with her resistance.

Morally he had inherited a keen sense of right and wrong, and his home training had developed in him a conscientious devotion to the right, and the courage to stand by his convictions.

His temperament was sanguine. His dominating

spirit was that of the pioneer, the irresistible desire to live in the open, the willingness to pay the price for the opportunity to overcome nature and develop her resources. He knew the Indian. He knew the forest. He was expert with the axe, the rifle, and the oar. He loved the woods, the sky, the water, in all their moods and manifestations. When alone with nature he was never lonely.

He could estimate the character and worth of his associates, but he was neither critical nor combative. With men congenial he was most companionable, and by them he was much loved. He knew well only one woman, his mother. In all his relations to her he was affectionate, considerate, and obedient.

He had been brought up an orthodox Christian, but he was not a member of any church or a subscriber to any creed. He believed in being honest and kind, in doing his work faithfully, and leaving the rest to God.

In late October Charles and Joseph took passage at Sheboygan on a steamer from Chicago bound for Sault Ste. Marie. The first part of their journey was over the route that they had traveled five years before, but after passing through the straits of Mackinac they were headed north and west, no longer going down but up, up to the *Lac Superieure*, as the early French explorers had termed the highest, farthest, grandest lake of all.

As they entered the St. Mary's river they were surprised at its size. It looked more like a lake, its high, rocky banks silent and solitary, its green islands so thickly set that only an experienced pilot could have kept the channel. They traversed almost its entire length of sixty-five miles before they came to the Sault, and made landing about two miles below the village. There both the passengers and their baggage were transferred to small flat-cars running on wooden rails

and drawn by mules. It was the tram road over which copper ore brought by boat from Keweenaw was transported down the main street of the village to the steamers bound for the smelting works at Detroit. The Kimballs noted that the village had only one street, back of which on high land stood Fort Brady with the American flag flying above its walls.

As it was slow work transferring freight from the steamboat at the lower end of the rapids to another above, Charles and Joseph had to remain at the Chipewewa Hotel for two days, not chafing at the delay but glad of an opportunity to see the village, the rapids, and the canal.

As if the distinction of age fully compensated for the ramshackle, weatherworn appearance of the village, the hotel proprietor told them with pride that it was the oldest settlement in the northwest, having been founded by Pére Marquette.

It was easy to credit his statement, for some of the houses were made of logs covered with cedar bark, the most primitive habitations for white men that the Kimballs had anywhere seen. The most interesting structure was the fort, a stockade in the form of a square, inside of which were quarters for the officers and barracks for the men, all neatly whitewashed and in good repair. Almost every other building on the long street was either a hotel or a general store where all sorts of supplies in the line of both food and clothing were exposed for sale, together with Indian beadwork and baskets of birch bark ornamented with colored porcupine quills.

In contrast to the dilapidated appearance of the village, the rapids looked as fresh and new as any sunrise. They were stupendous—a full square mile of foaming water rushing over rocks and dashing against them in a descent of twenty-two feet in one mile. When

half-breed voyageurs offered to give Charles and Joseph a canoe trip to the head of the rapids and down again, their services were accepted without parley.

It took an hour to ascend, against a current that no man could stem on foot and that could be overcome only by the most skillful punting. It reminded Charles of Goomteek and similar trips in his bateau. Coming down, "shooting the rapids," was accomplished in a few minutes. Once sucked into the current, the canoe moved faster and faster, the waves rising higher and higher, until a capsize seemed certain; but by dexterous steering the calm water was reached with no accident, and more thrills to the minute than even the Kimballs had expected.

The canal was under way, but in comparison with the Erie Canal it seemed a very diminutive affair. However, it was evident that it would be of untold benefit to the entire Northwest by enabling steamboats to pass without unloading from Buffalo to the head of Lake Superior.

Charles and Joseph left the Sault on the steamer *Manhattan*, one of three boats comprising the entire fleet on Lake Superior. It was afternoon on one of the delightful October days that come only to the West. The sky and the water were of the same heavenly blue. The air was still, but the water moved with a rise and fall as of heartbeats. As Charles stood at the bow gazing far out, it seemed again as it had seemed on Lake Michigan, that every wave, even the farthest he could see, held one and the same purpose—to come to meet him. One after another they greeted him, the boat cut through them, and they were gone. The lake was so vast, it seemed so mighty, so ancient, so changeless, and withal so fresh and perfect, that he felt as if he were its discoverer. He thought he knew how

Balboa felt when first his vision ranged across the boundless expanse of the Pacific.

To their great disappointment they passed the Pictured Rocks after nightfall, but the next morning they saw the peculiar sandbanks, hundreds of feet high, stretching along the shore like a desert. They made a short stay at Marquette, where they saw at the dock a boat laden with iron ore from the newly discovered mineral range south of the town. They went on to Copper Harbor, rounded Keweenaw Point, and stopped at Eagle River, where they heard talk of the celebrated Cliff Mine, situated at the base of a rocky wall four hundred feet above the lake. Their next stop was at Ontonagon, where they were met by Asa Parker.

They had seen enough to make them enthusiastic about the Lake Superior country, and when Parker told them of plans already under way to found a city at the head of the lake, and expatiated on what a great commercial center it must be—the receiving and the distributing station for the agricultural products of the West, and also for the coal, machinery, and other manufactured goods of the East—they were eager to depart and be among its founders. They saw themselves as builders of an empire. The pioneer spirit swelled in their breasts, and the inevitable hardships that they would encounter only made the prospect more alluring.

During the two months spent at Ontonagon in preparation for their journey, Parker's talk was all of mining. To verify his tales he took Charles and Joseph to the Minnesota Mine, fourteen miles up the Ontonagon river. It was reached by water in flat-boats and also by land over a plank road. Hundreds of tons of copper had been exported from it yearly, and it was then a rival of the Cliff Mine. The operators were not balked by huge masses as the ancient miners had been.

They cut them with a cold chisel. Parker told them that one great block at the Cliff Mine, weighing one hundred and sixty tons, had been cut through at an expense of only nine dollars a foot.

As Charles surveyed the mines about which he knew so little, and thought of lumbering about which he knew so much, as he watched the miners monotonously hammering a chisel hour after hour, and then thought of felling trees in a forest, of floating logs down the waterways, he said to himself that never would he forsake lumbering for mining, that no wealth could compensate for work that brought joy. And yet he never tired of hearing Parker talk of mines.

In those weeks at Ontonagon he had opportunity to see much of Lake Superior. He saw it under lowering skies, gray and forbidding. He saw it lashed to fury under northeast winds. He saw it on calm days and moonlight nights, a limitless expanse as old as time and as endless. As he stood upon the beach lost in contemplation, it seemed to him as if he too had always been, and as if like the lake he too would always be.

XVII.

As the three steamers plying on Lake Superior had in 1853 no reason for going any farther west than the village of La Pointe on Chequamegon bay, it was not possible to reach the head of Lake Superior by steamboat, nor would a steamboat have found there any landing place. There were, however, three possible ways to make the journey.

The Ontonagon party could go overland through northern Michigan and Wisconsin, across rivers, over hills, through swamps and forests, relying on hunting and fishing for food. They could go by water in canoes along the shore of the lake, risking the danger of storms and the uncertainty of making safe landings. It was too late in the year for either of those modes of travel, so they accepted the third, the safest and also the speediest. They would travel on snowshoes after the manner of the *coureurs des bois*, over the ice along the shore of the lake. As they intended to remain at their destination at least until spring, they would employ a dog train to carry provisions and other baggage.

Three young men in Ontonagon who expressed a wish to join the party were welcomed both for their company and for their assistance. As a party of six would need two dog trains, the first work in the way of preparation for the journey was to make the trains and procure eight dogs. They had not far to seek, for there were Indians and half-breeds in the neighborhood willing to sell dogs already trained for such service. They were not high bred dogs, not Eskimo

huskies, but mongrels, strong and hardy, trained to be patient and obedient.

Charles was in his element when they began work upon the trains, or sledges, and manifested such proficiency as a woodworker that he was permitted to make both. For each train he used a single slab of white oak, six feet long and fourteen inches wide, which he dressed down until it was perfectly smooth, and then by shrinking and pressure turned up one end like a sleigh runner.

The men spent much time and thought in providing such an outfit as would be sufficient for their needs during the winter. They must take food—flour, salt pork, beans, tea, sugar—also a small stove with stove pipe, candles, and a few cooking utensils and tin dishes. They must have blankets, two tents, axes, hammers, nails, and some extra clothing. Space must be found also for Owen's Report.

Each man was equipped with a gun, but they decided to load four guns on a train and carry only two. Each man was to carry also a small pack containing his tobacco, some ammunition, lucifer matches, extra moc-casins, and other small personal belongings. Charles carried in his pack his book of travel, one man carried a pack of cards, and both Charles and Joseph had a few home-made remedies for cuts, burns, and bruises, with which their mother had supplied them.

Their preparations were completed by Christmas Day, but they decided to wait a week longer so as to be certain of thick ice far enough out from shore to permit their approach to the point beyond Chequamegon bay in a direct line from Ontonagon. They set January 2nd for the day of their departure, and spent New Year's Day loading their trains.

Under Asa Parker's direction the loading was done in the most economical way possible. First they laid

a tarpaulin on the sledge large enough to cover the load. They wrapped each article in a separate parcel, laid one at the front, the next one back of it and slightly overlapping, and so on several layers deep, until the last parcel had been snugly stowed. Then they brought the ends and sides of the tarpaulin up over the load, and laced a heavy cord from side to side and under the train, so that each parcel would stay in place and the load itself could not possibly slip off.

Early the next morning they harnessed the dogs. The harness consisted of a collar with tugs, a belly band and two back bands. First the leader dog was harnessed and fastened to the train by tugs, then in like manner the dog to go behind him, then the next two, and the tandem of four was complete. There were no reins, for the dogs could not be driven but were to be guided by a man running alongside and carrying a whip.

The first man, as he was called, also held in his left hand a stout cord fastened to the rear of the train, so that when they were going down grade he could pull on the cord and keep the load steady. Even then the train might be upset, but nothing worse could happen, for the parcels could not possibly spill. The work of the second man was to assist in righting the train should it overturn, but principally to go ahead and select the best path, and also if necessary break through deep snow so that the dogs could follow.

It was with such equipment that six young men set out on snowshoes at sunrise on January 2, 1854, for a trip of more than a hundred miles to the head of Lake Superior. Asa Parker as guide, with Charles and Joseph Kimball as second men, had charge of one train. Three Johns, John Funston, John Ladoo, and John Start, managed the other.

They had no difficulty the first day, for the ice had

only a thin covering of hard-packed snow, and there was no wind. The sunshine made the snow painfully white and glaring, but they were all protected against snow blindness with spectacles of smoked glass. They spent the night on one of the Apostle Islands, and started early the next morning on their way through that group of wooded islands large and small, beyond which they would find an open prospect. At noon it began to snow and the wind blew. The driving snow hindered them so much that when they reached the mouth of the Brulé river they decided to make camp.

They had time to clear a space in the woods, set up their tents, and build a fire before night closed in. After eating their supper and feeding pemmican to the dogs, they sat smoking their pipes while Parker told them of a fierce battle between the Chippewa and the Sioux that had taken place on the banks of the Brulé only ten years before.

The Sioux of Minnesota had penetrated into Chippewa territory as far as the river, on the east side of which Chief Hole-in-the-Day was encamped with about a hundred warriors. When the Sioux began to cross, some of the Chippewa braves, who had been previously instructed by their chief, ran back from the river as if in a panic of fear. Thereupon all the Sioux plunged into wade the river, expecting an easy victory. But as soon as they reached the east bank, a host of Chippewa braves appeared from their shelter behind it, and with their clubs and knives dispatched the invaders before they could climb the bank. The river ran red with the blood of the Sioux, while the woods resounded with the war whoops of the victorious Chippewa.

Charles and Joseph had heard stories of Indian battles fought long ago in Maine, but the Indians whom they had come in contact with were indolent and peace

loving, like those around Lake Winnebago. Parker's tale of the battle of the Brulé seemed to them a legend of the distant past. They little thought that they should hear far more harrowing tales of Indian atrocities committed in their own neighborhood in their own day.

XVIII.

On the afternoon of January 4th, their third day out, the six adventurers from Ontonagon reached their goal. As they neared their destination they saw before them in the west a pine-clad shore extending in a wide curve from the forests of Wisconsin on the south to the high, rocky cliffs of Minnesota on the north. Coming nearer, they discovered a break in the curve, proving it to be not the main land but two promontories. Advancing through the opening, they entered a long, narrow bay on whose farther side they saw a few scattered shanties, the only signs of human life. The frozen bay was covered with drifts of snow. The main shore was densely wooded with tamarack and spruce, the tamarack showing brown and bare under a bleak sky. It was not a pleasing prospect, nevertheless Charles Kimball felt that he had reached the haven where he would be.

The occupants of the shanties were thirty-five men who had arrived during the preceding summer in order to take up land, found a city, and make a fortune. They welcomed the new comers, all the more because they had not expected any increase in population so early in the year, and gladly gave them lodging until they could build a shelter for themselves.

The men from Ontonagon set about that task with no delay, choosing for the site of their shanty a rather high bank on the bay shore about two miles west of the place selected by the first comers. They hewed trees for the walls of their one room house and chinked the logs on the outer side with moss. The inner side they shingled with staves of cedar about half

an inch thick. They were instructed in the riving of cedar by August Zachau, a carpenter who had come from Chicago in the summer for the express purpose of aiding the first settlers to build weatherproof houses out of material at hand. For the floor of their cabin they split tamarack trees straight down the middle, laid them split side up, and nailed them to cross pieces underneath. They made the roof of bark and covered it with balsam boughs.

Altogether it was as rude and primitive a shelter as those built on the shore of Plymouth bay more than two centuries before, but it housed only vigorous men, hardened to exposure and not desirous of either luxuries or comforts. Wrapped in their blankets, they slept in bunks built against the walls, on beds of cedar sprays like those in the lumber camps of Maine. They prepared their meals on the sheet iron stove that they had brought with them, sat on stools and ate from a rough table, both of their own making.

That first winter was a long one and in some respects a trying one. Provisions were scarce, and there was no way of obtaining more until navigation opened in the spring. There was plenty of meat to be had, for deer and even bear were abundant, but there were few potatoes, and no other vegetable but beans. The flour that the Ontonagon men had brought with them had to be used sparingly, for they shared their store with others who had none. They had no eggs, and could get milk only by crossing the bay to a claim where lived a lone squatter fortunate enough to have a cow. And there were many other deprivations. There was no church or preacher, there were no newspapers or letters, not even clean clothes. Smallpox broke out among the Chippewa, and scores of them died in their wretched huts in the woods until a doctor was sent

from St. Paul to inoculate the remnant and save the band from extinction.

If it had not been for Charles Kimball's book of travel, many tedious evenings would have been spent in the new shanty. It was a book in which one could read a chapter at random, and often Charles or Parker read aloud to their companions, thus furnishing them something better to talk about than their present condition. The one pack of cards too was a frequent means of entertainment, and many a game of Old Sledge was played on their rough table.

It was natural that a company of energetic, able-bodied men, hibernating as it were in a region practically inaccessible, should long for spring and the activity that would come when communication was possible with the rest of the world. But they were by no means dormant. On the contrary they were busily engaged in providing the means of communication most needed, a pathway through the wilderness to the south.

Under the direction of George Stuntz they cut through the forest a twenty foot road for the distance of fifty-seven miles between their location and the St. Croix river. Such a road would furnish a route for the transportation of supplies and building material from St. Paul, and would encourage emigration to the head of the lake, the object most desired by the handful already there. The Ontonagon group worked week after week on that road, and thus Charles Kimball obtained from George Stuntz his first practical knowledge of surveying. Provisions for the choppers were furnished by Daniel Baker of St. Paul, a promoter of the site. The labor was performed not for wages but in a spirit of hospitality, for the road was to be an invitation to whosoever might be inclined to follow it.

During the winter Charles had heard much talk of the St. Louis river. On a day in March he and his brother went forth to its discovery. They walked up the bay shore to the tip of Connor's Point, and there saw before them another bay, long and wide, the mouth of the river. On the Minnesota side their view was blocked by the range of granite cliffs. On the Wisconsin side the shores were lined with trees everywhere crowding to the water's edge. They had learned that the river drains a large region in northern Minnesota, and that during untold centuries it had brought down sand and sediment to be met by the clashing waters of the lake. The result of those opposing forces was Minnesota Point, the narrow, pine-clad strip of land extending from the north shore for six miles, and thus enclosing Superior bay.

At the other end of Superior bay, where the first comers had built their shanties, was another river, the Nemadji. It too had brought its burden of sediment to the lake, and there another point had been formed enclosing another bay—Wisconsin Point and Allouez bay. Between the ends of the two points, through an opening six hundred feet wide, the waters of the St. Louis and the Nemadji found their way to Lake Superior. Early explorers had called that opening not the Outlet but the Entry. It was rightly named. It was the entry to the finest natural harbor on the entire chain of lakes, a land-locked harbor with a coast line of more than fifteen miles.

When Charles Kimball surveyed that work of nature so perfectly adapted to the uses of man, he no longer wondered at Asa Parker's enthusiasm over the location. He too began to see visions and to dream dreams.

He thought of what the new canal would mean to the city that he and his companions had come to

found. In the country back of the head of Lake Superior, far to the west and south stretched an enormous extent of agricultural land capable of producing wheat for all the states of the Atlantic seaboard. In the harbor of Superior bay that wheat could be loaded on vessels for transport through the Sault Canal and down the lakes to Cleveland and Buffalo without once breaking bulk.

He looked around him at the wooded shores of the bay where the only evidence of man's enterprise was a few log huts. He saw there docks and wharves, depots, warehouses, and elevators. He saw trains of cars rolling in from the west, and steamboats gliding through the Entry. And *he* would help to bring about that transformation!

His thought was inspiring, almost overpowering.

The vision that came to Charles Kimball in the spring of '54 came also to other men, and earlier. Work on the Sault Canal began in June 1853. A sub-contractor sent the news by letter to a group of young men in St. Paul, who immediately determined to lay out a city at the head of Lake Superior and establish there the uttermost port of the Great Lakes.

So rapidly did they work that only fifteen days after ground was broken at the Sault, two advance agents set out from St. Paul to travel in canoes up the Mississippi, make portage to the St. Louis, and follow that river to the lake. Their purpose was to make reconnoissance and select claims for Colonel Daniel Robertson, Judge Rensselaer Nelson, and Judge Daniel Baker of St. Paul. Two weeks later those honorable gentlemen undertook the same hazardous journey. They found that their claim had been staked out on Wisconsin Point so as to hold the Entry. They squatted on the high dry land on both

sides of the Nemadji, erecting temporary bark shanties to protect their claims.

A month later other men in St. Paul learned of their project and followed their example. Henry and Edmund Rice, James Stinson, Benjamin Thompson, and William H. Newton made the same toilsome and adventurous journey as their predecessors, so eager were they to reap the reward of pioneers. They also squatted on land near the Nemadji. Those leaders and a number of their followers were the men whom the Ontonagon group found there the next winter.

In the spring of '54 all the St. Paul men consolidated their interests, and had the town site surveyed and platted by a competent surveyor, Thomas Clark. The map was duly recorded and the site thrown into a company, or pool, referred to as the Proprietors: W. W. Corcoran of Washington, D. C., Robert J. Walker, U. S. Senator from Mississippi, and six gentlemen from St. Paul—George Nettleton, James Stinson, Daniel Robertson, Edmund Rice, William H. Newton, and R. R. Nelson. Those original proprietors also held shares in trust for John Forney of Philadelphia, Horace Walbridge of Toledo, and five United States Senators, William Richardson of Illinois, Robert Hunter of Virginia, Jesse D. Bright of Indiana, John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky, and Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois.

The standing, ability, and reputation of those men argued well for the prospective city of Superior. Several of them were bankers, Corcoran was the founder of the magnificent art gallery in Washington that bears his name, Forney was the able editor of leading Democratic newspapers in both Philadelphia and Washington, Hunter was a leader in his state, as were also Bright and Breckenridge. Douglas had made

himself famous by introducing the Kansas Nebraska Bill.

Personal acquaintance with some of those men, knowledge of their achievements, and a close following of their careers were to have a profound effect on the opinions and the action of Charles Kimball. He cherished a great admiration for Douglas, and was proud to be his champion and follower.

The town site as surveyed for the future city of Superior did not include the site where the men from Ontonagon had made their claim. Their location was some distance west, at a point where a slough opened into the bay. The sloping banks of the slough and the steeper descent along the bay shore varied the aspect of the place, making it picturesque and attractive. Soon after their arrival they sold part of their claim to B. W. Brunson and R. F. Slaughter of St. Paul. In the spring they made a survey of their property for the purpose of laying out a rival city, which they proposed to name Endion, the Chippewa word for home.

They met unforeseen obstacles. The General Land Office at Washington had decreed that when unsurveyed lands had been claimed for a town site they would be liable to preëmption as soon as the survey was made.

Accordingly, while the survey of Endion was in progress, a group of twenty-five half-breeds led by James Stinson and Benjamin Thompson, both of whom were interested in the site down the bay, came upon the land to avail themselves of preëmption rights and make claims. As fast as the surveyor set a quarter post a half-breed claimant appeared for the quarter. As the timber was dense and the claimants worked together, they were able to build an eight by ten cabin with a covering of boughs upon each forty acre tract

established, and then overtake the surveyor before he could locate the next forty.

In this shrewd and successful land grabbing they advanced as far as the land occupied by the men from Ontonagon. There it had been determined that they should not pass. And there a conflict ensued.

The meeting occurred on the banks of the slough, where only the timidity of the half-breeds prevented bloodshed. The Ontonagon men were armed and meant to stand their ground. Thompson, carrying two revolvers, was equally plucky and determined and meant to proceed. But his detachment of half-breeds, carrying no weapons but axes and hatchets, were unwilling to engage in a fray where only the leaders had firearms. Owing to their lack of valor and their abundant discretion, no person was killed or injured, but the Ontonagon men found an outlet for their fighting spirit in cutting to pieces several of the newly erected cabins. Such demolition did not result in enmity between them and the half-breeds, some of whom with their broods of little Antoinettes and Baptistes, Lisettes and Angeliques, were long time neighbors of Charles Kimball. They felt for each other only respect and good will.

It befell that neither of the two settlements became a city, but both were included in the town of Superior, one known as Lowertown, the other as Uppertown.

There was one man in the settlement who, in all his projects, was actuated as much by a desire for the general good as by hope of personal profit, George Stuntz the surveyor. During the winter he had supervised the construction of the road south to the St. Croix as a means of access to the settlement by land. In the spring he built a dock on the inner shore of Minnesota Point, so that steamers and sailboats could land there and discharge passengers. He also erected

a warehouse on his dock for the reception and storage of freight. Only by assurance of such conveniences could boats be induced to come in through the Entry.

In the summer of '54 the *Sam Ward*, plying between the Sault and any port on Lake Superior, brought on every trip a goodly number of emigrants, speculators, and tourists, bent on seeing the new "city" of Superior. Stuntz's dock was located near an Indian village, so that every traveler as well as every piece of freight or baggage was subject to inspection by braves, squaws, and papooses before receiving a passport to the shore across the bay. Provision for that trip had been made by several of the settlers, who operated mackinaw boats as ferries for both passengers and freight. Such boats, designed originally for fur traders, were deep and capacious, and had the additional feature of being equipped with two sails and three pairs of oars.

Travel to Superior by way of the lake began as soon as the ice went out in the spring. Visitors were numerous. Some had provided themselves with tents to serve as sleeping quarters while they made up their minds whether they would stay or seek farther for an Eldorado. Others were desirous of a comfortable lodging place.

The Proprietors, all men of wealth as well as of political and social influence, advanced large sums of money for various improvements, including a hotel. The work of building began in March and progressed rapidly. As soon as the roof was on, the Superior House was opened to guests. Its walls were of logs dove-tailed together at the corners like the walls of a block house. The shingles were shaved by hand, and the lumber whip-sawed, by August Zachau, who operated four saw pits.

Guests arrived long before the hotel was finished,

but none were turned away. They slept in blankets on beds of shavings with mosquito netting for screens. There were all sorts of fortune hunters, from gold diggers of California looking for a prospect or a lead, to seedy politicians in black broadcloth and soiled linen looking for town office. Emigrants who intended to be permanent settlers did not patronize the hotel. They staked a claim, built a log house, and went to clearing land and raising potatoes between stumps.

The town site of Superior as platted by the Proprietors was laid out in streets eighty feet wide running parallel with the bay, crossed by avenues one hundred feet wide. The streets were numbered, whereas the avenues bore the names of the distinguished proprietors. Second street, extending all the way from the Uppertown to the Nemadji, was cleared its entire length, and bridges were built across intersecting ravines and sloughs. Clearing a street meant only chopping down trees, mostly tamarack, spruce, and poplar. Stumps were left to be grubbed out or burned, and for many a summer the air was blue with the smoke of brush fires or smouldering stumps. Looking to the future, the Proprietors reserved twenty lots for churches, thirty-two for schools, a half block for county buildings, two blocks for a public park, and two for a cemetery.

The house lots were small, twenty-five feet by one hundred and fifty. Settlers purchasing such lots bound themselves to erect buildings at a cost equal to that of the lot. Thus they were tied to Superior. During the year 1854 three hundred lots were sold in the Lower-town. In the Uppertown there were forty dwelling houses, besides a boarding house forty feet by sixty built by the men from Ontonagon. All the houses were made of logs, and most of them were roofed

with logs instead of cedar staves. Slender logs, eight or ten inches in diameter, were split in two lengthwise, hollowed out in troughs, and laid from ridge to eaves hollow side up. Then similar pieces were inverted over the joints and on the ridge, making a fairly good protection against rain or snow.

Charles and Joseph Kimball had no lack of employment, and saw before them only the fulfillment of their hopes.

XX.

Glad as the first comers were to greet the new arrivals and to see the Proprietors make improvements in the town, still their chief interest was not in the town or its inhabitants but in their own fortunes. They did not intend to reside there. They were speculators, the original owners of the site, relying on the location, the Sault Canal, and the prospect of a railroad to the Pacific coast, to enable them to sell their holdings at enormous profit.

Charles Kimball was not of that class. After one winter and spring at Superior he was fully persuaded that no other place could be more to his liking. The climate was invigorating, the resources of the region were boundless. Having yielded to the spell of the lake, he felt that he could not be content away from it. Several times during the winter he had crossed the bay to contemplate its aspect—its shifting packs of ice floating as in an Arctic sea, its spray freezing as it fell to form fantastic peaks and pinnacles. The move of the ice in the spring and the coming of blue water was like a miracle. He felt that he wished to have a part in the development of Superior year by year, partly for the town's sake, partly for the stimulus that it would give to the development of his own powers.

Under the influence of Parker he had read much in Owen's Report, and wished to make his own survey of the near by region on the south shore. Coming up on the ice, he had noticed the mouths of rivers and creeks between the Brulé and the Nemadji, and now he had a mind to explore them. In July, when

Joseph urged a trip to the Brulé for a few days sport fishing for trout, he recognized such a holiday as his opportunity.

They paddled their canoe along the shore of the lake, entering for a short distance the Aminicon and the Poplar river, and thence went up the devious course of the Brulé. After they had enjoyed the sport of casting for trout until they no longer had an appetite for fried fish, they retraced their course and went farther up the Aminicon. Leaving their canoe in cache, they went on foot to Black River Falls. When Charles saw the river leaping in a beautiful cascade to another bed one hundred and fifty feet below, he was no more impressed by the beauty of the falls than by the grandeur of the rock formation. He could not doubt that such rocks betokened mineral ore. Did not Owen report that in the vicinity of the Black river the same trap rock appeared as that at Ontonagon and on Keweenaw, which were rich in veins and masses of copper?

Immediately Charles took the steps necessary to obtain by preëmption from the United States Government a tract of one hundred and sixty acres in the region of the Black river near a creek afterward called Copper creek. As there was no land office at Superior, he walked to Willow River, Minnesota to deposit his money and forward his certificate to the General Land Office at Washington. His intention was to sink a shaft in search of copper as soon as the necessary machinery could be obtained.

It was through his interest in minerals that Charles became acquainted with an accomplished surveyor and geologist, Thomas Clark. He had also become intimate with Robert McLean, who like himself had come to the head of the lake as an adventurer and pioneer. Charles always addressed Asa Parker by his surname,

but from the first he and McLean were Bob and Charlie. In September these two like-minded men accompanied Clark on an exploration of the north shore of the lake for about forty miles below Minnesota point.

The title to that region from the St. Louis river to the British boundary at Pigeon river, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles, had long been with the Chippewa Indians, but recently their title had been extinguished by treaty, thus throwing open some of the most valuable mineral lands in the United States.

The lofty range of granite that had impressed Charles as he neared the Entry on his first arrival, extended down the north shore for a great distance. Back of it was a mineral range, and before winter set in, it was teeming with men erecting shanties to mark locations where it was hoped that copper would be found. If the prospectors knew or suspected the presence of iron ore, they did not cherish it in their thought. Copper was the prize that everyone sought in those days.

One evening as Clark and Bob and Charlie sat before their camp fire chatting and smoking, they noted a veil of light in the northern sky that soon developed into a wonderful exhibition of the aurora borealis.

Out of the glimmering veil through which the stars were faintly visible, there rose streaks of light gleaming like blades of swords and showing the loveliest colors—pink, blue, and green. They rose and fell and changed position, pulsating with an ebb and flow of color, and finally ascended together from the entire northern half of the sky to meet and form a crown of beautiful hues almost overhead. Then a dazzling meteor darted from the northeast and sped toward the west, scattering a train of brilliants as it passed.

Never in Maine had Charles seen so magnificent a display.

Clark told his companions what he knew of such magnetic phenomena, and mentioned that some persons thought the aurora an omen of impending disaster.

Soon after their return to Superior Charles and McLean, who was living with the Ontonagon crowd in the large boarding house at the Uppertown, made a canoe trip up the St. Louis bay to the Indian village at Fond du Lac. Their errand was to have their axes ground at a blacksmith shop maintained there by the Government. They made the trip leisurely in order to become acquainted with the most fascinating river that either of them had seen.

As they entered the broad bay they saw dark granite cliffs on their right, and on their left fair sloping grass lands set with linden, ash, and oak trees, bounded by dark green pines in the far distance. With its many islands, capes, headlands, pockets, and bayous, the river afforded a labyrinth of channels, its banks rising sheer from the water or fringed with reeds and water lilies. Near the upper end of the bay it took the form of a round lake, in the center of which was a round island densely wooded, where no Indian of any tribe would set his foot. The Chippewa called it Spirit Island, because of an ancient legend.

Always the Sioux and the Chippewa had been deadly enemies, therefore when a young Sioux chief met and fell in love with the beautiful daughter of a Chippewa chief, the lovers had no recourse but to give up all for love and take their flight into the wilderness. Pursued by warriors of both tribes, they were seen on a moonlight night fleeing in a canoe to the round island in the St. Louis river. The next morning the pursuers crossed to their retreat, but no trace of the

lovers could be found, nor were they ever seen again. The great Manitou had spirited them away to the happy hunting grounds.

While waiting for their axes, Charles and McLean took the opportunity to visit the rapids. Crossing some low, swampy land thick with tamarack and cedar, they were confronted by a ridge. Climbing that obstruction and then making the steep descent to the farther side, they came to the swift, narrow river that had fed Lake Superior for thousands of years. Before them was a tumbling torrent, compressed between banks a hundred feet high, boiling and bubbling after its rapid descent a little beyond.

At that point the men who came to Superior from St. Paul the year before had been forced to portage for eight miles, for in that distance the river made a descent of almost four hundred feet, not in one magnificent cataract but in a variety of forms. As the two men made their difficult way along the river banks, they came first to a series of cascades, then a perpendicular plunge of forty feet in a channel narrowed by walls of rock, and then another series of cascades, seven feet high and ten in number, where the water slid rather than fell over inclined layers of black slate.

It seemed to Charles almost incredible that such a volume of water could be maintained by rain and snow, until McLean suggested that it came from Lake Superior, given back to the river by evaporation and condensation. Again Charles marveled at the sustaining and renewing power of nature.

On their homeward trip the next day they took more notice of the fields of wild rice at the head of St. Louis bay, which were high enough to intercept their vision, making it difficult to find their way through devious channels. They knew that among the Indians wild rice was a staple article of food, and

also that it was very palatable, having a richer taste than cultivated rice. It occurred to Charles, who had not enjoyed the shortness of flour and the monotonous diet of meat and fish during the previous winter, that it would be wise to lay in a store of wild rice. Such provision would not stint the Indians, for the supply was more than enough for all the people at the head of the lake.

Accordingly the men in the Ontonagon house went in canoes on a quiet, sunny day in late September to gather wild rice. Paddling into the tall reeds, they bent the rice stems over the edge of the canoe, then beat out the grains with a stick until the canoe was filled. They noticed places where Indians had fastened reeds together in bunches so that after the rice had ripened it could be gathered quickly and more easily. All such places they avoided, not wishing to add to the labor of the squaws, who were wholly responsible for the harvesting.

It was a tedious task to remove the brown husks by heating the rice in an iron kettle, but all the men at the house took turns at the winnowing, and felt that the result was worth the effort. Served as porridge wild rice offered no challenge to their skill as cooks, and any man could drop a handful of rice into a bear stew.

During the summer of '54 the pioneers had no difficulty in obtaining food. Boats from below brought such necessities as flour, sugar, tea, and butter, and every family had a garden in which potatoes, beans, peas, carrots, and onions flourished among stumps. The red clay soil proved prodigiously fertile for both vegetables and flowers. Gardeners boasted of their products and vied with each other as to the size of their peas, the mealiness of their potatoes. On Minnesota point delicious huckleberries grew in abun-

dance; pathways and sunny slopes were bedecked with wild strawberries; in the woods around the settlement red raspberries could be picked by the pailful; and delicious mushrooms, moist and fresh, everywhere waited to be gathered.

As for meat, there was no beef, no mutton, no fresh pork, but there was venison, bear, wild rabbit, and game birds. In the spring Joseph Kimball had shot wild geese resting their wings in the Entry, on their flight northward. In the fall wild ducks were plenty on Allouez bay, and there were no restrictive game laws with watchful wardens to enforce them. Deer hunting was fine sport for a good huntsman, involving the chase and skilled marksmanship, but it was no great triumph to bring home a bear. Bruin came very near the settlement as if offering himself to all and sundry, and it was not a rare sight to see a bear ambling along between the stumps on Second street with no malevolent intent and doing no harm except frightening the women folk. Bears had even been known to enter houses, eat up any appetizing food within reach, and then take a nap under the kitchen table. In such cases they made recompense for bed and board by supplying meat tender and toothsome to more than one household.

XXI.

The deprivation that the pioneers felt most keenly during the first winter and spring was the total lack of any means of communication by letter with the rest of the world. When the first boat docked at Stuntz's pier a scanty mail was distributed, letters and newspapers addressed to men "at the head of Lake Superior." There were no such letters for the Kimballs, but for weeks they had been writing letters to the home folk so as to have them ready for transmission on the return trip of the first steamer to come up.

In July they received the letters for which their hearts had long hungered. A letter from their father contained news that brought shock and deep sorrow. Sophy had died in January. Sophy! They remembered how many times they had spoken of her boys when they were building their log house on the bay, looking to the future, seeing Superior as a place where those boys could make a better living, have more of a career, than on the farm in Neenah.

Mary Kimball sent Charles a tress of Sophy's bright hair, and as he looked at it, suggesting in its color abounding vitality, he thought how full of life she had been, always radiating joy. He could not think of her as gone forever after a life of only thirty years. And the seven young children. Could his mother care for them? What would become of them? He wished to go back at once, for his father had mentioned briefly the sale of his farm, but he waited to hear further.

In October another letter came, from Mantheno, saying that their father had died of pneumonia on the

14th of September. Charles took passage down the lake on the return trip of the *Manhattan*, and by making close connection at the Sault with a Lake Michigan boat he reached Neenah in eight days. On the way he thought of the aurora that he had seen a few days before his father's death, and remembered what Thomas Clark had told him of its being thought an omen of disaster.

It was a sad homecoming. Charles reached the house at dusk and found the family at supper. The square table with places for only four brought a lump to his throat, and a little boy in a high chair with bright dark eyes like Sophy's brought tears.

Each of them had many questions to ask and much to tell. Little by little Charles learned of all that had transpired during his absence—only a year, but it seemed an age. His first inquiry was for his brothers James and John. They had bought land near Litchfield, prairie land. They liked the country and were prospering. Mary's first inquiry was for her son Joseph. Charles was glad to give assurance that his brother, hitherto so reserved and undemonstrative, was as enthusiastic as he himself over the location, the climate, and the prospects of Superior.

William asked many questions about the trip on snowshoes, the dog trains, the log houses, the lake, the boats, the hunting and fishing, and all the enterprises in which Charles was active. The answers left no doubt in William's mind as to whether he would be a farmer in Vinland, the town recently set off from the town of Neenah, or an adventurer at the head of Lake Superior. Before Charles left, it was arranged that he should join his two brothers as soon as navigation opened in the spring.

In the evening they talked of Dean, the father whom his sons had revered, the husband whom Mary had

adored. The offer to buy his farm, coming from a German immigrant, had been quite unexpected, but they had all agreed that it was too good to be refused, not only because the purchaser could pay cash but because he seemed a very capable man, one whom they would like to see in possession of their fine farm. It was sold only two weeks after Charles and Joseph had left for Ontonagon. The new owner with his wife and six children had arrived to take possession on Thanksgiving Day after a week's journey by ox-team from Milwaukee.

William interrupted his mother's story at that point to say, "We had been looking for them for three days, and that day we waited for them till two o'clock. You should have seen the dinner Mother had ready—two turkeys, mince pie, pumpkin pie, sweet cider. They appreciated it all right. The mother cried, and the youngsters ate till their eyes bulged."

As Mantheno had bought a farm directly across the road from his father's they had all moved into the small house there, and were settled before the first snowfall. Dean did not sell his two black colts nor his flock of turkeys, and had arranged to keep them in the large barn during the winter. Every morning he had gone over with an eight quart measure of oats to feed them, and had stopped regularly at the house to give the little German children a lesson in English. He liked to hear them call him "Onkel".

Sophy's sudden death had been a great blow to him, a grief that he could not overcome. He seemed to have lost heart, and when he was stricken he had no desire to get well. His last words were a prayer. He was buried beside Sophy in the Vinland cemetery, and they had placed a white marble headstone at his grave.

It was hard for her mother to speak of Sophy, so Mantheno told of her untimely death. Her baby was

a fine boy and she had named him Ebenezer. She seemed to be getting along well, but on the third day the light went out of her eyes as suddenly as when a candle flame is blown out by a gust of wind. Ebenezer Hubbard's wife had taken the baby home with her after the funeral and intended to keep him. Their mother had taken Joseph, the one next older, and they were all glad to have a child of Sophy's in the house. His prattle made life more cheerful for all of them, and he was company for their mother. The twins and the other three boys were at their father's, well cared for by a competent and motherly house-keeper.

Charles's mind was at rest as to the care of the children, but when he saw George Hubbard the next day, weak in body, dejected in spirit, he could not throw off the fear that the children would not long have a father. And only a year before they had all been well and happy. He thought how sad life is, and how much of the sadness comes from those we love the most. He thought of Mary Jane and the comfort she would have been to her mother. The others thought of her too, but none of them spoke. Her death had made a wound that did not heal.

When Charles mentioned to his mother the changed aspect of George Hubbard, she expressed her own fear for his health, and then told how in the previous summer he had taken a trip back to Maine. It was partly to visit his aged mother, but more because the doctors had advised a change of scene. He had seemed stronger and more cheerful when he came back, but in the fall had begun to fail again.

Mary went on to tell that George had visited several relatives in Maine, among them Jonathan Howe, who had married his sister Jane Hubbard. Jane had died the year that George and Sophy were married,

leaving four little girls. One of them, Caroline, had spent the summer after her mother's death at her Aunt Burrill's home in Canaan, where Sophy had met her and had become very fond of her.

It befell, a short time before George Hubbard arrived in Maine, that this little Caroline, grown up to be a young lady of sixteen, had been afflicted with brain fever and was not recuperating as rapidly as she should be. Her physician strongly recommended a year in the West, and as George Hubbard had offered to take charge of her on his return trip to Vinland she had come out to Wisconsin. She was living in the home of her Uncle Ebenezer, who had two daughters about her age, and was attending a school for young ladies in the city of Oshkosh. She had regained her health, and was enjoying life in her new surroundings.

After hearing this account, Charles asked, "Isn't she the little girl that I came across down by the Carrabassett one day?"

She was, and to satisfy William's curiosity Charles had to tell the story of his first meeting with Carrie Howe.

"I was coming home from the post office one afternoon, and when I got to the bend in the Carrabasset where the sandy beach is, and those big round stones half out of the water, I saw a little girl in wading. She climbed up on one of the stones and seemed to be reaching for something, so I went down to see what she was up to. She said her shoes had fallen off the stone into the water, and then said, 'I think I can get them myself, but if I can't you'll have to'.

"Of course I had to. They were so wet that she couldn't put them on, so I picked her up and carried her over to Burrill's."

Mary added, "Yes, and Eliza Burrill told me that

at the supper table when Noah spoke of Hiram as a very worthy young man, little Caroline chimed in with, 'I think Charles Kimball is a very worthy young man, don't you, Uncle Burrill?' "

Charles remembered the child's sweet, serious face, with large, wistful gray eyes, how she had put her little arm around his neck as he carried her, and had lifted up her face to be kissed when he said good-bye. He had not seen her since, he had not thought of her for years. How strange that she should be in Oshkosh. He thought that he should like to meet her. Would she still think him a very worthy young man?

He did meet her soon, and he felt rather shy in her presence, she was so dignified in spite of her girlishness. She was not vivacious like Sophy, but quiet and modest, with a refined manner and speech that seemed not acquired but natural. She was different from any other girl that Charles had met. He felt as if he did not belong in her class. He wished that he did.

XXII.

On his way back to Superior Charles had time at the Sault to inspect the canal, then nearing completion.

As he noted the quiet, competent manner of the engineers, he thought how gratified they must be at their achievement. Through solid rock they had cut out a trough twelve feet deep, one hundred feet wide, and a mile long. In the trough they had constructed a lock three hundred and seventy feet long and seventy feet wide, to accommodate the largest vessels, and by the perfect operation of its gates to lift or lower great bulks of mineral ore, of grain, of lumber, and float them smoothly on to Lake Superior or Lake Huron.

Instead of running any risk of being detained at the Sault by waiting for a steamboat, Charles embarked for Superior on a schooner. As the ship sailed into the lake between the two promontories, Cape Gros and Iroquois point, lifting their massive heads one thousand feet in air, grander than the Pillars of Hercules, he thought them fitting guardians of the entrance to the largest fresh water lake in the world.

To him Lake Superior was the Creator's masterpiece. Nothing else could be so grand, so beautiful. It was as changeful as the firmament of heaven; it was as changeless, as abiding.

He pictured to himself the connecting links in the great chain of lakes: the St. Mary's river through which the waters of Lake Superior rush into Lake Huron; the straits of Mackinac, forming a broad and easy outlet for Lake Michigan, their surface decked with green islets among which Mackinac island rises

like a throne; the St. Clair river, expanding to a lake, then narrowing to another river, making thus a long pathway by which the waters of the three upper lakes reach Lake Erie; and last of all the mighty cataract by which the waters of four great lakes plunge into another river to find rest in Lake Ontario before sweeping superbly to the sea.

What a magnificent waterway they made in the very heart of a continent. What a descent it was from the surface of Lake Superior six hundred feet above the surface of the ocean.

As the schooner sailed up the lake and Charles felt its steady onward motion like that of a bird cleaving the air, he almost wished that he were captain of a sailboat, so that always, in calm or storm, he might be on Lake Superior. His love for the lake was to be the one great passion of his life.

During the following winter and spring the opening of the canal was a favorite topic of conversation for the Ontonagon crowd. When steamboats from Chicago and Buffalo could make the entire trip to the head of the lake, many tourists, capitalists, and settlers would be sure to find their way to Superior. When they beheld the wonderful harbor, and became aware of the unlimited forests, the undeveloped mineral resources of the region, many of them would be led to stake their fortunes on the future of Superior. How could they withstand the charm of its location, the lure of its brilliant prospect?

The spring of '55 did bring much to encourage the inhabitants, not only of Superior but of the entire lake region, and they all knew that growth and prosperity in one locality would also benefit others. In 1855 the mining of iron ore on the Gogebic range in Marquette county on the south shore of Lake Superior became a great and profitable industry. The ore

contained from eighty to ninety percent of pure iron, the highest in the world. The range was found to be extensive, so that mining was carried on in many locations, leading to the establishment of villages and cities, where people had to be supplied with building material, food, and clothing.

Nobody knew then that in the immediate neighborhood of Superior, in the Arrowhead region of Minnesota, was an iron range that would some day rival the Gogebic. Since the early prospectors on the north shore looked only for copper, and only near the lake, the Mesaba range had to wait.

The value of iron to civilized man was graphically presented to Charles Kimball thus: "A bar of iron worth five dollars worked up into horseshoes is worth \$10.50, into needles \$55, into penknife blades \$3285, and into balance springs of watches \$250,000, all this increase in value being gained through the application of labor."

He thought how many thousands of men would find employment to their liking as a result of the iron mines on Lake Superior. That thought broadened his interest in humanity, in the lives of men who work in factories for daily wages. As for him he would live in the open, deal with nature's resources in the rough, follow his bent, be his own master, and take the chance of making or losing a fortune.

XXIII.

It became more and more evident to the promoters of Superior that its development would coincide more or less with that of Minnesota, and that a great aid to the prosperity of both, permanently as well as immediately, would be a means of transportation between St. Paul and the head of the lake.

Minnesota was producing vast quantities of wheat, for which there was a ready market in the East. It was sent from St. Paul to LaCrosse, Wisconsin, by way of the Mississippi, then by rail to Chicago, a distance of 466 miles. It was then transferred to boats and sent by way of the lakes to the port of Buffalo, thence by canal and railroad to New York city, a distance of 1280 miles, making 1746 miles in all.

If a railroad were built between Superior and Hudson, Wisconsin, wheat could be sent from St. Paul to Superior by rail, a distance of 151 miles, then from Superior by way of the Sault Canal to Buffalo, and on to New York, a distance of 1300 miles, with a saving of one trans-shipment and 295 miles of transportation, mostly by railroad, which was more expensive than by water. Besides, boatmen declared navigation on Lake Superior to be easier than on Lake Michigan, and its ports safer in case of storm.

The Sault canal was opened in May, 1855, and the first steam craft to pass through the lock brought freight and passengers to Superior. So far as transit by water was concerned, the opening of the canal made possible the more desirable route for the shipment of wheat from St. Paul to New York. For its transit by land from St. Paul to Superior a company had been

formed to construct the necessary link between Hudson and Superior. All that the St. Croix and Lake Superior Railroad Company had to do was to build a railroad but little more than a hundred miles long.

By midsummer the company had secured a grant of land between the two points, had made a survey, and had established a route. They had gone so far as to let the contract for the grading of the road, and had received a liberal offer from parties in Canada to furnish the iron. The contractors were on the ground at the Hudson end with a large force of men and ample material to grade the road. The citizens of Superior were alive to the situation. They bought more lots, and raised the valuation of lots already held.

Then it became known that rival parties in southern Wisconsin were trying to influence Governor Barstow to give them control of the land grant. All operations were suspended.

The people of Superior were disappointed, but they had no thought that the railroad project was abandoned. It was merely delayed. The situation was annoying, but no doubt it would soon be cleared. In another year at most Superior would enter upon her manifest destiny as a great commercial city, a rival of Chicago. Confidently they set about making plans for a pier to receive the freighters that would soon be docking in Superior harbor.

Stuntz's pier on Minnesota point had served its purpose as a temporary makeshift, but was not easy of access, and would be quite inadequate for the loading of wheat. Moreover, the landing of passengers in front of an Indian village where they were subjected to the prolonged scrutiny of the assembled inhabitants, was not a favorable introduction to the town of Superior. Furthermore, when visitors

reached the main shore they found neither sidewalk nor roadway, but had to make the ascent as best they could up a rather steep bank about thirty feet high, which in rainy weather was exceedingly muddy and slippery. The carrying of freight up the bank was not only difficult but precarious.

Because of these conditions an appeal was made to the Proprietors for a suitable pier and approach on the main shore. Funds for the construction of such a pier were immediately forthcoming. The pier was built at the Lowertown on a foundation of cribs made of logs. As there was no sawmill to furnish planks, stringers were laid from crib to crib, across which tamarack poles were placed, cut in two and shaved smooth on the flat side.

The approach began at a point some distance up the bank, and the pier extended a long way out into the bay, shaped like the letter T. At each end of the cross was a warehouse built by a local merchant. The two inside corners furnished safe mooring places for small craft, and were in demand at once, for almost every man in Superior owned a canoe or a rowboat.

The construction of Quebec pier made evident the pressing need of lumber. Moreover, merchants needed weatherproof buildings in which to store provisions, clothing, furs, hardware, and other commodities. The settlers were desirous also of more comfortable dwellings than the rude bark shanties and one-room log houses erected for shelter on their arrival. A rainy spell or a heavy shower caused the roofs to leak indiscriminately over beds, stoves, and supper tables. In winter snow sifted in through invisible openings, the same interstices through which penetrative mosquitoes edged their way on summer nights.

In the summer of '55 the machinery for the first

sawmill in Superior was brought "up from below" by steamer, and a sawmill was erected on the Nemadji river. A brick kiln was also established on the Nemadji, the red clay forming an excellent base for brick. From that time it was possible to build frame houses with brick chimneys, plastered walls, and shingled roofs, weather-tight, mosquito-proof, and warm.

The Ontonagon crowd had long abandoned the log house in which they spent the first winter, and had been keeping bachelors' hall with other men in the large building that they had erected at the Uppertown. As soon as lumber was available, Asa Parker, Charles Kimball, Benjamin Brunson, and John Stewart built a structure in front of the old log house, so pretentious for the locality that it might well be termed an edifice.

It was shaped like a store with the gable toward the street, but instead of being pointed the gable was arched, its edge forming a graceful ogee curve as it descended to the side walls. A broad coping followed the curve, outlining the gable space, which was sheathed with clapboards. The entire front below the gable was of glass, twenty-four large panes on each side of the front door. In 1855 such a building could not escape being dubbed the Crystal Palace, a term at whose implication the builders took no offense.

Its primary purpose was for a general store, of which Alexander Paul was the proprietor, the stock consisting of hardware and glass, food supplies, and men's ready to wear clothing—overalls, flannel shirts, mackinaw coats, caps, shoepacks, and moccasins. By the use of sawdust the log house at the rear had been converted into an icehouse, where fresh beef shipped in from Ontonagon could be kept for sale to people in the Uppertown.

A secondary purpose of the Crystal Palace was to provide a meeting place, or rendezvous, for copper prospectors. It was well patronized, and many projects were conceived around its hospitable stove. One of them led to the formation of the Fond du Lac Mining Company, in which Charles Kimball had an interest of five thousand dollars. The location owned by the company adjoined the tract of one hundred and sixty acres on the Black river that he had bought from the United States Government the year before.

Although the year 1855 did not bring a railroad to Superior, it was notable for the inception of several other important enterprises.

It occurred to Senator Douglas that publicity would of itself lead to the rapid development of a site so remarkably endowed as Superior. He conceived the idea of advertising the town through the medium of its own newspaper. He suggested the publication of such a paper to two young men employed as printers in the office of the Congressional Globe, Washington Ashton and John Wise. They were responsive to his suggestion, and took steps at once to begin a literary career as editors and publishers in the wilds of the far West.

They purchased a hand press and an outfit of type in Philadelphia, and in May took passage for Superior. They landed at Stuntz's pier, carried their heavy boxes up the steep, muddy bank on the bay shore, in a drizzling rain, and slept the first night on the floor in the still unfinished hotel. Finding every building in the town occupied, they were forced to set up their printing press in the deserted log cabin erected by the first preëmptor—small, leaky, and swarming with mosquitoes.

Notwithstanding so discouraging a reception, they went to work valiantly, and on June 12th published

the first issue of the *Superior Chronicle*. All the matter on its four pages had been set up by hand, and consisted entirely of advertisements and articles on local and national affairs composed by the youthful editors, both of whom were Democrats. Their courage and optimism in publishing one thousand copies of their first issue were justified by the result. In less than one week every copy was in the hands of a subscriber or had been mailed to friends throughout the country.

One of the advertisements in that first issue was an announcement of the organization of the Fond du Lac Mining Company, with 10,000 shares, of which A. A. Parker was secretary, and Charles Kimball one of the trustees.

Previous to 1855 men arriving at the head of the lake with the intention of taking up farm lands or investing in town lots were put to the inconvenience of a trip to the land office at Willow River, Minnesota. In August 1855, by act of Congress, a United States Land Office was opened at Superior with a register and a receiver in charge, thus facilitating the formal process of obtaining land from the Government.

Hitherto there had been no regular mail service at Superior. In '54 a postmaster had been chosen to attend to the receipt and dispatch of mail, his post office consisting of a powder keg, but mail was brought in and sent out at odd times, depending on the departure of steamboats or the uncertain and irregular trips of half-breed runners. In '55 a regular monthly mail service was provided for by the Government between Superior and Taylor's Falls, Minnesota, about ninety miles south on the St. Croix river. The mail was packed Indian fashion on the backs of the carriers, who made their way through a forest wilderness on a blind trail. They were carriers responsible to the Government and made regular trips.

XXIV.

Superior was two years old in 1855, and as secular affairs had been fairly well attended to, many of the settlers expressed a desire that church services be inaugurated and ministers induced to settle in the town. Although such prominent men as the banker Riggs of Washington and John Forney, chief clerk of the House of Representatives, visited Superior in the summer of '55, it is safe to say that no visitor was more welcome than the Rev. John Barnett, a Presbyterian minister.

The manner of his arrival was somewhat disheartening, for the *North Star* went aground on the bar at the Entry and had to be towed to deep water. Getting ashore was further complicated by a heavy rain that had set afloat the loose tamarack logs at the shore end of Quebec pier. In spite of those forbidding auspices the preacher made his way to the hotel, and on the next day conducted a church service in the unfinished bar room. A Presbyterian church society was organized forthwith, and the first regular service was held in August at a private house near the Crystal Palace. Two of the eleven adults present were Charles and Joseph Kimball.

The regular publication of a weekly newspaper made the people of Superior feel that their town was well established and should therefore have some form of local government for the administration of town affairs.

When Douglas county was created by the Wisconsin Legislature in February 1854, Governor Barstow had appointed certain county officers—sheriff, district

attorney, coroner, and register, but none of them had authority in matters foreign to his office. As a matter of fact the only authority exercised in town matters had been that of the Proprietors, whose chief concern was in selling lots and increasing population. Having platted the town, cut roads, built a hotel, and provided a pier, they rested from their labors.

As the number of inhabitants had risen in two years to more than four hundred, it was in truth highly desirable that some form of government be provided for the community. To that end an election was held in November '55 for the purpose of choosing county officers and of creating a board of three supervisors to administer town affairs. By that election Asa Parker became sheriff of Douglas county, while Alexander Paul, Frank Perfect, and Charles Kimball, elected for a term of two years, became the first supervisors of the town of Superior.

Early in the summer of '55 Charles made another trip to Neenah. As he had foreseen in the previous fall, George Hubbard had died, and he wished to see for himself what sort of home had been provided for Sophy's children. Besides, his brother William, the youngest of the Kimball boys, was preparing to go to Superior, and it seemed to Charles that he was too inexperienced to make the long and unfamiliar journey alone. At least Charles made pretence that such were his reasons for going to Neenah. If Parker had hinted that he was drawn there by a powerful attraction outside his own family, he would have denied it, but in his heart he knew that he longed to see Carrie Howe. His mother had written that the year in Wisconsin had restored Carrie's health, that she was filling a vacancy in the Vinland school as teacher, and would return to Maine in July.

Charles found that Ebenezer Hubbard had assumed

entire charge and control of his brother's children, and had arranged to keep them together in their own home, except that little Joe was to stay with his grandmother until he was a few years older. He was glad to hear his mother say that she wished to leave Vinland and keep house for her three sons in Superior. She had not liked to think of Charles living with a group of men. She was accustomed to mothering all her menfolk, and had not lost the inclination or the strength for such service. Mantheno, too, who was soon to marry Orra Libby, assured Charles that as soon as he could sell his farm he would take his bride to Superior and cast in his lot with that of his brothers. Mary's plan was to wait until she could make the journey with Mantheno.

Almost every day Charles managed to spend some time with Carrie Howe. The black colts that had been his father's pets were available for buggy rides, and the Vinland schoolday was over at four o'clock. The teacher always had a smile of welcome for him, and he thought that she enjoyed his company as much as the rides. He was sure that he greatly enjoyed hers. On a Saturday they walked across fields and through woods to the shore of Lake Winnebago, for the assumed purpose of gathering flowers—shooting stars, lady's slippers, violets, and trilliums. As they sat on the shore looking across the water to the blue hills in the distance, Carrie asked, "Is Lake Superior as beautiful as this?"

"Yes, much more beautiful, and grand besides. If there is such a thing as aristocracy in nature then Lake Superior is king. It has majesty and power. It is queen too, for it has loveliness, mystery, and fascination."

Charles went on to tell her of the lake as a highway for commerce, and then talked of the town with whose

future his own was bound. She listened and seemed interested, but she expressed no desire to see either the lake or the settlement. She spoke of her return to Maine, adding, "My father is going to let me enter Hampden Academy near Bangor. It is a fine school for young ladies, and for young men preparing for Bowdoin. I am going to take up music and painting and French, and I suppose I'll have to take algebra and parsing if I expect to be an educated woman."

Her words reminded Charles of a clipping that he had put away in the pocket of his notebook. He produced it and asked Carrie to read it. When she saw the title, "What Every Girl Should Know," she said, "Oh, you read it and I'll check up and see what I have yet to learn."

Charles began, "How to sew and knit, make beds, mend clothes, dress her own hair, wash dishes and sweep carpets, trim lamps, make good bread and perform all plain cooking, keep her room, closets, and drawers in order, work a sewing machine"—

"Why, I never heard of a sewing machine. But I can make my own dresses by hand and embroider my collars."

Charles went on, "make good butter and cheese, make a dress and children's clothes, keep accounts and calculate interest"—

"Uncle Eben taught me that last winter. He called it keeping books."

"Write, fold, and subscribe letters properly, nurse the sick efficiently and not faint at sight of blood"—

Carrie laughed. "Does 'efficiently' mean a sure cure? At what age is every girl expected to know so much?"

"Let's say twenty. You're only seventeen now. This is the last requirement, 'be able to render efficient aid and comfort to those in trouble in an un-

ostentatious way, receive and entertain visitors when her mother is sick or absent' "—

"I can do the visiting part, but aid to those in trouble usually means lending them money, doesn't it? I'd fall short there."

"There's a little more. 'A young lady who can do all these things well, and who is always ready to render aid to the afflicted, and to mitigate the perplexities of those about her, will bring more comfort to others, and happiness to herself, and be more esteemed than if she only knows how to dance, simper, sing, and play on the piano.' "

"I know a woman who is always ready to 'mitigate the perplexities of those about her,' and nobody esteems her. She pries into other people's affairs, and thinks she's as wise as Solomon."

Charles had thought that this catalogue of womanly accomplishments expressed his idea of a perfect woman, perhaps because it tallied so well with his mother's virtues, but he conceded that a paragon of excellence might not be an enjoyable companion. He said, "Will you show me some time that you know how to 'write, fold, and subscribe a letter properly?' "

"Yes, as soon as I get home. Shall I begin it with 'Dear Sir' or 'Dear Charlie'? Shall I subscribe it 'Yours respectfully' or 'Yours' "—

"Affectionately, please."

The color rose to Carrie's cheeks. She looked away and made no promises.

On the way back to Superior Charles thought much of his hours with the fairest, sweetest girl he had ever known. He thought of her as his ideal. He wished that he might make her his beloved. At times he thought of her with disquietude, when he visioned certain young men at Hampden Academy preparing for Bowdoin. He wished that he might have had a

college education. He resolved to make up for it by learning all he could from men, from books, from nature. At the Sault he fell in with a scholarly gentleman bound for Marquette, who asked him questions about the canal, and told him that a friend of his, the poet Longfellow, had recently spent considerable time there gathering material for a book about the Ojibway Indians. Charles asked for the title of the book, and sent to Boston for *The Song of Hiawatha*.

XXV.

The year 1856 opened with an event meant to set the pace for Superior's progress, to show the world what lavish, lordly feasts could be served in that remote spot destined to become in time the metropolis of the West. That event was a New Year's ball given by the Superior Yacht Club, preceded by a New Year's dinner at the Superior House, furnished by the hospitable landlord, Orator K. Hall.

At last the hotel was finished. The floors were no more littered with shavings, tools, and casks of nails. Ladders had given place to stairs, and it was no longer necessary to swarm up a scantling in order to find a sleeping place on a bare floor.

The dinner was a veritable banquet for kings, the menu astounding for the variety of its dishes and the quantity that guests were invited to consume. It began with a choice of four kinds of fish, whitefish, siskiwit, trout, and herring; a choice of five boiled meats, ranging in distinction from plain corned beef to leg of mutton with egg sauce, and up to turkey with oyster sauce; a choice of ten roast meats of greater or lesser elegance—chicken and pheasant, pig and bear, lamb with mint sauce, and venison with cranberry sauce. Among the nine side dishes were such rare delicacies as calf's heart with port wine sauce, breast of lamb stuffed with onions, and beavers' tails. Appetites were sharpened with pickled oysters, pickled lobsters, cucumbers, and beets. The vegetables were seven, including corn and green peas.

There was an infinite variety of pastries—mince, apple, custard, and cranberry pies; fruit cake, sponge

cake, and jelly cake; manomin pudding, plum pudding, and tapioca pudding. A dessert of apples, nuts, and raisins was served by way of accompaniment to wines and champagne bearing enticing labels—Golden Cluster, Sparkling Catawba, Old Brown, Vintage of 1839. A noteworthy feature of the dinner was the fact that everything in the line of meats and vegetables was obtained from supplies in Superior, either from the hotel larder or from root cellars of private homes.

The guests who partook of the feast and then danced the Old Year out and the New Year in were young men and women, educated, refined, progressive, who were bent on maintaining their accustomed standard of living even in a wilderness.

During the next two years an elaborate dinner was the accepted form of entertainment on such notable occasions as the visit of some distinguished man. Senator Bright, Senator Douglas, W. W. Corcoran, John C. Breckenridge, and Charles Sumner were so entertained. Each of them made an after dinner speech, paying his compliments to the Superiorites and then discussing national affairs, country wide issues.

Charles Kimball and Asa Parker missed no opportunity to hear a speech, especially from a statesman or a politician. Of all men in public life at that time they admired most Stephen A. Douglas. They thought that his solution of the slavery problem, leaving it to the decision of each individual state, was the most practical and also the most in harmony with the Constitution.

As for pleasure Charles derived very little from either dances or dinners. He sought recreation out of doors, oftenest with his brother Joseph for a companion. There were skating and snowshoeing in the winter, sailing and canoeing in the summer, hunting

and fishing all the year round. Sometimes they went to the Brulé, where dense foliage overhanging the river banks kept the water so cold that it was a fit abode for the finest trout in the world. Joseph would fish all day but Charles tired of it. He was expert with a rifle, and so found his most agreeable diversion in hunting. To shoot a wild duck on the wing was more thrilling to him than to beguile a wary trout, and to bring down a caribou was a greater triumph than to land a sturgeon.

The hours that brought him the deepest pleasure, refreshment, consolation, were not spent in any form of sport but in quiet communion with nature. His favorite haunt was Minnesota point. Paddling his canoe across the bay, he would land where the tallest pines grew, to pace the clean floor of brown pine needles, and listen to the murmur of green needles far above him. They were always in tune with the lake, whether rippling wavelets crooned a lullaby or foaming surges broke with crash and roar. He would walk on the sandy beach for hours, surrendering all his being to the charm of the lake. Sometimes it was a deep blue carpet spread to the deep blue sky, sometimes it was a mirror for the purple and crimson of sunset, sometimes it was dark and sullen under low, brooding clouds. Always it made its appeal, always it seemed conscious of his presence, always it was coming to meet him as if they might clasp hands as friends.

The chief project in the minds of all the promoters of Superior continued to be the railroad from Superior to Hudson. The president of the St. Croix and Lake Superior Railroad Company was Governor Barstow, who might fairly be expected to act for the best interests of every part of the state. In 1856 the glad tidings came to Superior that the Wisconsin leg-

islature had made a contract with a company of railroad builders in the East, headed by men of wealth and experience, to build the road. No one in Superior was surprised. All were jubilant. Very soon it became known that the construction company had invested thousands of dollars in building material and would shortly begin operations on the established route.

Then, without explanation and seemingly without cause, the Governor and the legislature calmly disregarded the contract and placed the land grant in the hands of railroad interests controlled by Byron Kilbourn. Those interests were opposed to the road because it would lead to competition with the railroad through southern Wisconsin from St. Paul to Chicago. They were so far away from Superior, so ignorant of its resources, its possibilities, that they felt no concern for its development.

The people of Superior were not thinking of merely their own location. They desired the railroad in part for the benefit it would bring to the region it would pass through. On the St. Croix river and adjacent streams there was power sufficient to drive a thousand runs of millstones, or any other machinery that would be called for in the manufacture of iron, copper, grain, lumber, and all utensils demanded by the community. A railroad would bring settlers to that part of the state to develop its resources. Without railroad communication it would remain a wilderness.

Helpless, the pioneers of Superior were compelled to be patient. They consoled themselves with the thought that governors and legislators are not elected for life, and in time there would surely be a body of men in power who could be brought to a sympathetic understanding of Superior's needs. They were not hopeless, for an abandonment of the railroad project

was unthinkable. They resigned themselves to delay and continued to rely on nature's thoroughfares.

Even without a railroad Superior was not entirely isolated from the inhabited region to the west and south. For two centuries waterways had been known and used between the head of Lake Superior and St. Anthony's Falls. One could go by canoe up the Brulé to a portage leading to the St. Croix, down the St. Croix to the Mississippi, and up to the Falls. Or one could go up the St. Louis river to Sandy Lake, thence by portage to the Mississippi, and down to the Falls. The latter route was that of the Indians. The former was the route of the French explorer DuLhut in 1679. Both routes were open only in the summer.

For communication in winter it was necessary to have a wagon road between St. Paul and Superior, and in 1854 Congress had made an appropriation for such a road. Built under the guise of military necessity on account of the Indians, it was called the military road. Completed in 1856, it became the main artery of trade between the two points, and was used for pedestrians, for vehicles, for driving cattle, and for carrying mail. Only fourteen miles of it were in the state of Wisconsin, and the contract for building that section was let to Charles Kimball of Superior.

It was no ordinary piece of work to build a corduroy road through a primeval wilderness. The survey of the military road was made by George Stuntz, but the clearing and the construction were the work of the contractor. Trees had to be felled, stumps grubbed out, and a ditch fifteen inches deep dug along each side of the roadway. Hills had to be graded to an ascent of one foot in nine. Culverts were necessary in places, and bridges fourteen feet wide had to be built across streams. The corduroy consisted of

logs sixteen and a half feet long, which were laid on the ground and then covered with dirt a foot deep. To make the road something more than a narrow chasm in a forest, slashings twenty-four feet wide were made along each side of its entire length, and to render bridges visible for some distance ahead the ground was cleared for ten rods on each side.

Charles liked such work—the planning, the execution, and the management of the crew. He became so proficient in road construction that he was made superintendent of all such work in Douglas county, with the responsibility of seeing that contractors did their work according to specifications.

When he went to the head of Lake Superior under the persuasion of Asa Parker, he had no thought of becoming in any degree a civil engineer. The work uppermost in his mind was lumbering, the occupation that he had mastered. He had not engaged in it because it could not be prosecuted except within very narrow limits. The manufacture of lumber on a large scale could not be undertaken, because in a region so sparsely settled there was only small demand for lumber, and because transportation of lumber to the interior of either Wisconsin or Minnesota would be difficult and expensive. One small mill on the Nemadji and a sash and door factory on Quebec pier supplied all the lumber and woodwork required at Superior. Delivery was made on scows poled along the river or the bay shore to favorable landing places.

By force of circumstances Charles let mining usurp the place of lumbering in his thought. Such work as road building he undertook for immediate remuneration. His work on his diggings near Black river falls was done for an uncertain reward in the dim future. He had his dreams, but he was not an idle dreamer, for he could be content only when he was employed.

He lent a hand in every undertaking that would aid in the development of the town. He assisted in the laying out of new town sites in the vicinity, one on the north shore of the St. Louis river and another at the head of Minnesota point. The latter was named by a minister of Superior, who by a happy inspiration chose the name Duluth. Firm in their belief that Superior would become a great city, her people little dreamed that Duluth would climb the granite cliffs and look down on Superior lying low across the bay.

The little settlement on the north shore of the St. Louis at Rice's point was directly across St. Louis bay from Connor's point on the Wisconsin side. As it was dependent on Superior for supplies, some means of regular communication was desirable, wherefore as early as March, 1856, the supervisors of Superior issued a license to Benjamin Connor to operate a ferry there and collect ferriage. His fee was set at fifteen cents for a single passenger, fifty cents for a team and carriage, fifty cents for a yoke of cattle, thirty seven and a half cents for "a horse, cow, or other single animal of similar description," and he was forbidden to require or to take any greater sum.

Benjamin Connor had come to the locality in 1852 with a fur trader's license to deal with the Indians. For his location he chose that used by the Hudson Bay Company almost two hundred years before, the base of a narrow point. When George Stuntz surveyed Connor's point he found remains of a stockaded fort and a dock of cedar logs, which were built in 1790 when Jean Baptiste Cadotte was put in charge of the Fond du Lac department of the British fur trade. He enclosed several acres with cedar picketing and cultivated the tract as a garden, especially for potatoes, to supply the employes of the fur company.

Another evidence of the former occupation of that

point by the British, a more enduring evidence than docks or stockades, was the living presence of the white thorn, a shrub that the Hudson Bay Company was known to have planted throughout all the Lake Superior region. It was familiar, and dear, to every son of Britain as the hawthorn of Old England.

XXVI.

Although the pioneers of Superior, the actual settlers, were law-abiding men, striving in all ways to promote the general welfare, there were a few among the floating population, drifters, who desired only to find a location where labor was well paid and there was opportunity to spend wages in riotous living. Such lawless men were rough and untrained, had no family ties and no appreciation of the gift of life. As saloons were numerous and subject to no restraint, they drank, gambled, fought among themselves, and were sometimes disturbers of the public peace.

Sheriff Parker and the supervisors considered the situation and decided to build a jail for the confinement of the unruly. They thought it a credit to the general deportment of the community that both a church and a school had been desired and erected before a jail was even contemplated.

As supervisor Charles Kimball had had considerable experience in building, he was called upon to exercise his talent as an architect in drawing up specifications for the Superior jail. His plans called for a two-story structure, sixteen feet by twenty-four, with three rooms on each floor. Its walls and floors were to be of timbers ten inches square laid close together. The partitions were to be of two-inch planks, double, and nailed together with spikes. The windows were to be grated with iron bars one inch square. The outside door, made of double hardwood plank bolted with spikes, was to be fitted with padlock bolts at both the top and the bottom. The outer walls were to be

clapboarded, the inner walls plastered, and a brick chimney provided for a stove.

The contract for building the jail, which promised to be secure against every destructive agent except fire, was let to Joseph Kimball and Charles Kingsbury. They agreed to furnish all material and perform all labor for one thousand dollars, and to have the building ready for service in two months' time. The site chosen was a corner of the courthouse reserve, where the contractors had to clear a space twenty-five feet by one hundred and twenty, burn all brush, and grub out stumps. For that work they were to receive twenty-five dollars.

The jail was completed according to contract, accepted, and paid for October 20th, 1856. Although it was untenanted for a good share of the time, its very presence had a salutary effect on law-breakers as a constant warning and menace. But it was not a building that Charles Kimball liked to contemplate as one of his contributions to Superior.

Another building, one in which he took a direct personal interest, had been erected by him and his brothers in the latter part of June, immediately after his return from his trip to Neenah. That building was a dwelling house in which his mother was to make a home for her three sons. They had chosen a lot near the slough at the Uppertown, in sight of the Crystal Palace but one block farther from the bay shore. The house faced the south, thus turning its back to the northeast wind and inviting the sunshine into its sitting room. It was small, with only three rooms on each floor, but it was built of good material and in every way made snug and warm.

As the three young men raised the frame, sided the walls, shingled the roof, lathed and plastered the rooms, and laid the white pine floors, they talked of

their mother's coming and of how pleasant it would be to have little four-year-old Joe around. Often they expressed the hope that Mantheno would buy the lot directly west between their house and John Connor's, for both Mr. and Mrs. Connor were natives of Maine and were therefore sure to be congenial neighbors.

After the many sorrows of the preceding two years the future looked bright indeed to the sons of Mary Kimball.

One evening they worked as late as they could see in the long twilight in order to finish a kitchen cupboard. As the day had been exceedingly warm and they were tired, they went over to the bay to rest and cool off. William suggested that they go out on the water. They stayed there, drifting or rowing up and down, until after ten o'clock. The wide sky above and around them was blue black, sprinkled with stars. Looking into it, Charles became aware that a veil of silver mist was appearing and disappearing in the northern sky. He recognized it as the herald of an auroral display, and was glad that William was there to see it.

It proved to be a more wonderful exhibition than that of two years before, for it covered the entire sky and lasted until midnight. Several times the coronet was formed at the zenith, from which rays ranging from white to scarlet extended to the horizon. For many minutes in succession the whole heavens were alight with brilliant colors. Then they would gradually fade away to be succeeded by another illumination no less beautiful and imposing.

As a hot spell at Superior was often broken by a thunder shower, the young men hoped that the aurora was a forerunner of an electric storm. Before going to bed they went over to the new house to place a rain barrel under the outlet of the eaves trough.

In June Mantheno Kimball had sold his little farm for twelve hundred dollars in gold, and had married Orra Libby. A few weeks later he and his bride, together with Mary Kimball and little Joe Hubbard, embarked on the steamer *Superior* for their journey to the wonderful new settlement where the Kimball family would once more be united.

They arrived at Mackinac on the Fourth of July, and reached Marquette on the fifth. Their next stop was at Ontonagon, a place of special interest to them because Charles and Joseph had made preparations there for the trip on snowshoes to the head of the lake. It was after sunset when the steamer docked, and the transfer of cargo kept her there long after dark. The Kimballs were on the upper deck chatting with other passengers, when some one on the wharf called Mantheno's name. He went below to answer the call.

Then once more calamity and bitter sorrow befell the Kimballs. Mistaking a shadow for a plank, Mantheno stepped off the steamer into deep water.

One cry, heard by Orra on the deck above, then a rush of many feet, then silence, told her that some catastrophe had occurred below. In fear and apprehension she went down to the lower deck, to find that boatmen were making efforts to recover the body of her husband. He had not once risen to the surface, kept down by the weight of the gold that he carried in his belt or by the density of the clear, cold water of Lake Superior.

Mary Kimball went on with little Joe to her destination, but Orra remained in Ontonagon until the *Superior* returned. Mantheno's body was recovered, and was buried in the Evergreen cemetery. The stricken bride went back to her father's home in Vin-

land, where she and her infant son passed away the next spring.

When the *Superior* arrived at Quebec pier, the three sons of Mary Kimball were there, light-hearted, eager to greet the new comers. They looked to see them standing on the forward deck, as eager as themselves, but concluded that they were busy getting their luggage together. They scanned the passengers crossing the gang plank, and when the last one had passed, their hearts fell. Where was their mother? Why did not Mantheno appear to reassure them? Something, sickness or accident, must have prevented their coming.

To put an end to doubt they went aboard and up to the cabin. There they found their mother, so overcome with grief that she was helpless. There was little to tell, the sad story was very brief. Charles made inquiries of the captain, who assured him that everything possible would be done for the widow on her homeward journey. Then they all left the steamer, subdued and mute when they had expected to be gay, had thought that they would have so much to tell. All their affairs became trivial in the shadow of their brother's tragic death.

Mary's sons tried to comfort her by diverting her thoughts, by doing everything they could think of to make her surroundings convenient and pleasant. She was not to be comforted. What buoyancy she had retained after Sophy's death and her husband's was gone. She performed her household tasks as of old, but she kept closely at home, and cared for no society but that of her family and her sympathetic neighbor Mrs. Connor.

Charles had counted much on Mantheno's companionship. He had come to think of Sophy's death and his father's as natural, due to physical weakness

and disease. He could be resigned to them without questioning; but Mantheno's death, like that of Mary Jane, was pure accident, and might have been prevented. Why had his path led to a treacherous shadow? Why had no one been at hand to hold him back? Such questions tortured him, and brought no answers. He did not believe that a God of infinite love chose to blast human happiness either as a manifestation of power or as punishment for human offenses. What had Orra ever done to deserve such cruel discipline? He took refuge in the conclusion of the fatalist, what is to be will be.

His most consoling friend was Asa Parker, whose calm acceptance of whatever life brought, without attempt to understand its giving or its withholding, helped to bring him fortitude if not resignation. In early September he welcomed the opportunity to go alone with Parker on a long exploring trip down the north shore of the lake.

XXVII.

Because of his wide reputation as a geologist and mineralogist, Asa Parker had been engaged by a group of men in Toronto and Brantford to examine mineral lands on Thunder bay, and make selection of promising locations in their behalf. He asked Charles Kimball to assist him, with the understanding that both were to share in any enterprise resulting from their examination.

They sailed down the north shore in a mackinaw boat to the Canadian line, and there spent a week or more exploring and comparing sites. After careful and thorough study they selected four thousand acres near Prince Arthur's Landing, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific railroad. The land was not in one tract, but in ten separate locations of four hundred acres each, all of them known to contain copper, and two of them promising for silver.

The result of their selection was the formation of the Canadian and Liverpool Mining Company, duly chartered by the Canadian Parliament, with a capital of £12,000. Eight tenths of the stock, assessable, was held by the Toronto group, and one tenth each, unassessable, by Parker and Kimball. The two explorers had every reason to consider themselves richly paid for the service they had rendered.

After executing their commission they remained for some time in the vicinity of Thunder bay, a locality no less interesting for its picturesque scenery than for its historic associations. The Pigeon river, forming there the boundary between Minnesota and Canada, is a large stream like the St. Louis, one hundred

and forty-seven miles to the west; but it differs from the St. Louis in its manner of outlet. It finds no level area in which to expand and form a bay, set with wooded islands and acres of wild rice. On the contrary, it retains its identity as a river all its length, seeking a channel where it may be found, leaping to lower levels, and keeping up its swift onward flow until it merges with the lake. For a considerable distance from its mouth it is not navigable on account of rapids and falls, but as if to compensate for such obstruction nature has placed a long bay east of the river and parallel with it, thus affording a portage of only nine miles from the bay to the river above the rapids, and so making the upper course of the Pigeon river a means of communication with rivers flowing north into Hudson bay.

That portage, known as Grand Portage, was a distributing center as early as 1767, and in the later years of the eighteenth century the Northwest Fur Company had its most important station there with many dwellings and storehouses, and a fort to protect them.

Parker told Charles that their canoe yard accommodated one hundred large canoes, and that a fleet of seventy canoes was contracted for annually to maintain their commerce in furs. Every year a fleet of thirty-five canoes came from Montreal, eighteen hundred miles southeast, laden with a year's supply of trading goods, provisions, tea, liquor, and other commodities. Each canoe carried from three to five tons of goods, and was manned by eight voyageurs, who brought their heavy cargoes through four great lakes, Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Superior, singing as they rowed. To get around Niagara Falls and the rapids at the Sault, they made portage, carrying on

their backs both their boats and their cargoes. Bravely those voyageurs traveled, blithely they arrived.

Every year more than seventy canoes, manned by Indians and laden with furs and pelts, came to Grand Portage from the northwest, the region of the Canadian lakes—Winnipeg, Saskatchewan, Athabasca. No doubt the Indians had found enjoyment in the chase, the hunting and the trapping, but otherwise their recompense for their almost priceless cargoes was meager indeed. For ten skins the Fur Company gave one blanket, for twenty skins a gun, for two a pound of powder. With a pint of rum they could buy all the skins that an Indian had.

One night Parker and Charles camped at the head of a small bay between the Pigeon river and Grand Portage bay, whose Chippewa name, Waswewining, signifies "spearing fish." Soon after dark they had the pleasure of witnessing an exhibition of that sport.

As they sat facing the entry, they caught a glimpse of canoes coming in from around Hat point, keeping so close to shore as to be almost hidden in the shadow of the bluffs. Suddenly, as if touched off by electricity, nine brilliant lights burst on their view. At first the reflections in the water were like comets, then in the ripples they became writhing serpentine columns. The lights advanced, retreated, or darted in and out and crosswise, like fairy fireworks. As they came nearer, Indians and squaws were seen in the canoes, their red faces illuminated, plunging their tridents into the water and bringing up their glittering spoil. Their laughter, joyous and shrill, was echoed from the hills, enlivening the dance of lights and making it seem even more unreal.

That night the lonely explorers sat at their campfire until midnight. Charles had with him his new book, *The Song of Hiawatha*, and read aloud the story of

Hiawatha's fishing. He went into the tent first, and was almost asleep when Parker called, "It looks as if we might have the northern lights."

Charles was too sleepy to answer. Then his mind began to form one of those illogical chains of associated ideas that he had found to be sometimes entertaining, and sometimes most exasperating—northern lights, a coronet in a wide sky, a hot evening on Superior bay, building a house, meeting a steamer, his mother in tears, Mantheno,—then, like a stab in the heart, what Thomas Clark had once told him, that the aurora is thought by some to be an omen of disaster. He felt cold sweat upon his forehead. Could it be that northern lights were in truth bad omens? It was folly to think so. But had he not seen them before his father's death, and then again before his brother's? Had they come once more to bring him sorrow?

When Parker entered the tent, Charles asked casually, "Did the lights come?"

"No. I was mistaken."

"Thank God," he thought; and wished that never, never might he see another aurora.

The next morning they made their way up the Pigeon river, following its windings for a mile and a half until they came to the falls. Charles admitted that he had seen nothing to compare with them. Just above the precipice the river was twenty-five yards across, but it did not make the plunge of sixty feet in one wide sheet, for projecting rocks at the edge of the precipice broke the stream into four distinct falls side by side. At the foot of the greenstone wall, where the tumbling, roaring torrents met in foam and spray, the banks contracted, narrowing the channel to a gorge, through which the river chafed its way

until it found and followed an easier pathway to the lake.

The two men were agreed that if the Pigeon river were in a populous part of the United States it would be visited by thousands, but that for them its beauty was enhanced by its very isolation.

On the way up to Superior in their sailboat they entered several rivers that afforded safe landing, in order to examine interesting rock formations. Trap rock in the form of huge blocks Charles was familiar with and understood, but the prisms of columnar basalt and the variety in their display piqued his curiosity and almost made him doubt that they were nature's handiwork. In some places the prisms were vertical or leaning slightly, resembling a stockade. In other places they were in separate clusters, as if arranged for some purpose and then abandoned. In most places the dark red prisms lay horizontal, in long piles called dikes, projecting from walls of slate.

The rivers too were beautiful in themselves, every one a mountain stream with rapids and cascades, its banks rock-lined or shaded by spruce and cedar. Parker knew the Indian names that Owen used—Wisacode, Kamanosisatikag, and Kinewabik. Near the mouth of the Kawimbash he took Charles up a hill nine hundred feet above the lake. From its summit they could see the range on the south shore, and to the north a vast unbroken expanse of dark green.

Parker said, "Do you realize, Charlie, that millions and millions of years are looking at us here to-day? This lake lies in a vast hollow formed by volcanic upheaval untold ages ago. And think of the people who have gazed at all this majesty as you and I are gazing now—the ancient race of mound builders who found copper at Ontonagon, the Indians, the Jesuit

fathers, the French explorers, and the fur-traders, all of them inspired and awed."

Their last stop was at Knife river, where they spent the night. In the morning Charles happened to spy a clump of harebells, which made him think of Carrie Howe. He picked the delicate flowers and laid them between the leaves of his note book. Parker asked no questions, but was surprised at the question Charles asked as he put his note book away in his breast pocket. "Did you ever hear of a philopena?"

"Oh, yes, in my schooldays."

"What is it? Something to eat?"

Parker told him of the old custom, common to many lands, so very old that it had a Greek name meaning a love penalty. Charles was enlightened but not pleased. In her last letter Carrie had told him of picnics and other festivities at Hampden, and had mentioned "eating a philopena," and receiving two beautiful philopena presents, *Poems by Robert Burns* from E. R. Mayo, a student at Bowdoin, and *The Ladies Gift* from David Peirce.

Charles entertained no grateful feelings toward either Peirce or Mayo for any attentions paid by them to Carrie Howe.

XXVIII.

Charles came home from his trip to Thunder bay elated with the prospect of being a shareholder in a Canadian mining company, and enthusiastic about the study of geology. Lyell's *Principles of Geology* no longer satisfied him, nor did Owen's Report. He sent to St. Paul for Edward Hitchcock's *Elementary Geology*, published in 1854.

He was pleased also with the outlook for the Fond du Lac Mining Company, and it did not occur to him that so far it had always been the outlook that was gratifying, never the result. That company had been reorganized, with William H. Newton, a capitalist, also one of the proprietors of Superior, as president. More capital insured rapid development, which was already under way. A wagon road had been constructed from the mine to the road opened from Superior to the St. Croix river, shafts had been sunk, and a vein exposed for a distance of ten feet, which appeared to be well filled with copper. Charles enjoyed to the full the comfortable satisfaction induced by the prospect of wealth.

Hitchcock's *Elementary Geology* proved to be a stimulating book. Hitherto Charles had thought of geology only as it applied to minerals, their location, their value to man, and their accessibility. He had no idea that for centuries scientists in the Old World had studied the structure of the earth's surface for the sake of gaining knowledge, not wealth or treasure. He was amazed at what geologists had found out, and at the open-minded way in which they had pursued their investigations.

He was particularly impressed with the story told by fossiliferous rocks—that the total thickness of fossiliferous strata in Europe is not less than six or seven miles, that organic remains exist in rocks thousands of feet deep, that those remains differ in different layers, that some layers contain remains of animals no longer existing, that human remains are found in the later layers only. It brought to mind what Parker had said of the volcanic upheaval that produced a bed for Lake Superior “untold ages ago, millions and millions of years.”

From Hitchcock, Charles learned why the period during which fossiliferous rock deposits were made must have been immensely long. It must have been long enough for water to make deposits more than ten miles in thickness by material worn from previous rocks, and more or less comminuted. It must have been long enough to allow for the growth and dissolution of animals and plants, often of microscopic littleness, sufficient to constitute almost entire mountains by their remains. It must have been long enough to produce by an extremely slow change of climate the destruction of several nearly entire groups of organic beings. It must have been long enough for erosions to have taken place in the rocks, in an extremely slow manner, by aqueous and atmospheric agencies, on so vast a scale that the deep cut through which the Niagara river runs is but a modern example.

Charles had no challenge for any of these conclusions as to the age of the earth. They seemed to him reasonable, and proved beyond doubt. He accepted them and all that they implied. He wondered why a geologist who had the knowledge to write such a book should try to reconcile the facts he presented with the biblical account of creation. Why should a scientist be afraid of depriving people of their belief in

what science disproved? Hitchcock's statement that "it is reasonable to expect that the principles of science, *rightly understood*, should not contradict the statements of revelation, *rightly interpreted*" seemed to him insincere, an evasion. It was natural for him to accept truth no matter where it led. And with him truth did not lead to negation or doubt. It led to freer thought, and to faith in a power outside humanity, older than time, that works eternally for good.

The fall of '56 was notable for the first presidential election in the history of Superior. There were three candidates—James Buchanan, Millard Fillmore, and John C. Fremont, all remarkably able men. Mr. Buchanan, a Democrat, upheld the policy of the South in the matter of slavery although himself a Pennsylvanian. General Fremont, the choice of the newly organized Republican party, was strongly opposed to the extension of slavery although by birth a Southerner. Mr. Fillmore, a former president of the United States, was the choice of a group of public men heading what was known as the American party. They stood for the rights of the states, but favored the interdiction of slavery in all territory north of 36° 30'.

Most of the pioneers of Superior were Democrats, as were also the Proprietors, hence the election of Buchanan and Breckenridge was occasion for great rejoicing. They knew Mr. Breckenridge. As a Proprietor he had visited Superior and had spoken to the people. And not only was a friend of Superior the Vice President elect, but three other proprietors, Jesse Bright, Stephen A. Douglas, and Robert Walker, had retained their seats in the Senate. The citizens of Superior felt assured that whatever Congress could do for the promotion of the Northwest would be done forthwith, and their hopes soared high.

They had other and nearer reasons for congratulation. Many Kentuckians had come to Superior to spend the preceding summer. They brought horses, carriages, and cattle. They had money, and spent it freely. Some of them stayed and bought land, confident that they could sell it at a great profit. Their mere presence was cheering. Their influence could not be overestimated.

Then it befell that the optimism pervading all Superior during the autumn of the third year of her history was superseded by anxiety as to the very existence of her people.

In the hearts of all the inhabitants there had grown up a feeling of affection for the steamboats that brought so much to their remote community—food, clothing, furniture, newspapers, letters, friends. At every arrival there was a gathering on the pier to show welcome. If a steamer was late, many an ear listened for its whistle, many an eye watched for its coming through the Entry. The autumn of '56 was cold and stormy. The *Superior*, due early in November, did not arrive. Days passed with no news of her. When two weeks had gone by, the last faint hope gave way to dark forebodings. With no railroad, no telegraph, no communication with the outer world for six months of the year except by runners and mail-carriers to St. Paul, the people depended for their winter's supplies on the last steamers. If they failed to come, suffering and privation must ensue.

The last boat to reach Superior was the *Lady Elgin* on the 20th of November. Her cargo had been consigned to lower ports, but not having disposed of it all the captain went on to Superior to relieve in some degree the situation that he foresaw. He brought news of the *Lady Elgin's* sister ship, the *Superior*. She had gone to pieces off the Pictured Rocks on the

29th of October, with the loss of her crew, her cargo, and forty of her sixty passengers. She was loaded with supplies for merchants and citizens of Superior, and there was no way to make up for the deficiency. Even with what the *Lady Elgin* brought, there was in the settlement at the beginning of the long winter only one quarter of the necessary provisions.

When Charles Kimball told his mother that the steamer in which she had come to Superior had gone down in shipwreck, she thought of the lake as greedy and cruel. In one clutch it had taken her son, and now just as swiftly it had taken a powerful ship and scores of human lives to hide them forever in its cold depths. During a northeaster she had seen waves roll in through the Entry and break against Quebec pier as if possessed by an evil spirit to destroy it wantonly. She distrusted the lake in all its aspects. Its beauty was sinister. When it was fairest, it was bidding its time.

By dint of closest economy and a generous sharing of necessities, the dauntless people of Superior weathered the stress and hardship of the long winter. As their situation became known, occasionally an ox-team broke through on the road from the St. Croix, bringing provisions for sale. Half-breeds packed through with loads of flour and salt pork. Neighbors gave of their own scanty supplies to those who had none, and all housewives learned how to make the most of what nature gave them, even to the use of fish oil as a substitute for lard. As for butter it was not to be had in any quantity at any price. Instead of repining, one and all endured the situation with good humor, partly because all suffered alike. Apropos of the saying that bread is the staff of life and bread and butter a gold-headed cane, some one remarked that as long as maple syrup was available to

sweeten the staff, they could cheerfully forego the gilding.

As the winter wore on, however, it became apparent that the very staff of life might be denied them; for just as in every other community during a stringency, the profiteer appeared at Superior. In November the captain of the *Lady Elgin* had sold flour to the citizens at eight dollars a barrel. Before he left the pier speculators were selling that flour at twenty dollars a barrel. In the spring when the roads broke up, traders who succeeded in working through demanded sixty dollars for a barrel of flour. They disposed of all they brought, but not by the barrel. It was weighed out by the pound. Potatoes too were very scarce. In many a root cellar the winter's supply had dwindled to a mere handful. Many were the regrets that the potato patch had not been larger. Many were the resolutions to raise a more bountiful crop the next summer.

Spring came early in '57. The ice went out of the lake almost over night, but there was no telling when the Sault canal would open to let the steamers through. Day after day the people of Superior looked for the first sign of a boat from below. At last, and on a beautiful bright day, watchers on Minnesota point descried smoke on the eastern horizon. The glad tidings was flashed across the bay, and spread from house to house throughout the town. When the steamer arrived at Quebec pier, it seemed as if the entire population of Superior, men, women, and children, were there to give it welcome. It brought everything that could be desired in the way of food and drink—necessities, comforts, and luxuries. There were barrels of potatoes and flour, boxes of tea and coffee, casks of butter, cases of eggs, even fresh meat, kegs of beer, and bottles of wine. The day was a gen-

eral holiday, an unforgettable day of feasting and thanksgiving.

XXIX.

Asa Parker went down the lakes in the fall of '56 and did not return to Superior until the following May. During the winter he spent some time in Vinland, and while there wrote a letter to Charles Kimball, in which he revealed in facetious style his knowledge that Charles had helped to build the Vinland schoolhouse, and his perception of Charles's admiration for Caroline Howe:—

"I have been by that old red schoolhouse several times and always bowed my token of remembrance to it, and even in some cases let the school children ride a piece with me as a mark of respect, not only to the ancient and illustrious founder and builder thereof, but to the lovely being who reigned queen of the rod and ferule over the youngsters and misses of a still later period in the interesting history of that hallowed edifice."

From Carrie's occasional letters, all of which Charles answered promptly, and somewhat painfully, for written composition of any kind held terrors for him, he learned that she was enjoying her second year at Hampden Academy. She was reading *Corinne* and Racine's dramas in French. She was threading her syntactical way through the piled up involutions of *Paradise Lost*. She was translating the Latin orations of Cicero. She was studying Moral Science and Mental Philosophy. She had formed delightful associations with her fellow students. She mentioned the sons of Hannibal Hamlin and a young man named Lufkin, but to the great relief of her distant lover, she

wrote much more of an intimate girl friend, Annie Crosby.

Charles tried to picture her living in Superior. Could she, would she, transfer her interest from philosophy to geology? from French classics to the patois of the Cadottes? from poetry to cookery? from Cicero to Charles Kimball?

In the spring of '57 it befell that the little band of pioneers, who had bravely borne the rigor and privations of the long winter, were rewarded for their steadfastness as by a fairy's gift, for all their dreams and hopes and aspirations for Superior began to come true. On the deck of every steamer that entered the bay were scores of men from the Middle states and the Atlantic border, eager to see, to invest, to engage in business, to practice a profession. When summer came, Superior had a population of twenty-five hundred. The Proprietors had more land surveyed and platted, thus increasing the area of the city, as they began to call it, to seven thousand acres laid out in city lots.

Confidence in the unparalleled location and the vast resources of the surrounding country was so great that single lots, twenty-five feet wide, covered with spruce and tamarack, sold for one thousand dollars, and soon resold for fifteen hundred. New industries opened; large, substantial buildings were erected; and roads were improved. Everybody was busy, everybody was happy, and the pioneers were jubilant.

Many men of small means bought land on time, but not all the speculation was by way of promises on paper. In a single visit Mr. W. W. Corcoran of Washington left more than fifteen thousand dollars in cash. Other men of wealth were equally eager to get title to town property.

Amazing as the situation was, it seemed to Charles

Kimball abundantly justified. He added to his holdings; he sold at large profits. He believed that Superior would soon be a city fit for the home of Carrie Howe. He made up his mind to ask her to be his wife. He wrote with only one misgiving—was he worthy of her and could he make her happy? Anxiously he awaited her reply. When he read her letter he blessed her in his heart, he felt as if he were born anew.

Charles had no thought of bringing his bride into the Kimball family circle, where his mother, always quiet and gentle, was nevertheless an autocrat. Carrie should have a home of her own to rule. He owned two lots directly back of his mother's, facing the bay, and there he built a frame house of two rooms and a buttery below, and two chambers above. He cleared the lots of all but a few spruce trees, and one balm of Gilead, which he reserved because it would remind Carrie of Maine.

Another matter was the procuring of a wedding ring, a matter of sentiment with Charles. For a long time he had carried in his vest pocket a small nugget of gold that he had bought of a jeweler in St. Paul to aid him in identifying gold should he be so lucky as to find any around the rapid streams on the north shore. His luck had not taken that form, and judging from Owen's Report and his own examination of those streams, he had concluded that it never would. He had liked to look at the little gold nugget, liked to feel of it, to know it was in his pocket. He thought that a ring made of that virgin gold expressly for his bride would please her more than one that had been made for sale. Accordingly he sent the nugget to St. Paul, where it became a circlet of finest gold, again to be carried in his pocket until what time it should be slipped on Carrie's finger.

A further preparation for his wedding, one for which Charles had no zest except that it would please Carrie, was the purchase of a wedding suit. Among the new comers to Superior was a tailor, Joseph Mayer, who had learned his trade in Prussia. A master of his craft, he made by hand for Charles a coat and trousers of black broadcloth, and a vest of white marseilles. The accessories were a white linen shirt, with studs and cuff-links of gold, a wing collar, and a black satin stock.

With one more purchase his preparations would be complete, a gift for Carrie. She had written so much of books and her delight in them that he decided on a book. On his way to Maine he had a half day in Buffalo between the arrival of his steamer and the departure of his train, and made it an opportunity to visit a bookstore. There he found two volumes of plays in French, written by Corneille, and published in Paris. He thought with satisfaction that no doubt her philopena books were only American made.

After he had bought the imported books, his eye was attracted to a handsome morocco-bound volume showing on its cover only one word, *Spenser*. He found its contents to be a poem, whose title, *The Faerie Queene*, made it appropriate for Carrie. Looking through it on his way to Bangor, he discovered a shorter poem with the title *Epithalamion*. Wishing that Parker were near to tell him the meaning of that unpronounceable word, he began to read the poem, a marriage hymn, wherein Spenser had written for him and for all lovers the song that they "unto themselves alone would sing." Like Spenser he would give that poem to his beloved "in lieu of many ornaments."

XXX.

From what Charles had told her of the New Year's dinner in Superior and of the receptions held there for distinguished visitors, Carrie inferred a social life that would necessitate fine clothes. Jonathan Howe was quite willing that his daughter's wardrobe should merit the term a "modest trousseau," and gave her gold pieces with which to make purchases in Bangor. She bought material for four silk dresses, bonnets and shawls, black lace mitts and kid gloves, prunella gaiters, a brown silk parasol, and for traveling a circular cloak of gray lady's cloth. Then she assisted a seamstress in the making of her new gowns. When Charles arrived at her father's house in Corinth on the first day of August, she had nothing more to do except to pack her two leather trunks.

Straightway Charles called upon a minister to arrange for the ceremony. To his surprise, instead of giving a ready and cheerful assent the minister asked whether banns had been duly published, and where. Then, seeing that Charles did not understand his question, he showed him a copy of the Maine law. Charles read, learning with consternation and much inward rebellion that marriage banns must be published at three public religious meetings, on different days, at least three days apart, in the town where the contracting parties dwell. An alternative requirement was that banns should be published by the clerk of the town in some public and conspicuous place for fourteen days, and that a certificate of such publishment should be delivered to the person solemnizing the marriage.

Now Charles had been subpoenaed to appear as a witness in an important lawsuit to be tried in Hudson, Wisconsin, during the last week of August. He had planned also a somewhat leisurely trip back to Superior, which for Carrie's sake he was unwilling to forego. He could not, he would not, wait around in Corinth for three weeks merely to conform to an antiquated formality of no significance in his case. But both he and Jonathan Howe were at their wits' end as to any way of circumventing the law. It was Carrie who saved the day.

Charles had told her that they would go from Bangor to Bath, where his cousin Ellen Moore would join them and go on with them to Superior to make her home with her aunt, Mary Kimball. From Bath he had planned to go to Boston by boat and thence to Albany. Carrie suggested that with Ellen Moore as a chaperon it would be quite proper for them to go to Boston to be married.

Jonathan Howe was entirely willing to entrust his daughter to the care and protection of Charles Kimball, and all the relatives and friends thought Carrie's plan a happy solution of the vexatious problem. It did not occur to any of them that a state so progressive as Massachusetts could be equally backward with conservative Maine in the revision of its marriage laws. To their great discomfiture, Charles was informed by a minister in Boston that the law of Massachusetts was no less hard on lovers and no less binding.

But there was light ahead. The law of New York state did not require the publication of banns.

Charles asked Carrie to decide what they should do—go back to Corinth and wait, or go on to New York. She thought of the embarrassment that would attend their return, of Ellen's disappointment, and of

the inconvenience to Charles. She elected to go on. They decided further not to be married in Albany, like a runaway couple fleeing across the border, but to proceed to Niagara City, where it was part of Charles's plan to spend some time in sight seeing. With their legal difficulties overcome they had a pleasant day in Boston.

Charles wished to buy a diamond for Carrie, as he had wished to buy one for Sophy nine years before. They visited a jewelry store and looked at diamond rings, but when Carrie learned the price and thought of house furnishings, she told Charles that she would much prefer a simple brooch. There were cameos to choose from, and beautiful miniatures painted on ivory. Carrie's selection was a portrait of a young girl holding a kitten, an exquisite painting surrounded by a band of fine gold.

Since 1848 the mode of travel from Albany to Buffalo had so advanced that they made the journey by railway and at night, in a coach equipped with the luxury of reclining chairs. On the afternoon of the following day, August 7th, the marriage ceremony was performed at the home of the Rev. Alexander Cole, with Mrs. Cole and Ellen Moore as subscribing witnesses.

Carrie was proud of her husband's appearance in his immaculate and fashionable attire, and Charles thought his bride the most beautiful, the most elegantly dressed young lady that he had ever seen. Her silk dress of Mazarin blue with its ample fullness displayed over a hoopskirt, its wide sleeves falling over undersleeves of fine embroidery, and its low neckline bordered by a handsome collar, was in truth a charming costume. She wore too a wedding bonnet of chenille braid trimmed with ears of wheat made of finest blue crepe. Its brim, which made a frame for

her lovely face, was filled in with ruches of white silk lace set with rosebuds.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dean Kimball remained at Niagara City long enough to take their first look at Niagara Falls, and to send back to Jonathan Howe a newspaper containing a notice of their marriage. Her marriage certificate Carrie put away with letters from Charles in her writing portfolio.

A suspension bridge had recently been built across the Niagara river about two miles below the falls. Standing on the passenger track of that bridge, they had a comprehensive view of both the American and the Canadian falls, and then a closer view from below, as they stood on the deck of the *Maid of the Mist*, so near the cataract that they felt its spray. Its roar was deafening, its might overpowering. By inquiry Charles learned something of the gorge, which had been cut by the river and was slowly but steadily advancing toward Lake Erie. He was not inclined to disparage Niagara Falls. He conceded that they were stupendous, magnificent; but when he contrasted them, wide open to the sun and to the public gaze, with the dim solitude of the forest in which the Pigeon river leapt in beauty to Lake Superior, he felt that his one look at sublime Niagara would suffice for all time, whereas his heart would be forever craving the loveliness, the music, of his wild rivers in the north.

Instead of going from Buffalo directly to Superior they took a steamboat to Milwaukee, where Carrie was to have the task, as Charles viewed it, but to her the very agreeable satisfaction, of selecting furniture for her new home.

For her parlor she chose a rosewood sofa upholstered in black haircloth, a walnut center table, and four hand-carved, cane-seated chairs. Those pieces were to be set off with window draperies of green and

gold damask, and a dark ingrain carpet to be laid over straw after the thrifty manner of Maine housewives, to keep it from wearing out. At Hampden Academy she had drawn two landscapes in crayon, which were framed in gilt and would be sufficient decoration for her parlor walls. To ornament the center table, along with Carrie's elegant books, they bought a glass fluid lamp. A cherry bedstead and chest of drawers completed the furniture.

Next they visited a crockery store, where Carrie selected a set of Wedgwood iron ware, white with raised decorations of leaves and fruit. The cups had no handles, and the saucers were very deep to permit of the manner of drinking tea sanctioned and practised by her Majesty Queen Victoria. They also bought a set of ivory handled knives and two-tined forks made in Sheffield, and to crown all in the bride's estimation, six solid silver teaspoons and two tablespoons, each engraved with her maiden initials, *C. M. H.*

They also visited a bookstore, where Charles bought a novel, *Hills of the Shatemuc*, to read on the steamboat. Among some books of poetry on display they noted a large copy of Cowper's translation of Homer's *Iliad*, bound in blue and gold. The illustrations were reproductions of Flaxman's incomparable outline drawings, and when Carrie told Charles something of Homer and pointed out the perfection of the drawings, he bought that book also.

Their purchases completed, they went to Oshkosh to spend a few days there and in Vinland, then went back to Milwaukee to embark on the *Lady Elgin* for Superior, gratified to know that all their furniture and other goods were part of her cargo.

XXXI.

During the summer of '57 it was the fashion for Chicago people to take the lake trip to Superior. It brought to tired bodies the refreshment of sound sleep and fresh air. It stimulated jaded spirits with an exhibition of new beauty in nature. It gave opportunity to visit historic Mackinac Island, to inspect the Sault canal, and to estimate the possibilities of the much exploited location at the head of Lake Superior. The *Lady Elgin* had a full quota of passengers when the Kimballs and Ellen Moore went aboard. The weather was perfect, and everybody was in the mood to be pleased with life on the steamer and the scenery of lake and shore.

At the Sault they all disembarked to view the canal and the rapids. Charles explained to Carrie why the canal was necessary, how it had been constructed, and what a boon it was to Superior. To please her husband, she assumed a deep interest without any clear comprehension of his language, but she actually felt a very real and lively interest in the people of the town, all of whom seemed to be on the street and mingling with the passengers. There were bronze faced miners, Finns, Scandinavians, and French half-breeds. There were soldiers and dignified officers in neat uniforms, sportsmen in velveteen shooting coats and Wellington boots, woodsmen with bowie knives in their belts, Indians in leggings and moccasins, squaws in blankets, and papooses lashed tightly to flat boards. Charles assured her that there was no such cosmopolitan population in Superior, and that Superior squaws carried their babies on their backs.

Charles hoped that they would pass near enough to the shore to see the Pictured Rocks, and found that the *Lady Elgin* had been doing so all summer, both to please the tourists and to advertise the trip. It was mid afternoon when the wonderful range of sandstone came in sight, its color showing clear and brilliant in the sunshine. As they neared the Chapel, Charles told his companions that the range had two distinguishing features, the excavations made by the surf beating against the cliffs and the variety of colors due to metallic oxides.

As a piece of nature's architecture the Chapel excited their admiration and wonder. Its vaulted chambers, its arched roof resting on gigantic pillars, seemed like the work of men, or giants rather. And they could not understand how the waves of the lake could have made those excavations thirty feet above the water's surface. Was there once a time when the lake was higher? Charles could not tell. He said that anything wonderful, mighty, or mysterious could be true of Lake Superior.

A little farther on they saw the Grand Portal, so named by the early French explorers because of its lofty entrance. Through a vast mass of rock three hundred feet wide projecting far into the lake, the surf had made an opening a hundred feet high, and had worn a passage through the entire width of the huge mass. Charles told them that there were many chambers and smaller passage ways far within the rock, and that when the lake was calm men had gone in canoes to explore those cool, dark excavations. They were near enough to catch the musical echoes reflected from the chambers to which the Grand Portal gave entrance, but they felt no longing to behold or to explore what the cliffs concealed.

The lake was smooth enough to show a good reflec-

tion of the red rocks in its clear green water. This added to their height and made them seem like a magic show. In some places the rocks were dark brown even in the sunshine, in other places they were gray. In places where shaly strata contained metallic oxides, the water from above trickling through the sandstone and down the shale brought out brilliant hues of blue, green, and yellow, arranged in stripes and bands, so striking that they had suggested the name Pictured Rocks.

Beyond the Grand Portal was a sand beach backed by Norway pines, and then again the red rocks. There stood the Castle with its arched portal and turreted entrance, the cliff behind it rising like a mountain high and precipitous. Carrie found it almost unbelievable that the water of an inland lake could be so moved by any tempest as to form waves twenty feet high, but she could picture them in her imagination surging in fury against the walls of rock and wearing them away through the centuries. How many, many years it must have taken, and why was not the erosion uniform? Why were the supporting pillars left? Sometime would they too be worn away?

When Charles told her of the wreck of the *Superior* on that coast, she said, "The lake is beautiful, Charlie, but it is cruel too. It only seems to caress the shores. In reality it is reaching out to destroy, to take something away—like those cedars we saw with their roots stripped bare of earth, leaning to fall when the next storm comes."

But even though Carrie, like Mary Kimball, perceived the sinister aspect of Lake Superior, she was in accord with her husband as to its surpassing grandeur. On the next day there were no clouds in the sky, and the lake was a mirror for the deep blue dome. Charles spoke with enthusiasm of the color, and of

the motion of the water, saying that motion gave it life, and that was why it appealed to him, why he loved it.

Carrie said, "But the color is not its own. It is the gift of the sky. And its motion, its sound, are the gift of the wind. The wind, the sky, and the lake—they are allies. I shall find something of the lake's own to love it for."

She found it at La Pointe. When the steamer docked there, Charles called her attention to the transparency of the water. Through a depth of more than fifty feet pebbles could be seen as clearly as if they were at the bottom of a pail. He told her that at a depth of only eight feet the water was as cold in summer as in midwinter, that every drop of Lake Superior was an emblem of purity.

"Oh, that is why I shall love it!" exclaimed Carrie. "That is a quality of its very own. The lake is like truth. It hides nothing."

As they neared Superior, and the granite cliffs on the north shore came into view, Charles told her of the rivers there, racing and tumbling to reach the lake, and of the slower streams on the south shore, flowing through forests and overarched with green. He pointed out the lighthouse at the far end of Minnesota point, and as they passed through the Entry and saw the pier ahead, he told her that three years before only nine boats had arrived at Superior whereas in '57 there would be at least sixty. Could such progress be matched at any other port in the United States?

The *Lady Elgin* found haven at Quebec pier on the afternoon of August 20th. Joseph and William Kimball were there to welcome the three travelers and help to carry their luggage. As they walked the length of Second street, Carrie was impressed with the clean

look of everything, even the weeds. There was not a speck of dust anywhere, partly because of wind and rain, partly because of the newness of the buildings. That newness, amounting to rawness, was everywhere apparent. Stumps she had seen before, for her father had a passion for clearing land and had moved his family from one farm to another, but she had not seen red clay. She admitted that in contrast to the grass and the darker green of the tamaracks and spruce trees it gave to the street a vivid coloring that could hardly be surpassed anywhere else. At the slough, where moist banks flecked with the gold of glossy buttercups sloped to the water, she stopped to gather delicate sow thistles and the orange colored tansy blooms like clusters of tiny round buttons.

Mary Kimball welcomed her daughter with all her heart, and likewise her niece Ellen Moore, who was to be her helper and companion. As evidence of the favor that Carrie immediately found in her eyes, she gave her, in addition to a feather bed and her handsome hand-woven coverlet, the precious luster ware pitcher.

After supper Charles and Carrie walked about near the Crystal Palace, and as they stood on the high bank, looking across the bay to the tall pines on Minnesota point, a group of Chippewa passing by stopped to speak to their good friend "Charlie Kim." He told them with pride that the lady with him was his wife. They said nothing, but stared at her as if appraising her fitness, and one of them approached as if to touch her, whereupon she fled in fear to her husband. Abashed, the Indian grunted, as did the others but with a difference. He had no intent to frighten her, he meant only to have a nearer look at the miniature brooch she wore, for such an ornament he had never before seen. The incident was not for Carrie

a favorable introduction to the Indians. The fear and aversion that she then conceived became her permanent attitude toward them, and a source of agony and terror.

The next day Charles set up a cookstove in his new house and unpacked the furniture, so that on August 22nd, her nineteenth birthday, Carrie Kimball began joyously her career as a housekeeper.

The autumn was unusually fine, enabling Charles and Carrie to spend many days out of doors. September brought only one northeaster, and was followed by a bright October, and a week of dreamy, hazy Indian summer days early in November. Charles was eager to show his wife all the features of the location that would lead to its development as a great city. He took her in his canoe up the bay and around Connor's point into the wide mouth of the St. Louis river. Then he rowed down Superior bay to the Nemadji, pointing out the four mile length of the bay front that would be the site of the city he foretold.

What Carrie saw was tamarack and spruce trees with here and there a house, then a pier, a hotel, a group of buildings, and more tamarack. He tried to make her see docks and elevators like those in Buffalo, flour mills and sawmills. He assured her that in the near future there would be a railroad from Superior to the Pacific coast, that all the wheat raised in the northwest would come to Superior to be loaded on boats for the east, which had brought manufactured goods for the west. Why, when he came to Superior there were only thirty-five men there, living in bark shanties. Now, in less than four years, there was a population of twenty-five hundred living in five hundred frame houses. In the next four years the population would increase tenfold. Carrie saw no reason to discount such glowing prophecies. She

thought, like her husband, that they were living in the most favored spot on the round earth, that shortly it would come into its own.

On a warm and still September day, when the call of the outdoors was irresistible, Charles took his wife past the mouth of the Nemadji into Allouez bay. As he rowed across the swift current of the river, which reached far out into Superior bay, making for the Entry, Carrie noticed the skill and ease with which he handled the oars. She delighted in his strength. Out of several streams flowing into Allouez bay he chose Bluff creek, rowing for several miles up its winding course, and landing to gather hazel nuts and wild plums. On the way back, rowing close to shore, he bent the branches of the high-bush cranberry trees so that Carrie could pick the clusters of flat red berries.

Another day he took her and Ellen Moore in his sailboat, with William at the rudder, down the north shore of the lake to Agate bay. They sat on the beach, scooping up handfuls of pebbles and selecting the pretty striped agates, so plentiful that they carried home a basketful. Charles told them of other stones that he had found, purple quartz crystals called amethyst, and tiny mottled green stones that were used as gems and were called by their geological name, chlorastrolites. On a day in October all the Kimballs and the Connors had a picnic dinner on Minnesota point. In the afternoon Charles and Carrie walked on the smooth, firm sand, their faces toward the south shore and the range that he believed held untold wealth in copper. Carrie caught his spirit, and they were supremely happy in their visions shared.

At that very moment a financial panic in New York was reaching out to clutch Superior in its paralyzing hand.

XXXII.

The panic of 1857 was remarkable for its severity and its suddenness. On August 23rd the country was to all appearances in a state of high and general prosperity. The fall business had opened well. Merchants were in excellent spirits, with no surmise of disaster. Pleasure seekers were coming to New York in crowds. A superabundant harvest of grain and hay was garnered. Corn was promising. The whole country, like far away Superior, felt confident of the future.

On August 24th the Ohio Life and Trust Company failed for five million dollars, held by New York banks. Then followed a train of failures. Banks, dry goods houses, and other corporations announced inability to meet obligations. Industrial stocks declined. The stringency spread to Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago. On the 17th of September the ship *Central America* went down in the Atlantic with a loss, including gold in the hands of passengers, of two and one half million dollars. Railroad stocks dropped. There was a run on Philadelphia banks, and a partial suspension of specie payment. Money was almost impossible to get at any price. In October there were failures on the Pacific coast. Everywhere banks suspended, and three great railroad companies, the Erie, the Michigan Central, and the Illinois Central, failed to meet their engagements.

The climax was reached on October 13th. At ten o'clock depositors made a run for gold on all the weaker banks in New York city. Before closing time nineteen banks were compelled to **suspend**. On the

14th all banks suspended in both New York and Boston. In eight weeks there had been five hundred failures for not less than fifty million dollars.

News of the panic was slow in reaching Superior, but nowhere else was its effect more severely felt. The little settlement had received a mortal blow. Land values declined to such an extent that lots were worse than worthless, for they were subject to taxes. The stock of the original land company, which had sold as high as one hundred and sixty thousand dollars a share in cash, could not be given away. Railroad projects died, the Government suspended operations on the military road, the Proprietors ceased their efforts for the improvement of the town.

The people were left to shift for themselves without communication with the outside world except by steamers in summer. Almost everybody who could leave went away that fall. Some with gun and pack "shot their way out." Some who were destitute of money but had friends below were taken free by compassionate captains of steamboats. Greetings to homeseekers and new comers gave place to farewells to neighbors and friends. In less than one year the population of Superior dwindled from twenty-five hundred to scarcely five hundred. Duluth was entirely forsaken, and every house there remained unoccupied for years.

The remnant who stayed were of two classes. Some of them had no friends to go to "back East," and lacked the means to establish themselves elsewhere. Some of them had no desire to leave. They regarded the panic as a powerful but nevertheless a temporary setback. They kept their faith in the ultimate greatness of Superior. Charles Kimball was of that class. Naturally inclined to look on the bright side, he felt disposed to weather the storm in patience. His fam-

ily was there. If necessary they could engage in farming.

That such occupation was not a forlorn hope is shown by the testimony of one of the old settlers:—

“Very little had been done in the way of agriculture. It is true that fields had been cleared, planted, and sowed, but where there was one real farm there were fifty speculators discounting the future in their promises and in their expectations. It is doubtful whether in 1857 there were one hundred and fifty acres in Douglas county under actual cultivation. The reason was not that the land was poor or crops unfavorable, for vegetables and grains of all sorts produced largely. Sixty bushels of wheat per acre, or seventy-five of oats, and literal mountains of parsnips, turnips, or potatoes were gathered by those who planted. Farming was not resorted to for the reason that more money could be made in land speculation.”

As for mining it was out of the question, for it involved the expenditure of capital without any sure return. The blow that Charles felt most keenly was the failure of the Canadian and Liverpool Mining Company. The Toronto men, whose stock was assessable for developing the locations on Thunder bay, had become involved in the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railroad, and the panic left them without money even to complete the purchase of the lands. Eventually the locations were forfeited to the crown.

A friend in Maine sent Charles a pamphlet setting forth the underlying causes of the panic and making practical suggestions for the cure, prevention, and endurance of financial revulsions. Charles and Carrie read it together, considering the causes to see whether in any way they had been personally to blame:—

"The real cause was a previous destruction of value, which the credit system has mitigated and concealed. This destruction of value is due to:—

1. Unprofitable railroads.
2. Falling off in immigration from one-third to one-half.
3. Stagnation of the shipping interest since the close of the Crimean War.
4. Excessive building of dry goods and other palaces in New York, Chicago, and elsewhere.
5. Embarrassed manufacturing interests for two years, many in New England running at a loss.
6. Excessive importation of ornamental goods from Europe.
7. Suicidal importation of useful articles which ought to be made at home.
8. Land speculation in the West for five years.
9. Abuse of the credit system (credit of six and eight months should be abolished).
10. Ladies' voluminous costumes, causing the *waste* of perhaps one hundred million yards of valuable goods.
11. General neglect of the homelier and manlier occupations, particularly farming; and excessive fondness of the meaner callings, such as store-keeping, banking, and speculation.
12. Loss of two millions in the *Central America*."

Carrie admitted that in each of her four new silk dresses there was ample material for two; and Charles acknowledged that he was certainly guilty on one count, land speculation in the West. His immediate reaction to the designation of store-keeping, banking, and speculation as "meaner" callings, and

the implication that they were not so manly as farming, was one of resentment. He had thought of some occupations as not to his taste, but he had never thought of any reputable calling as "mean". The statement furnished food for thought, and probably had an influence in reconciling him to some forms of labor that he was soon to undertake.

The practical suggestions to be acted upon immediately were these:—

"1. Men must learn that fortunes are the reward of a life of economy, thrift, and industry, and that small and certain profits are better than speculations, usurious bargains, and stock gambling. Move out of the big houses; sell the lace, satin, and damask, which you have purchased with money that should be invested in your business; discharge the coachman and unnecessary house servants.

2. Pay your debts as fast as you can, and business will become active again in all its accustomed channels.

3. Practice rigid economy, spend no money on superfluous dress or idle junketing. Every dollar saved now will be worth ten this coming winter.

4. Keep out of New York.

5. Women should learn to do their own sewing.

6. Inform yourselves on the subjects of trade, currency, banking, corporations, etc."

The people who stayed in Superior did not find it burdensome to follow these suggestions. For them there was no alternative. Perhaps if there had been any purchasers for voluminous silk dresses Carrie would have sold hers. Her wardrobe was in no whit

diminished, but increased rather, for at Christmas Charles was able to help a Superior merchant by paying him sixty-five dollars for a double Paisley shawl. That purchase was not an extravagance, for Carrie needed the protection of such a garment during the long winter.

Through another Christmas gift Charles and Carrie became acquainted with a young lady whom the panic had helped to make famous, throughout the length and breadth of the land—Miss Flora McFlimsey of Madison Square. As the fashionable Miss of the period who could spend six weeks in Paris in one continuous round of shopping for clothes and soon thereafter have nothing to wear, she had made her debut in the literary world through the medium of Harper's Weekly, and had immediately become so popular that her story had been published in book form and was sent to every hamlet in the country. Charles greatly enjoyed the satire, and found it easily quotable, but not to Carrie's discomfiture, for much as she liked finery she was not inclined to any form of lavish expenditure. As to the use of money, Charles always found in her a wise counselor, a most efficient help-mate. New England thrift was one of her outstanding virtues.

XXXIII.

The pioneers of Superior who stood by after the panic were mostly of American stock from New York, Ohio, and New England, with some French half-breeds from Upper Canada and a few Germans and Scandinavians. They were not dismayed and discouraged at the sudden collapse of Superior's prosperity, nor did adversity cause them to sink into any form of wretchedness. They had youth, health, and strength for labor. By taking advantage of the natural resources of the region they were able to obtain all the necessities of life, and they could easily dispense with luxuries since they no longer saw them enjoyed by others.

After 1857 there was only one scale of living at Superior. Its chief characteristics were simplicity, industry, and thrift. If all housewives had not been obliged to work, to economize, to be content with little, Carrie Kimball might have thought her lot a hard one. On the contrary, she met the unexpected situation with the same equanimity that Charles manifested. Both of them were inclined to make the most of what they had, and not grimly, but cheerfully, even gayly.

They had a comfortable house, well furnished. What they lacked in the way of equipment they bought at greatly reduced prices from people who were leaving. Instead of putting away her fine white table linen and her small store of solid silver, Carrie used them every day. Instead of living in the kitchen to save the parlor carpet, they put an oilcloth square under the parlor stove, and Carrie sat there after-

noons and evenings, or rested on the slippery hair-cloth sofa. She did her sewing there, and she found leisure to continue her study of French. With Charles she read parts of Owen's Report and the *Song of Hiawatha*. Through *Honest Poverty* and *Tam O'Shanter* she woke his interest in Robert Burns, who became his favorite poet. His descriptions of winter in Scotland furnished Charles with fitting epithets for winter in Superior.

The blasts of "biting Boreas" were no more keenly felt in Scotia's land than in Douglas county, Wisconsin. The winter season was always long and cold, with much wind and deep snow. One of the prime requisites for home comfort therefore was a goodly supply of fuel. It devolved upon Charles to provide that supply. All houses in Superior were heated by stoves, for which the only fuel obtainable was wood. Fortunately there was no scarcity, and its cost was merely the labor of cutting and hauling. Such work was done mostly in the winter, when the exercise, quickening the chopper's circulation, served to keep him warm. In the Kimball home there were only two stoves, but the annual supply of wood was about twelve cords. No disadvantage resulted from the consumption of wood as fuel. Instead it was a general benefit, for the cutting of timber cleared the land, thus making it ready for cultivation. The wood was mainly birch and tamarack, with birch bark for kindling.

Charles and his brothers felled more trees than were needed to keep their own home fires burning. By sawing the trunks into cord length and piling them on Quebec pier for sale to the steamers, they made wood an article of commerce, for which they received in exchange a much scarcer article, real money.

Another of the prime necessities of life that en-

tailed some difficulty in providing was water. In 1857 nobody in Superior had attempted to dig a well or sink a cistern. Every house had a rain barrel at one corner, and in winter ice and snow were melted for soft water. For drinking water people resorted to the bay. Like other householders, Charles had a neck yoke by means of which he could carry two pails at a time. When mounting the steep bank he had to watch his step and use all his skill in balancing in order not to spill the water. He made that task a game and reported victory or defeat to Carrie. Together with Joseph and William he built an ice house, which they filled in midwinter, thus providing for the two households the great convenience of ice in summer. There were no laundries in Superior, hence the family washing had to be done in the home kitchen. One part of that operation, the hanging of the wash on the outdoor lines, Charles assumed as his job, with no demur from Carrie.

After the bitter experience of '56 there was never again any scarcity of food in Superior. Even those people who, previous to the panic, had been interested only in buying lots for hundreds of dollars to be sold for thousands, now turned their attention to making those lots productive as kitchen gardens. In addition to vegetables, which were stored in root cellars for winter use, many people raised live stock, both hogs and cattle, and provided for a supply of fresh milk. In winter milk was frozen and kept in the coldest part of the house, a closet or a cupboard on a north wall. Hams were smoked, fat pork was packed in brine, and other parts of the hog were made into sausage. For those who relished wild game there was an abundance at all seasons—wild birds, deer, and fish. Butter was shipped in from below in fifty pound firkins, but no fresh butter was obtainable in winter. Eggs

too were very scarce. For desserts housewives served rice, dried apple pie, and blanc mange.

There was one delicacy within the reach of all, which required no preparation, maple sugar. The sugar camps were on the hills back of the cliffs on the north shore, and also at Fond du Lac. Indians and half-breeds were the sole producers. In March it was their annual custom to set out on snowshoes carrying packs containing utensils, tools, pork, flour, tea, and other supplies. In May they came back in canoes loaded with the delicious sweet in a variety of forms—taffy, syrup, softly granulated sugar, and hard cakes of many shapes and sizes, the taffy and the sugar packed in birch bark containers called mococks.

As a parting gift Carrie's stepmother had given her a copy of Miss Catherine Beecher's *Domestic Receipt Book*. Like some other New Englanders, Carrie thought of the Beechers as they seemed to think of themselves, a family divinely appointed to instruct and enlighten the rest of the world. She read much in the book, and yet the more she read the more mystified she was by what seemed to her conflicting statements.

Miss Beecher averred that frying was a "pernicious mode of preparing meat," and yet in her directions for cooking souse, made of pigs' ears, she ordained that they be fried in lard. She was emphatic in her statement that "wine is an improper agent to be drunk in health," but in her receipt for scalloped oysters, a dish of which the Kimballs were fond, she included a "glass of wine for seasoning." She laid down as one of her rules for the conduct of a domestic, "live every day so that you will not be afraid to die." On another page she warned domestics that "lobsters must never be cooked after they are dead," and enjoined them to "put the lobster alive into boil-

ing water and boil it until the small joints come off easily." Carrie reasoned that a domestic's fear of death could arise only from uncertainty as to whether she merited heaven or hell for a life hereafter. If she believed that a deliberate violation of one of the ten commandments would send her to eternal torment, how could she take the life of even a lobster, and by such a ruthless method as plunging it into boiling water? Carrie was thankful that she was in no way responsible for the future of any domestic, and also that Lake Superior furnished no lobsters.

Carrie's first batch of bread was somewhat sour, a condition of which Miss Beecher consolingly said that it was "apt to occur." But Carrie did not fancy her mode of testing the sponge for sourness: "If it is sour, on opening it quick and deeply with your fingers and applying the nose to the opening, a tingling and sour odor escapes." Carrie's fastidious nose refused to seek the perception of any disagreeable odors whatsoever. Nor did she approve Miss Beecher's advice as to the care of napkins, that when laid aside "they should be folded so as to hide the soiled places." Napkins on her immaculate table must be what they seemed to be. Carrie's complete disillusion as to the unimpeachable authority of Catherine the Great was reached when she essayed the making of a sponge cake according to her directions, which she followed with care and precision. The batter contained six costly fresh eggs. Alas! in the oven the cake boiled. When it was taken out it sank to rise no more. Thereafter Carrie went to Mary Kimball for counsel in cookery and read Miss Beecher for entertainment.

There were no street lights in Superior, no illuminations anywhere. Most people were at home in the evening. If a man had to be out on a dark night, he carried a lantern furnished with a candle. Houses

were lighted for the most part with tallow candles, to provide which every housewife had a candle mold. Carrie's contained eight tubes, and she used it long enough to become expert in the pouring of tallow to form smooth white candles with a wick down the center. The fluid lamp that Charles had bought in Milwaukee was a new invention, expensive, and not very safe, for the fluid, a mixture of camphene and alcohol, burned with an open flame. It went out of use when kerosene lamps were invented, likewise the home-made tallow candle, for kerosene brought into use the paraffine candle. The candle mold was then stored away with the glass fluid lamp, both of which became year after year more and more prized as antiques.

Twilight was so long in the latitude of Superior that on summer evenings there was no great need for either lamps or candles. They were used as little as possible because they attracted mosquitoes, the most annoying pest that a housewife had to contend with. They went into retreat when the sun rose, but every evening they were out again in swarming clouds. Windows were screened with a netting called mosquito bar, which did not entirely justify its name, for mosquitoes had their own mysterious ways of slinking in. To make peaceful sleep possible it was necessary to drape beds and cradles with the netting, and also to keep indoors lest the tiny pests should ride in on one's clothing. When there was no breeze, walking in the open air entailed the constant waving of a fan and the unpleasant smart of eyes and nose from the smoke of smudges.

At first Carrie thought that the red clay was even more provoking than mosquitoes, for its season was longer. When wet, it stuck to men's boots and was tracked into the house—on carpets where it could not

be removed until it had dried, and on freshly scrubbed kitchen floors where it left a stain. When plank sidewalks were laid, that annoyance was overcome, but mosquitoes were invincible.

Happily one serious disadvantage from which the steadfast five hundred might have suffered greatly had been removed a few months before the panic. It was the lack of current newspapers due to the very inadequate mail service between Superior and Taylor's Falls. In '54 mail came through from St. Paul once a month. Later a weekly service was provided, but that was far from satisfactory to a population of twenty-five hundred. In the spring of '57 a committee of citizens headed by Charles Kimball drew up a petition asking the Postmaster General for increased service. The result was a tri-weekly mail, which had not been diminished because of Superior's decline.

The distance from Superior to Taylor's Falls was about a hundred miles. The mail carriers were half-breeds. If conditions made it possible they rode a mule; but most of the time they had to travel on foot, with the heavy mail sacks strapped to their backs. Often they had to cross swollen streams, where the mail sometimes got wet. In that case they opened the sack, built a fire, and dried out the letters and papers. That operation delayed their arrival, but delay only increased the cordiality of their reception at the post office.

XXXIV.

A life whose main object was to amass wealth made no appeal to Charles Kimball. For him living must be a joy, not a mere struggle for sordid ends. But he was not therefore without ambition. He could not be satisfied with making a bare living for his family. It must be the best living possible in Superior.

As there was not sufficient inducement to engage in lumbering, he turned his hand to any form of outdoor work that offered, chiefly surveying and laying out roads. By working under the direction of George Stuntz he had mastered the art of surveying. He had his own chain and compass, but he was not dependent on them, for without their aid he could keep a stride of two and a half feet in a perfectly straight line, as verification by his compass never failed to show.

In '58 he was employed by the county to survey a wagon road west to Mille Lac in Minnesota. While engaged on such a contract he and his crew lived in the open, exposed to storm and cold, sometimes for a month at a stretch. They built campfires and set up tents, but on calm nights Charles liked best to roll up in his blanket on a bed of cedar, and breathe deeply of the crisp night air, with nothing but treetops between him and the stars—Sophy's stars.

His knowledge of surveying brought him frequently into close association with certain men whose companionship he enjoyed, notably Robert McLean, who had gained the reputation of being the most efficient and reliable woodsman at the head of the lake, and Daniel Waterman, a soldier of fortune, who likewise lived in the great outdoors. Another contact, un-

forgotten and prized, came to him in 1860, when General George G. Meade was sent to Superior by the United States Government to make a comprehensive survey of Superior harbor, an undertaking in which Charles Kimball was one of his assistants. In the spring of '61 Meade was called from his labors at Superior to the field of war. In '63 he was the victorious commander in the battle of Gettysburg.

Charles was also a drover, or dealer in beef and cattle. He went into the country back of the town, bought cattle, drove them to Superior, and shipped them on schooners to the copper mines at Ontonagon. Sometimes his only companion was Dan Waterman, and the two men rode horseback, each carrying a drover's whip to keep the cattle from straying. Their outfit was a tent or tarpaulin, and a sufficient supply of bread, baked beans, pork, and tea. In frosty weather they wore fur caps, mackinaw coats, and felt shoepacks.

If the drove was to be large, Charles took several men with him in a wagon containing tents, provisions, and feed for the cattle. Every man in the party was equipped with a gun to use in case they encountered big game. On one of those trips Charles saw a huge black bear crossing the road directly ahead of his cattle. Spurring his horse forward, he overtook the bear and fired, disabling him in the shoulder. Furious with pain, Bruin turned and showed fight, but Charles shot again, wounding him in the head. Then he took to a tree, from which another shot brought him down. He was so large and fat that it required four men to lift him into the wagon. The hide was a fine one, measuring more than five feet, exclusive of the head and tail. It brought a good price at Peter Bradshaw's fur store.

Charles also had a slaughter house on the bay shore,

where he slaughtered cattle and sold the beef to meat dealers after cutting it up. He was a master of that art, as he considered it, for he had a genuine interest in the anatomy of an animal or a bird, and understood its perfect adaptation to the creature's mode of life. He did no violence to nature when he dismembered a steer in his abattoir or carved a fowl on his home table.

During the year 1859 he was actively engaged in trapping and fishing. He had learned much of the methods and profits of the old fur trade, which had been as great a source of wealth in the lake region as lumbering had been in New England. The reason why it had not led to the development of the Northwest was because the profits had gone to the fur trading companies instead of to the trappers.

In the first year of the settlement of Superior, Alexander Paul and Peter Bradshaw had each engaged in the fur trade on his own account. They bought furs from the Indians, paying them in merchandise, and sold the furs for money in Boston and New York. Charles had seen the Indians come to those merchants, carrying bales of skins—beaver, otter, fox, muskrat, mink, skunk, wolf, wildcat, raccoon. He had seen them leave the stores with tea, flour, calico, blankets, axes, tobacco, guns, and beads. A skin was estimated at two dollars, and the merchant demanded four skins for a beaver trap, one for three plugs of tobacco, and half a skin for a scalping knife. After a time skins were graded in value, each having its own price. Mink was the cheapest, while fox, either black, white, or silver-tipped, being the rarest, was therefore the most expensive. Skins of the wolf and the raccoon, which were made up into overcoats and sleigh robes, were in a grade by themselves of lesser value.

Charles and his partner, Dan Waterman, did not

open a store like Bradshaw's or Paul's. On the contrary they not only did their own trapping but they sold their skins directly to furriers in the East. They set many traps, some in the woods, some on the rivers, even as far as the Brulé, for the streams on the south shore were full of beaver dams. By visiting their traps often and keeping them freshly baited they obtained many skins, including several of the silver-tipped fox.

Proud of those beautiful skins, Charles wished to have them made into a tippet for Carrie. To his surprise she objected, and for a surprising reason, that such furs would not be becoming to her. When asked what particular fur she fancied, she replied, "Ermine, royal ermine," an imported fur with a prohibitive price. Perceiving that she had declined furs of any kind he had so that he might not lose a profitable sale, Charles made no comment. When the next Christmas came, Carrie received from Gunther's in New York a box containing a collar and muff of fitch, yellow tipped with black, a fur as rare in Superior as ermine would have been.

Fishing was undertaken by Charles and Waterman on a larger scale than trapping. Its profits were quick and sure. Practically every man in Superior fished for his own household, and many for export, but no amount of competition had created a supply exceeding the demand. Men fished mainly for lake trout and whitefish, which they cleaned, pressed, salted, and packed in one hundred pound packages for shipment down the lake. Their mode of fishing was not by hook and line, but by seine, gill-net, or pound net. Charles and Waterman used the pound method only, and set their net off the shore of Wisconsin point.

Their pound was a trap about forty feet square, twelve feet deep, and with a flat bottom, all of strong

netting. They drove poles around it, projecting about six feet above the surface, with pulleys attached to the tops for halyards to lower or raise the pound. It was kept upright by sinkers. They extended a lead from the pound shoreward for a quarter of a mile or more, deep enough to prevent the escape of fish traveling back and forth within. When confronted by that obstruction, they naturally followed it outward until the pound was reached, where by means of guides and an opening they made an entry.

When a haul was to take place, Charles and Waterman passed their boat, made for that purpose, into the pound, and began pulling at the halyards, gradually lifting the bottom of the pound until the fish were in full view and convenient for loading with forks and hooks. There were tons of every variety of lake fish too large to escape through the meshes of the net—sturgeon, siskiwit, whitefish, trout, all of them writhing, wriggling, floundering, and splashing in frantic efforts to get into deep water. When the men had deposited the last boatload on shore, they lowered the pound for another catch, and then sorted the fish. The good fish they dressed and packed in brine. The remainder they converted into oil or burned as refuse.

There was profit in their mode of fishing, profit also in trapping, and both those outdoor activities were much to Charles Kimball's liking, up to the point where he had his prey. He disliked to see the gleaming fish struggling to get away from him, their enemy, to their home in the water. He suffered pangs of pity and remorse when he met the eyes of beautiful little animals enduring agony and terror in his traps. He could catch a fish for his own family's dinner with no compunctions, he could shoot and kill instantly a deer to be used for food; but he could not make the small

wild animals suffer for hours to the end that wealth and fashion might be supplied with furs. He said to Carrie, "If it must be done, let the Indians do it, not civilized white men."

XXXV.

Charles Kimball felt no contempt for the Indian. He would have considered that feeling as unjust as contempt for a cat because it plays with a helpless mouse, or for a weasel because it devours downy chicks. The Indian did not receive his sustenance as a free gift from nature, but had to win it by effort; and if he practiced cruel methods, it was not because they were cruel but because they were effective and successful. Charles thought of Indians as children of nature, who had adapted their mode of life to their environment, and he admired them for the skill with which they had made the adaptation.

Their wigwams, though only temporary shelters, were not therefore shacks. The poles were set to form a perfect cone, meeting at the top in such a manner that each pole gave equal firm support to all the rest. Their bark canoes, light but waterproof, could ride swift rapids or float in shallows. Their artistic skill in designing ornamentation for baskets of birch bark, and in carrying out their designs with colored porcupine quills revealed a sense of beauty and a desire to give it expression.

The more he knew of Indians, the more he became convinced that the white man was responsible in large measure for their evil deeds, especially those induced by liquor. The Indian liked liquor for the same reason that the white man liked it; but as for control of an appetite he had no more power than an unreasoning beast. Charles had many friends among the Chipewewa and many associations with them, but in all his intercourse he was neither familiar nor condescending.

He did not scruple to sit at their fires and smoke their kinnikinnick, he bought their baskets and beadwork, he sent a doctor to them when they were sick, he took them with him as guides or boatmen when he was laying out roads. He won and kept both their respect and their goodwill.

The annual Indian payment at Fond du Lac brought together many bands of Chippewa from both Wisconsin and Minnesota. On one such occasion Charles and Waterman were present, and noted how little effort the Agent made to treat the Indians fairly or to curb their excesses. An Indian's pay, fixed at four dollars, was not given to him in money but in barter—one blanket, four or five yards of calico, two or three yards of satinete, and some gun flints. Possession of such goods was not so attractive to him as the excitement of gambling, which began immediately, unrebuked by the Agent. The inevitable result was that in a short time most of the plunder was in the hands of sharpers.

The payment attended by Charles Kimball was made memorable for him by the performance of an Indian Manitou, a term applied to an Indian who believed himself endowed with supernatural powers and was able by visible demonstration to convince others.

The Indian Manitou who appeared at Fond du Lac was in no sense a holy or spiritual man. In fact he was a renegade, and had been outlawed by every band and tribe of the Chippewa for his villainous disposition, his thefts and murders. In extenuation of his crimes he contended that he did not commit them, but that all his diabolical work was done by his Spirit. A few months before the payment he had been arrested for stealing and confined in a jail, securely handcuffed and shackled. The next morning he was gone, and not the slightest clue had been discovered as

to the manner of his escape. His performance at Fond du Lac was given merely as an exhibition of his magic power.

In plain view of all beholders he was tied in every conceivable manner—hands, feet, arms, and legs—with stout bed cords. Over all that a long fishnet was wrapped a score of times, and then lashed with rope and tied fast. After such preparation, which took a full half hour, he was placed in a wigwam twenty feet high. In about two minutes the rope was thrown out of the smoke hole at the top of the wigwam, done up as nicely as when it was bought.

All the time the Indian was talking with his Spirit, and both voices were plainly audible to the men outside. In a few minutes more he came out of the wigwam perfectly free, and threw the bed cords on the grass. Neither Charles nor Waterman had any belief in magic, but they were forced to admit that the renegade Indian was a remarkable human being—a ventriloquist, a peer of Houdin, and a hard case.

In the summer of 1860 Mary Kimball thought best to take her grandson Joseph Hubbard, who was then eight years old, back to Vinland so that he might grow up with his brothers. Charles accompanied his mother as far as Ontonagon, whither Asa Parker had gone after the panic. He made the return trip on the *Lady Elgin*, the steamer on which he had brought his bride to Superior. When the boat arrived at Quebec pier, the throng of people that never failed to welcome their favorite steamer had no conception that they were greeting her for the last time.

On her next trip she left Chicago at half past eleven on the evening of September 7th. Among her passengers were two hundred and fifty excursionists from Milwaukee, including the Union Guards. At half past two in the morning the schooner *Augusta*

came into collision with the steamer when about ten miles from shore, striking her amidships, then drifting away into the darkness. At the moment of collision there was music and dancing in the forward cabin. In an instant after the crash all was still. In half an hour the steamer sank.

One of the passengers was John M. Newton of Superior, a hardware merchant and the president of the Democratic Club. The account of his death that reached Superior was written by a fellow passenger, Mr. M. E. Smith of Ontonagon:—

“As soon as the Captain was satisfied the boat must sink, he ordered the passengers to the hurricane deck. Most of them were cool and collected. At length, surely not more than fifteen minutes from the first alarm, the *Elgin* began to settle and reel as if for the final plunge. A few loud screams arose, and a few frantic passengers jumped overboard in a hurry to meet their fate. Just at the moment when the boat went down, a sea struck her upper works, and they parted from the hull and floated off in several pieces. I found myself on a piece of the wreck, perhaps fifteen by thirty feet, a portion of the upper deck—the boards, and the ribs, or carlins, to which they were nailed. In company with me were from twenty-five to twenty-eight persons, and we had nothing to do but suffer ourselves to be floated toward shore.

“Soon after setting out on our perilous journey we discovered another piece of the deck more deeply loaded than ours. Captain Wilson was on it. He with two or three others came to our raft. After daylight he busied himself in providing for the general safety, by fastening loops to the carlins by which we might hang on when

we came to the surf. There were with us four or five women. We spent the night in comparative comfort. The storm was severe but we did not suffer greatly from the cold. The water was warm.

"At half past nine o'clock we neared the shore at Winnetka. About two hundred feet from shore our frail craft was lifted by the surf, which was running in strong, and completely capsized. The raft was broken by the force of the waves. Captain Wilson, Mr. John M. Newton of Superior, and myself clung to one piece of the wreck, but again striking the surf, we were again capsized, and all thrown into the surging waves. I managed to strike the raft again. Mr. Newton and Captain Wilson were seen no more. After much exertion and appalling danger, I gained the land. Of the twenty-eight on our raft only eight, seven men and one woman, were saved. The rest went down within sight and sound of safety."

This terrible tragedy resulted in the loss of four hundred lives. Many of those who went down with the steamer were young men and their wives on the excursion of the Union Guards. Their death made a thousand children in Milwaukee orphans. Such was the toll taken year after year by the beautiful lakes, the cruel lakes and their ally, the wind. So thought Carrie Kimball. She felt as Mary Kimball felt after the wreck of the *Superior*, that never would she travel on ship again. She would stay at Superior until it became possible to leave on a railroad.

Many citizens of Superior expressed the same feeling, but not in despondent mood, for there were indications that at last a railroad was actually approaching the head of the lake. The St. Croix railroad project, though delayed again and again, had not been

abandoned. There was no evidence to prove it unnecessary, undesirable, or not feasible, and there was ample concrete evidence to prove the immediate benefit that it would bring to the entire Northwest.

One striking bit of such evidence had to do with the transportation and sale of salt. In 1860 the upper region of Minnesota was supplied with salt from New York, distributed at Hudson. A barrel of salt sold in Chicago for one dollar and a half. After railroad and water transportation from Chicago to Hudson, the price was raised to three dollars. If the salt were shipped by way of the Sault to Superior, then by rail to Hudson, it could be sold there for the same price as in Chicago. Such a change of route would mean the receipt of one hundred thousand barrels of salt at Superior in one season.

Again, there were thirty thousand miners on the shores of Lake Superior, who were fed from below when they should be fed on products of Wisconsin and Minnesota, received by rail at Superior and shipped on schooners down the lake. Moreover, a railroad would bring to Superior cattle, wheat, and other grains from Minnesota; it would bring sugar and molasses, coffee and tea, as surely in winter as in summer; and the lumber and cedar posts turned out in Superior mills on the St. Louis and the Nemadji would find a market in the interior of Minnesota and Wisconsin.

In view of such considerations it seemed to the citizens of Superior that the spirit of rivalry, the desire to monopolize trade, could not longer prevail. When they learned that the St. Croix project had gone into the hands of a new set of trustees, men who believed in the future of the Northwest, and in the mineral resources of the range south of Superior, they forgot their previous disappointment and once more entertained rosy hopes.

The contract for the building of the road had already been let to Mr. Noyes of Milwaukee. In the spring of 1860 he was visited by a correspondent of the *Superior Chronicle*, who sent back cheering news:—that the terminus of the road was certainly to be Superior; that twenty miles of it were ready for ties, and that the ties had been cut out; that a contract for iron rails would be made in a few weeks and twenty miles laid by July 1st; that work would then proceed on the remainder.

Small wonder that the people of Superior rejoiced. It was easy for them to believe that their hopes deferred were at last to be realized, for in their eyes there was everything to justify hope. There were no dissenters among them, none to express doubt or disapproval. They had been as one in their desire for a railroad, in their conviction that some day it would come, and now they were as one in their belief that the day was at hand. In 1860 almost every citizen of Superior was an early pioneer. Together they had gone through trials and tribulation. Their common lot had developed among them a spirit of good fellowship that found expression in a suggestion of Charles Kimball, advertised in the *Chronicle*, that those who came to the head of the lake prior to July 1855 should organize an Old Settlers Association and meet together at least once a year.

The nature and the depth of Charles Kimball's loyalty and devotion to Superior had been discovered by his wife during the first year of her residence there. Manlike, he justified his faith in its ultimate greatness by many arguments and proofs, none of which Carrie could gainsay even if she would. Womanlike, she had divined what perhaps he himself did not realize, that his loyalty was a matter of the heart rather than of judgment and reason. He loved the

town that he had helped to found as a mother loves her children. He would no more desert it than he would desert his family. It had become a part of his being. Any praise of it, any defense of it, any hope for it or belief in it made his heart glad.

In the fall of 1860, when the editor of the *Chronicle* published a statement of conditions in the Northwest, and an appeal to the citizens of Superior to stand by, there was no one more ready to second that appeal than Charles Kimball. He read it more than once, he preserved a copy of it, he sent copies to Asa Parker and to friends in Vinland:—

“The withdrawal of eastern capital from speculation in western lands—although in 1857 much lamented—has been productive of good. Owners of real estate finding no market in which to dispose of it, were forced to put their lands under cultivation, and the result is that now when the whole of Europe is suffering by a failure in crops, the West is overflowing with a bountiful harvest, and her farmers are pushing forward the grain to market, where it meets with a ready sale. From present indications the shipment of grain this fall and during the winter will be at least three times as heavy as in any previous season. The prices are high, and if the West does not within the next twelve months recover her former wealth and credit we shall be much mistaken. Our own state, being a large grain producer, already feels the revival of business.

“In our own neighborhood the prospect is really brighter than ever before in the history of the country. Although there is not that surplus of money in the community which there was in '56 and '57, yet our people are now as a gen-

eral thing better off than at the approach of any previous winter. There is sufficient produce in the country to keep us all until next season, and in addition we have roads now open by means of which we can have communication with our neighbors on the upper Mississippi, and procure from them such articles as we have not at our own doors. There is also a prospect of some work being done this winter on the South Range, which will most undoubtedly result to the benefit of that locality.

"This is the first year that we have exported to any amount, and its beneficial results are already felt by our whole community. The demand for lumber at ports down the lake has kept our sawmills running, and given employment to numbers who would otherwise have been idle. The proceeds of this trade will enable our lumbermen to go into the woods this winter and get out logs from which a rich harvest will be reaped next year. And instead of giving employment to one or two vessels, at least double the number will be required to carry off the products of our mills.

"We say to all who are here, Hold on. Do not be discouraged. Better times are in store. And although every means has been resorted to to crush us out, Superior will eventually come out so far ahead of her enemies as to be able to return good for evil, and lend them a helping hand."

Washington Ashton's optimistic statements were verified by such facts as these:— In the spring of 1860 two hundred thousand pounds of maple sugar were made in the neighborhood of Superior; in that season one peck of wheat sown on one and one half

acres of new land produced eighty bushels of clean wheat, heavy and plump, which sold for one dollar a bushel; in the fall there were exported from Superior in the steamer *Neptune* forty-three thousand shingles, more than eighty-four thousand feet of lumber, ten barrels of fish, four hundred and eighteen pounds of hides, and twelve empty beer barrels.

Evidence that Superior furnished a market for beer was not thought in any way discreditable, nor had the consumption of malt liquor ever been so extensive as to induce any citizen to establish a brewery. Grain was not to be converted into malt in Superior but into flour. A grist mill had been in active operation in the town for some time, forerunner of the huge mills that Charles Kimball beheld in his imagination, mills that his children were destined to see.

XXXVII.

It is probable that in 1860, at least to the women of Superior, the most important of all public affairs was the growth and prosperity of their own community. To the men, a matter of paramount importance and discussion was national politics. A large majority of the leading citizens were Democrats. Many of the proprietors also were Democrats, and leaders in their own states, notably Stephen A. Douglas, for whom Douglas county was named. The *Superior Chronicle* was a Democratic organ, its editor a native of Virginia. In the winter of 1860 a Democratic club had been organized at Superior to work for and disseminate the principles of the Democratic Party. Among the resolutions adopted at its first meeting some of the most significant were these:—

“Non-interference by Congress with Slavery in the States and Territories and in D. C.

“New States shall be admitted into the Union when the number of inhabitants justifies it under the then existing law, with or without domestic slavery, as the people may determine in their constitution.

“The enforcement of the constitutional remedies of recovering fugitives from labor by the State or to the persons to whom they may belong.”

These resolutions were signed by some of Charles Kimball's most intimate friends and by his brother William. If he had not been absent from home at the time of their adoption, no doubt he also would have signed them.

At the town election in March the entire Democratic ticket was elected except one overseer of highways. However, there was little significance in that vote, for no local issues were at stake. The issues between Democrats and Republicans that would split the solid Democratic vote in Superior arose when the nominations for President were made.

Two of the Proprietors, Robert Hunter and Stephen A. Douglas, were candidates for the nomination by the Democrats. Douglas became the candidate of the northern Democrats, while Breckenridge was supported by the South. The unanimous choice of the Republicans was Abraham Lincoln. Breckenridge was in favor of secession. Douglas and Lincoln were strongly opposed to it. Back of secession was slavery, the institution that the South would preserve even at the cost of withdrawal from the Union. They held that federal control of slavery was a violation of the Constitution of the United States, and agreed with Douglas in his claim that slavery should be left to the decision of each individual state.

Many Democrats in Superior held Douglas's view to be reasonable and safe, but when newspapers from Chicago and the East brought reports of Lincoln's speech at Cooper Institute, some of those Democrats were won over to the Republicans. Lincoln's review of the slave question, his logical and convincing argument that federal control of slavery did not violate the Constitution, and his earnest appeal to do right in the matter of slavery, found response in those who were not bound to the South and her institutions by family ties or cherished traditions.

When the vote for President was taken in November, Superior men gave sixty-six votes to Douglas, the "little giant," and seventy to Lincoln, the "rail-splitter."

Like most men reared in New England, Charles Kimball did not regard slavery as a divinely appointed institution for the black man, but at the same time he recognized what was claimed to be its economic necessity in the cotton-growing South. He believed in the Union. He felt that the election of Lincoln would lead inevitably to secession, and that secession would as surely lead to war. And the underlying cause would be negro slavery. It seemed to him an insufficient cause. Not being in the least inclined to air his views or to combat those of other men, he said little and tried to await calmly whatever event might follow Lincoln's inauguration.

In his private life there was much to make him happy, for there had been two welcome additions to his family. The first to come was a boy, whose arrival occasioned a difference of opinion between his parents as to the choice of his name. Carrie had decided before his birth that his name should be Charles Melville—Charles of course, because it was his father's name, and Melville, a name that she had met in Waverly's story paper, because it looked and sounded so aristocratic. Charles wished him to be named for his youngest brother, William. Carrie yielded and named her son Charles William.

Now there had come to the household a baby girl. Charles would have her named Mary for his mother, but Carrie demurred, saying, "You chose the name for our son. I am going to name our daughter, and she shall not be anybody's namesake. I shall give her the name that I like best, Lillian Gertrude." Carrie's wish settled the matter, but the names that the children went by were not the dignified names bestowed upon them in baptism, for in accordance with the prevailing preference for diminutives they were always called Willie and Lillie.

The little house that Charles had built for his bride at the Uppertown was not large enough for a family of four with outside help necessary, so at the close of the year the Kimballs took up their abode in one section of a double house at the Lowertown. There was room for a family gathering on New Year's Day, at which three generations of Kimballs were present.

The main subject of conversation was the possibility of war. Mary was an Abolitionist, and her son Joseph was inclined to side with her. Charles and William were believers in States' rights, but neither believed in the dissolution of the Union. News had come that South Carolina had seceded, and it was known that President Buchanan and some members of his cabinet had so directed affairs as to aid the South. All feared that war would come.

Carrie was all for the North and against slavery. Before she came to Superior she had read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and also another book by Mrs. Stowe, entitled *Dred, a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp*. She had listened in Maine to eloquent addresses denouncing slavery, and felt that its overthrow was worth any cost. Charles did not uphold it, but he thought it not an adequate cause for civil war, and believed with Seward, that "Providence would deal with slavery as it dealt with other things which came to an end in the course of time without confusion and without violence."

Early in the year 1861 an incident occurred in Ripon, Wisconsin, a village claiming to be the birth-place of the Republican Party, which provoked serious adverse comment in the *Superior Chronicle*, and led to somewhat heated discussion in the Kimball family. The incident was the final act in a little drama whose first act took place in the city of Milwaukee.

In 1855 there was living in Racine a negro by name Joshua Glover. One day a planter from the South arrived there and claimed Glover as his slave, his property. Glover denied the claim, but as he could get no one to confirm his denial, it was easy for the planter to take him away. Having business to transact in Milwaukee, he took Glover there and lodged him in the jail for safe keeping.

That fact became known, whereupon Sherman Booth, an ardent Abolitionist, and editor of the *Free Democrat*, mounted a horse and rode through the streets, calling on men to assemble in Court House Square. They responded, and without waiting for Booth to come and address them, took the case of Joshua Glover into their own hands. At the office of a justice of the peace they procured a legal form paper of some sort, fixed it to the end of a large timber, battered down the jail door, and freed the negro.

They were breakers of the law as well as of a jail door, hence the affair had to be dealt with by a court of justice. The men affirmed that they acted within their rights, that they took Glover from the jail on a writ of *habeas corpus*—the paper affixed to their battering ram. Booth affirmed that he had not counseled their action, that he had merely called upon them to assemble, his intention being to take steps to detain Glover in Milwaukee until it could be proved whether or not he was the planter's slave. Nevertheless Booth was arrested on the charge of having incited a mob, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment for a brief period and to a fine of one thousand dollars.

Appeals were taken one after another, with Booth alternately in and out of jail, and thus the matter dragged along until the summer of 1860, at which

time Booth was confined in the United States Custom House at Milwaukee. Two young men in Ripon, Ed Daniels and Hugh LaGrange, conceived the bold idea of releasing him. They took a morning train for Milwaukee, loitered round the Custom House until the noon hour when the streets were empty, and then effected Booth's escape. They brought him home with them, and he made a public address in Ripon that evening. Then and there a compact was drawn up and signed by a group of men, citizens of Ripon and farmers in the neighboring countryside, by which the signers pledged themselves not to let Booth be apprehended by the authorities while he remained in their vicinity.

After the meeting Booth was taken to the home of Freeman Stewart, on a farm five miles east of Ripon. Stewart was a native of Peterboro, N. Y., where he had come under the influence of Gerrit Smith. Being an intellectual man, he greatly enjoyed Booth's company, so the visit was prolonged for three weeks. Booth was then taken to the farm of Armine Pickett, four miles north. By that time his whereabouts had been ascertained by the authorities.

Early on the morning of August 5th, just as Mr. Pickett's hired men were bestirring themselves, a United States marshal, Francis McCarty, accompanied by several deputies, arrived at Mr. Pickett's and knocked at the front door. James Pickett, a young man, opened the door. The Marshal and his assistants entered the hall and demanded the surrender of Booth. James ordered them to leave the house. They stood their ground. He grappled with them and was thrown to the floor, his head bleeding. His mother rushed in and knelt beside him.

Then appeared Armine Pickett, strong of body, commanding of mien, and with a kitchen chair up-

raised as a weapon of offense—a weapon to beware of inasmuch as it was capable of simultaneous attack in several spots. He too ordered the marshals out of his house. McCarty explained that he was performing his duty in executing an order of the Court, warned Mr. Pickett of the consequences of his defiance of the law, and added that he had power to summon a hundred men to his assistance. Armine Pickett replied, "I can have a hundred men here before you can get ten."

The marshals withdrew from the house for the time being, and sent to Ripon for assistance. Mr. Pickett dispatched men and boys on horseback to summon the farmers. By the time McCarty had succeeded in getting four men to come to his aid by carriage, the yard was filled with farmers ready to fulfil their pledge to keep Booth safe. All of them were armed, some with guns, others with weapons not so deadly, and yet pitchforks could be very effective at close range. The marshals were powerless, and knew it. They retired inglorious from the scene. Soon afterward Booth went to the village of Berlin, where late in the evening after making a public address, he was arrested on his way to his lodging place.

McCarty reported to the Federal Court at Milwaukee that his failure to arrest Booth at Pickett's was due to the interference of certain men of the locality, a grave offense. Accordingly, in the following January, 1861, the Federal Grand Jury indicted five men whom they considered the ringleaders, two of whom were A. E. Bovay of Ripon and the Rosendale farmer, Freeman Stewart. A warrant was issued to the marshal for the arrest of those men, with instructions to keep them in his custody and bring them to Milwaukee to answer to the charge of obstructing the process of the law.

On January 16th Marshal McCarty with his deputies arrived in Ripon to carry out his instructions. He showed his warrant, whereupon the news of his presence and his errand spread like wildfire. Hugh LaGrange immediately sent a messenger with a note to the teacher in the Rosendale school, telling him that the marshals were in Ripon and would proceed to arrest Freeman Stewart. The teacher gave that information to his pupils, then dismissed them with the injunction to go straight home and tell their parents.

It was a bitter cold day. When the marshals arrived at Stewart's they were invited in, and Mr. Stewart, no whit alarmed but hospitably inclined as usual, replenished the sitting room fire to give them a warm welcome after their long, cold drive in an open sleigh. When they stated their errand, he replied that it would not be convenient for him to go to Milwaukee, and that he should remain at home. There was further parley. Time passed, and more visitors arrived, not deputy marshals, but farmers whose children had reported the news. They did not enter the house, they just stood around outside, chatting with one another and awaiting time for action. No comment was made on their presence, but the marshals saw and understood. Again they were powerless. Again they were obliged to retire defeated.

McCarty reported to his chief in Milwaukee that he arrested the men on January 16th as ordered, but that they were rescued from his custody by a mob. That report was literally true in regard to Mr. Bovay of Ripon, who was actually taken as far as the railway station. Then again Hugh LaGrange interfered, and with the help of Ed Daniels and others took Bovay from the marshals, hustled him back to his home, and locked him in.

The editorial comment on that affair, published in

the *Superior Chronicle*, was of such a nature as no doubt reflected the opinion of a majority of Democratic citizens:—

“Ripon, in this state, is apparently the abiding place of law-breakers. Mr. Bovay, who was indicted by the U. S. Court at Milwaukee as a party connected with the rescue of Booth some time since, was forcibly taken from the U. S. marshals by a mob composed of citizens of Ripon, headed by Mr. Daniels, the State Geologist. We think it would be as well for the State legislature to reconsider the resolution offering men and money to the President to assist in coercing the seceding States, and appropriate the same to punishing the violators of Constitutional compacts residing within her own borders.”

Perhaps Washington Ashton did not know that the Supreme Court of the state of Wisconsin had declared the Fugitive Slave Act unconstitutional. No doubt that fact was well known to the supporters of Sherman Booth. They thought that they were doing right in protecting Booth and in resisting the arrest of Bovay and Stewart, for the primary cause of the whole train of events, the capture of an alleged fugitive slave, was not justifiable or legal in Wisconsin.

Carrie Kimball openly expressed her admiration for the chivalrous action of Daniels and LaGrange, and the noble courage of Booth in championing the cause of Joshua Glover. Charles regretted any act that would excite the emotions of the people and put them in the temper for war. He urged his wife not to dwell on the wrongs of slavery but to trust in the wisdom of Lincoln and Hamlin to right those wrongs. Carrie knew little of Lincoln, but Hannibal Hamlin was a resident of Hampden, a trustee of the Academy. She had heard him speak, had been entertained at his

home. He was one of the great men of Maine, and all Maine people were Abolitionists. Of course he would right the wrongs of slavery. He would end it.

Events of the next few months were anything but reassuring to those who were opposed to war. Before the close of February other states had followed the example of South Carolina, and delegates from all seceding states had met to organize a provisional government for the Confederate States of America. Jefferson Davis of Mississippi and Alexander Stephens of Georgia were chosen President and Vice President. Their first work was to possess themselves of all arsenals and forts in the seceding states. It looked as if war were imminent. Some of the citizens of Superior openly expressed their sympathy with the Southern cause.

XXXIX.

During the winter of '61 the weather was intensely cold. On the 7th of February the mercury fell to 34° below zero. As the air was dry, the sky clear, and there was little wind, men went about their ordinary business, but every householder was obliged to spend more time than usual in sawing wood and filling stoves. Pleasures were not suspended or curtailed, and social gatherings were frequent. It seemed as if the people were determined to be gay in order to keep down their fears. One notable occasion, long remembered by the participants as the last evening of joyous mirth before the gloomy period of the war, was a supper and dance at Fond du Lac.

The party was held in a logging camp operated that winter by a citizen of Superior, Baptiste Gosse-
lin, a French Canadian. The camp was large, corresponding to the hospitality of Baptiste and his charming wife Chlorie. They invited all their old neighbors at the Uppertown to a logging camp supper and an evening of jollification. Carrie was eager to go, but Charles was indifferent, for he had not indulged in dancing since coming to Superior. As the children could not be left alone, he found a sufficient and agreeable reason for staying at home, and arranged for Carrie to go with the Morrisettes.

The trip of twenty miles up the St. Louis river was made in box sleighs on the ice. Packed closely in the hay-filled box, wrapped and covered with blankets and fur robes, the merrymakers were heedless of the cold, and arrived at the camp conscious only of a keen appetite for the feast. The long table was set

in camp style, with everything on the board, and everything steaming hot. Guests were expected to help themselves and to partake of every dish. First there was a ragout of meat and vegetables, then roast venison, roast pork, and baked fish, with delicious accompaniments of both pickles and sweets. The dessert was dried apple pie in which cider was an ingredient, fruit cake, coffee, and wild berry preserves.

The supper was so prolonged with talk and story telling that it was almost midnight before the room was cleared for the dance. The lumberers, shaved, and dressed as befitted the occasion, furnished partners for all lone ladies, so that wallflowers were none. A fiddler provided music for cotillions and jigs, and tallow candles illuminated the scene. Not until daylight did the guests depart, fortified for the long ride with an early breakfast of hot pancakes and coffee.

When Carrie reached home, she found that her husband too had been up all night, but not in festive mood. He was unable to find a large copper cent that he had seen Willie playing with, and feared that he might have swallowed it, so he had kept awake to watch for any indications of illness, his imagination conjuring up hideous fatalities. Carrie spied the cent on the carpet, and anxiety ended.

Soon after the sleighride party the weather moderated, developing a peculiar condition that put an end to traveling on the ice. Although the early winter had been extremely cold, there had nevertheless been a heavy snowfall, three feet on a level and very deep drifts along the bay shore. The covering of snow had prevented thick ice from forming underneath, and the great weight of the snow had caused the thin ice to sink, so that it lay beneath several inches of water. To make matters worse, the ice rotted, thus depriving householders of their supply of ice for the

next summer. Ice in the lake was not affected, but it could not be transported across the bay, as the snow would not bear up a team.

Such a condition was unusual, and as such was interesting to Charles Kimball. It was a condition that might occur again, and for that reason should be reckoned with and overcome. To Carrie it was an annoyance, a detriment, a feature of the lake climate that made living difficult, almost unbearable.

Carrie could not dispute her husband's claim that the climate of Superior was healthful and invigorating throughout the year. Neither could she ignore the occasional disagreeable features. Of those her chief grievance was not snow but northeasters. No drifts or blockades of snow at Superior could exceed those that she was familiar with in Maine, but northeasters were hitherto unknown to her, and were characteristic of both fall and spring. She thought of such storms as children of the lake, bred there as blizzards are bred on the prairies of Dakota. They lasted for three days, or three days more, during which time it was impossible to do any work out of doors. Carrie had looked from her windows across the bay to see the foam and spray of the raging lake rising above the pines on Minnesota point. She had seen the bay ploughed to its depths, so that the water was dark and brown under low, angry clouds. Such tempests did only harm. They wrecked ships, they took human lives. They could not be circumvented or controlled.

Now, for the first time in her experience, had come a new and unsuspected danger from rotten ice and heavy snow. There was no telling what would come next. Perhaps, induced by the continuous departure of family after family from Superior, there had long been slumbering in her mind a wish to follow their example, a wish awakened to her consciousness by

the hardships of the winter of '61. Over and over again there rose in her mind the thought, why should we abide longer in such a treacherous region? She did not venture to voice that question, but if Charles had even remotely suggested a return to Neenah or to Maine, she would have begun packing straightway.

The lack of a railroad to Superior entailed the lack of communication by telegraph with any part of the country. In the spring of '61, when a crisis in national affairs was impending, that lack was responsible for much anxiety and suspense. The people had to rely on letters from friends, and on the *St. Paul Pioneer*, which was brought by mail carriers. In March the snow was still so deep in the woods as to cover all undergrowth and thus greatly impede the runners who packed the mail.

Lincoln's inaugural address, impatiently awaited, was long in coming. Although it did not allay fears, it gave assurance that the new president was a friend of all the people and would act with moderation. For those Democrats who still upheld States' rights, it was bitter to have secession characterized as the "essence of anarchy," but they could not gainsay Lincoln's statement that whoever rejects majority rule "does, of necessity, fly to anarchy or to despotism. Unanimity is impossible; the rule of the minority, as a permanent arrangement, is wholly inadmissible; so that, rejecting the majority principle, anarchy or despotism in some form is all that is left."

Even the Southern sympathizers in Superior were touched by Lincoln's appeal to all the people, North and South alike: "We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and

hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Charles Kimball was gratified to read that Douglas, Lincoln's rival for the presidency as well as his opponent in debate, was near and held the President's hat as he took the oath to "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution."

Lincoln's appeal did not unite the North and the South. On the 10th of April the secessionists demanded the surrender of Fort Sumter, and then took it by bombardment on the 13th. On the 15th President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand troops. The war, so long dreaded, was on.

Although Superior was far removed from the scene of the conflict, it suffered its full share. Many Southerners owned property there, and after the war began they no longer paid taxes. Their buildings they allowed to decay. In 1861 the empty houses in Superior were more in number than those occupied. The people who had remained after the exodus caused by the panic of '57 were those who had been attracted not so much by the prospect of immediate wealth as by the natural qualities of the location to make it a favorable one for a permanent home. Most of them were from the North. In 1860 only eight men and seven women were living in Superior who were born south of Mason and Dixon's line.

All the Democrats in Superior felt that a compromise would have averted war, but much as they deplored a civil war they stood by the Union. In so doing they were still following the leadership of Douglas, the man whom they had admired and trusted for years. In a letter dictated for publication during his last illness, in May 1861, he said that "but one course

is left to patriotic men, that is to sustain the Union, the Constitution, the government, and the flag, against all assailants."

XL.

The citizens of Superior offered to raise a company of soldiers, but Governor Harvey declined their offer on the ground that they themselves were in a precarious situation, on the frontier between the United States and Canada, with England known to be hostile to the North and favorable to secession in the South. He said, "You are surrounded by tribes of Indians which are likely to give us trouble. You will serve your country better, therefore, by remaining at home and protecting yourselves, your property, and your families."

A few citizens of Superior, and many half-breeds and Chippewas in the neighborhood, went elsewhere to enlist. Among such volunteers was John Kimball of Minnesota. In the summer of '61 he came to Superior to visit his mother and brothers, then went to Eau Claire to enlist in the 8th Wisconsin Infantry for a term of three years.

Mary Kimball would have been gratified to see all her sons in uniform. No one of them was more keenly aware of that fact than Charles. Accustomed for many years to act according to her wishes, he could divine them even with no word from her. Whenever it was possible he had continued to defer to her. Carrie had become sensible of this domination, as she considered it, through a little incident that occurred soon after her marriage. For a Christmas remembrance Parker had sent Charles a pack of cards in a case provided with dials for keeping score in Old Sledge. Seeing those cards among his gifts, his mother said reproachfully, "Why, Charles, I never

expected to see playing cards in your house." Immediately the cards went into permanent retirement.

Carrie was not a card player herself. Her father, a deacon of the Baptist church, had brought up his children to think cards a device of the Evil One. In her few attempts to play with Charles she had persisted in calling the black suits tops and clovers, and she was so lacking in the spirit of a sportsman that she thought it unkind of a husband to win more than half the games. But she wished Charles to play with his friends if he chose, and it seemed to her a bit unmanly in him to give way to his mother in so small a matter. When he said, "I'm giving way just because it is a small matter," she failed to see the point.

On numerous later occasions Carrie had perceived Mary's influence over her sons, always mildly exerted and sometimes indirectly, but none the less powerful. Now that she was praising her son John for "thinking first of his country," Carrie was troubled as to what effect such an expression of approval might have upon Charles. She was sure that if he should enlist she would die.

As Governor Harvey said, the situation at Superior was indeed precarious. The inhabitants had no apprehensions as to any hostility on the part of Canada, but they could not be sure of the Indians. More than ever before they felt the necessity of speedy and safe communication with other communities. If Indian tribes should surround them, or make attack, they could not remove their families to a place of safety, nor could any help come to them from outside except by the lake in summer. In winter they would be at the mercy of savages who knew no mercy. Their surest defense and refuge would be a railroad, but all hope of any further activity by the promoters of the St. Croix company was gone. With the country

at war no funds were available for pushing forward a railroad in that far corner of Wisconsin.

Feeling that the situation was desperate and that every possible effort should be made to remedy it, some of the citizens conceived the idea of acting upon the ruins of two old land grants, the St. Croix and the Minnesota and Northwest, and by uniting them getting a railroad through from St. Anthony's Falls. Besides the safety of Superior they had an economic argument to support their plan. Even with a war on, there would be miners enough on Lake Superior to consume annually twenty thousand tons of pork, beef, flour, and other provisions, brought to them by boat from Cleveland and Detroit, whereas all such supplies should come from Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Logic and the situation were on their side, but their efforts came to nought. They could not enlist capital in a project so unpromising for profit. All that remained for lone Superior was to watch and wait, to hope for better days, and to carry on.

No doubt fear and distrust of the Indians were universal among the women of Superior, but those feelings were not shared by all the men. Governor Harvey's suggestion that the Indians were likely to give trouble was even scoffed at by some. Charles Kimball was one of the scoffers. He knew scores of Indians personally, by name. He had employed them, befriended them in illness, partaken of their hospitality. He did not believe that the bands of Chippewa around Superior could by any possible means be united into a force against the whites. He urged that they be treated with no signs of suspicion, but as if they had common cause with the whites.

On one of his trips to the copper locations on the Black river he had visited an Indian village on the shore of Lake Pokegama. The young chief of the

band, Chekaug, was unusually intelligent. He had taken a fancy to Charles, had declared his friendship, and had gone so far as to smoke with him the pipe of peace. After the ceremony he had given the calumet to Charles as a further token of lasting friendship. That pipe was a cherished possession, not only for its significance but for its workmanship. It was made of black slate inlaid with silver. In form it was a hatchet, but the cavity into which the handle fitted could be filled with tobacco, thus converting it into a pipe. In war it was a tomahawk.

Charles had explained its double use to his wife, and had called her attention to the artistic decoration. Since then she had taken it into her hands every time she had dusted the whatnot. She had felt its weight, its edge. It was easier for her to imagine an Indian swinging it as a battle axe than using it as a calumet.

Ever since the evening of her arrival in Superior, when an Indian had pressed close to examine her brooch, Carrie had felt only repulsion for braves and squaws alike. They were dirty and lazy, and she thought them unkind to their children. They did not keep or seem to know their place. They took liberties with one's property, and some of them did not scruple to appropriate it openly, as if what belonged to their white brothers belonged also to them. Even when they were unseen, one could never be sure that they were not somewhere near, silently watching. Even when they seemed to be oblivious of all around them, one could not therefore infer that they were not listening. And they had the most startling ways of appearing suddenly and without warning. Once when Carrie was ironing in her kitchen and turned to get a hot iron, she found herself confronted by an Indian. So silently, so stealthily, he had entered with moccasined feet, unannounced and uninvited.

Whenever squaws came into the settlement with mococks of sugar or pails of wild berries, she was sure to be visited, for Charles had counseled her never to turn them away, always to treat them generously. They admired her little children, clean and dainty, and would pick them up and fondle them. When the visitors were out of sight, the children were stripped, and minute investigation made to discover any living reminders of the squaws' blankets.

Carrie had seen a group of Indians on one of their migrations. They had several ponies harnessed to long poles trailing on the ground behind. Attached to the poles was a sort of basket made of interlaced leather thongs, in which were stowed away the skins for the wigwams, heavy utensils, and the young children. Squaws led the horses, and Charles told Carrie that when they came to a stream the squaws would carry the load across. It seemed to her that all an Indian did was to provide food and clothing for the tenants of his wigwam. The squaws did all the work. Carrie thought that men who habitually imposed such burdens on their wives would not find it hard to be cruel to the whites, once in their power.

Every summer Indian bands in the neighborhood of Superior assembled at the Indian village on Minnesota point for an important ceremony called the Grand Medicine. It lasted four days, and on the last day visitors were admitted. In '61 some of the Superior people went over on that day, among them the Kimballs, not so much to satisfy curiosity as to manifest interest and friendliness.

The purpose of the meeting was to initiate any of the tribe who desired the mysterious knowledge of which the medicine men were keepers. They held that the initiated were thereafter protected by the spirit from all fleshly ills. As an Indian dreaded sick-

ness more than any other calamity, he was willing to pay heavily for immunity. The pay was in blankets, guns, furs, and other articles, amounting often to a hundred dollars. As those valuable goods became the property not of the spirit but of the medicine men, they were quite willing to hold the protracted meetings and confer the degrees.

The visitors saw the medicine men dance around, carrying the spirit in a mink or beaver pouch. When the pouch was presented to an Indian, he prostrated himself on the ground, firmly believing that the spirit within had power to annihilate him. On the fourth day the ceremony closed with a feast of all the eatables that the Indians could bring together, including as a great delicacy a white dog stewed like a rabbit. Visitors were invited to partake of that dish, but fortunately refusal was no offense. The feast was followed by a grand frolic, and that by general intoxication.

The very coarseness of the ceremony, the humbug of the medicine men, the stupidity of the Indians in parting with things of real value for an imaginary exemption from pain, made Carrie fear them all the more. They were not reasonable beings. If they could be excited to such lengths by superstition, what would they not do if excited by revenge or lust for power?

XLI.

During the first year of the war life in Superior differed little in the main from what it had been before. Public spirited men did not relax their efforts to build up the community. Immediately after the panic they had compiled a pamphlet entitled *Information for Emigrants*, with a view to interesting both capitalists and settlers in the town of Superior. They had an idea also that the pamphlet would appeal to people who had suffered from the panic in other localities and would like to begin anew in an undeveloped region. In the spring of '61 they sent out that pamphlet again. In the summer they took another step toward the same end when the supervisors voted an appropriation of six hundred dollars to aid in the maintenance of an emigrant agency in New York.

The population of Superior was not thereby increased by even one family.

Charles Kimball was active in many lines, and some of his work was hazardous. He succeeded because he had to a marked degree the three qualities most essential in a pioneer—a bold spirit, prudence, and fertility of resource. All his activities were out of doors. As overseer of a crew of laborers he directed the repairing of roads, he rebuilt bridges, he cleared land, he bought and sold cattle. He also studied geology and kept up his interest in mining. His desire for discovery led him to send to Cornwall, England for specimens of tin ore, so that he might recognize the presence of that mineral when examining rocks and soils.

In addition to the work that he performed for a

livelihood, he took part in every phase of community life except religion and education. Term after term he served as grand juror, but he had no aspiration for any civil office. He was a candidate but once, when he was nominated against his will for clerk of the board of supervisors. To his great relief he was defeated in the election. In his day all records were kept by hand, written in ink on lined blue paper. Penmanship was not one of his accomplishments. He had not acquired the round and running hand of his father, and would have found it most irksome to write pages of detailed reports of routine business such as Asa Parker beautifully penned.

In the fall of '61 he went to Detroit with specimens of copper ore from his Black river mine, to interest capitalists, if possible, in its further development. He was unsuccessful. Men of means were unwilling to invest during the period of the War in any project that did not assure immediate returns. They told him also that the discovery of new locations rich in iron would interest them more than copper, for there was likelihood of extensive railroad construction in the near future, probably to the Pacific ocean.

From that time iron was much in his thought. He was already sure of its existence in the range north of the lake in Minnesota, but a seemingly insurmountable difficulty in its production was the transportation of the ore to a port on the lake from which it could be taken to smelters. In late autumn he went with McLean and Waterman on foot into the Arrowhead region, made excavations, and obtained specimens of the deeper soil, which analysis showed to be rich in iron. They knew that ultimately the range would be developed. They hoped to have a hand in it.

Whenever Charles made a trip to St. Paul or Detroit his chief business was the furtherance of some

mining project, but there were also many errands to do for his wife in the way of purchases that could be made only in a large city. Carrie could trust him to select a piece of French print, delaine, or merino, even ribbon and mitts, with a perfect understanding of her taste and requirements. However, on his trip to Detroit in '61 it was not apparel that he was commissioned to buy but books, not recent novels but religious books.

As the double house in which they were living at the Lowertown was owned by an Episcopalian who occupied one part, and was near a little Episcopal church, the rector had called on them and had invited them very cordially to attend his church. They had responded to his invitation and had been favorably impressed by the beauty and dignity of the service. Carrie was somewhat surprised at her attitude, because as a child she had found her enjoyment of life sadly curtailed by religious observances, and at twenty-three had not outgrown her early repugnance for long sermons and protracted prayer meetings. Her father had the reputation of being a "powerful hand at prayer," a talent that he exercised whenever he felt "moved by the spirit." Carrie had heard him praying lustily in the barnyard and in the woodlot. Every morning after breakfast his children had been constrained to sit still in their chairs during his lengthy communings with the Almighty, and Sunday had been a day consecrated to church and prayer and "cold victuals." It stood out in Carrie's recollection as a day of gloom, her only activity being the memorizing and reciting of verses from the Bible. She was not allowed a peep at her doll on Sunday, and to catch grasshoppers for her cat was forbidden as a sin.

During her residence at Superior she had been

rather glad that no Baptist church had been organized there, for she had found her consequent irresponsibility on Sunday very acceptable. Occasionally, however, she had felt the pricks of a New England conscience, and she was aware that her response to the Episcopal rector's invitation had been made as partial atonement for neglect of duty. But after she and Charles had attended a Christmas festival at the little Church of the Redeemer, where they were delighted with the goodfellowship, the unrestrained merriment of the children, and the absence of all austerity, they had decided to attend the Sunday service regularly.

They soon discovered that in an Episcopal church prayer books were a necessity, wherefore Charles was authorized to purchase them in Detroit. He selected a large one for himself, and a tiny one for Carrie, its morocco covers bound with gilded brass and fitted with a clasp. He also bought a gold neck chain for his little daughter. And what was a more important matter than the purchase of prayer books or jewelry, one piece of his luggage was a round green bandbox containing Carrie's wedding bonnet of '57 remodeled by a Detroit milliner in the style of '61.

Among those who left Superior during the first year of the War was a Canadian family by the name of Newton. Dr. Newton had come in '56, the year of unparalleled prosperity, had enjoyed a lucrative practice, and had built a somewhat pretentious dwelling house on the bay shore almost directly opposite the Episcopal church. The house was of two stories, with a veranda across the front and one side. The French windows of the parlor opened on the veranda, and those of the chamber above opened on its roof, which was level and edged with an ornamental balustrade. The parlor was furnished with an open fireplace and mantel, and its ceiling was decorated with

an elaborate centerpiece and cove of plaster of Paris. Painted white, with green blinds, and set in a trim lawn separated by a high lattice fence from the gooseberry and currant bushes of the garden, the house presented a very attractive appearance. In the spring of '62 Charles Kimball moved his family into that house, and Carrie settled in it with the contented feeling that they would never move again.

As most of the people who left Superior sold their furniture to those who stayed, Charles had bought several handsome pieces—a mahogany bureau and desk, a massive walnut bedstead, two tip-top tables, and a handsome carved mahogany center table with a white marble top. Carrie had excellent taste in the arrangement of furniture, and was a very neat and orderly housekeeper. She was happy in the convenience and spaciousness of her new surroundings, happy in ministering to her two little children and the kindest husband in the world. She had leisure too for fine sewing, in which she was very skillful, and spent many hours embroidering dainty garments for Lillie. Her patterns, like her recipes for crumpets, syllabub, and flummery, were taken from Peterson's Magazine, a periodical of fashion that was even more popular with Superior ladies than Godey's Lady's Book.

XLII.

Now and then there came to Superior disquieting rumors of threatened hostilities on the part of the Indians. In the summer of '62 vague reports were circulated that the Sioux were preparing to avenge their wrongs by making war on the white settlers of Minnesota. It followed that if two or three Chippewa were seen talking together on the streets of Superior, timid folk surmised that they were plotting mischief.

Charles Kimball scouted all suspicions of treachery toward the whites on the part of the Chippewa, but he put no faith in the Sioux. It might well be that they were planning attack in Minnesota, but they would not invade Wisconsin territory unless they could form an alliance with the Chippewa, which was unthinkable. From ancient times those two tribes, the Dakotas and the Ojibways, had been deadly enemies. As long as they remembered the battle of the Brulé, they could not become allies.

When Carrie expressed any fear of the Indians, Charles urged her to read more of the *Song of Hiawatha*, to think of the Indian as the poet portrayed him, a human being with the same instincts of justice and gratitude as the white man.

Carrie admitted that Longfellow had written beautiful poetry delightful to read, but she maintained that he had idealized the Indian, that of the scores of Indian braves and squaws that she had seen, not one bore the least resemblance to the noble Hiawatha or the lovely Minnehaha. She said furthermore that the whites were not now reckoning with characters in

a poem, but with live Indians who had a taste for fire-water, and under its influence could easily be persuaded to plunder and kill.

Another fear too beset the hearts of all the women in Superior, a fear of which they said little though they were ever conscious of its shadow, the fear of the draft. The War had not gone well for the North. If more soldiers were needed, would Lincoln consider the plight of remote Superior, or would he demand her quota? They knew that the War must be won to save the Union, that it was the duty of their husbands to go into battle no less than it had been the duty of thousands of husbands slain, but were any wives and children anywhere else left so defenseless as they would be, and against such a foe as savage Indians?

Carrie dared not utter such thoughts, even to Mary Kimball, for fear of being called disloyal. She brooded on them night and day in silence. Meanwhile the days and weeks dragged by. The Indians remained quiet. The draft did not come. The summer was nearing its close. Then, late in August, came a tale of horror worse than any that imagination had yet pictured, the tale of the Indian massacre at New Ulm.

The first news came in letters from friends in Minnesota. They told how a great horde of Indians had advanced upon the village, on horseback, armed with guns, galloping, yelling, gesticulating, in the most fiendish manner. They had fired buildings, shot the inhabitants, and taken captive hundreds of women and children. They had hewn infants into bloody chips before their mothers' eyes, or nailed them to doorposts to die in agony. They had burned whole families alive, they had forced women to undergo the horrors of a living death. They were advancing on

other frontier settlements. Farmers and villagers were abandoning their homes and fleeing to places of safety.

The people of Superior had no reason to doubt those accounts. Moreover, they knew that the headquarters of the Chippewa tribe and the home of their head chief were in Minnesota. They knew that the Chippewa believed themselves wronged by Indian agents. Why should they not make common cause with the Sioux for redress or vengeance? If the head chief should command, all the Chippewa in Wisconsin would be compelled to obey, and Superior would be wiped out.

Residents who were free to leave departed at once. Thirty persons went away on the steamer *Neptune* the first week in September. There were barely four hundred left. The women suffered agonies of terror for themselves and their children. Carrie declared to Charles that at the first intimation that Indians were advancing on Superior she would take her two little ones to the bay and drown herself and them. That would be far better than to live and see them hacked to pieces. It was terrible for young women to picture such scenes in their imagination, terrible for them to think that there was likelihood of their being realized.

When newspapers arrived from St. Paul, giving accurate accounts of the destruction of New Ulm, the fears of people in Superior were not lessened. The attack had been made by six hundred and fifty Indians, mounted, armed with rifles and double barreled shot-guns, whose balls would carry three hundred yards—guns provided by the Government for them to shoot buffalo. As all the able-bodied young men of New Ulm were serving in the War, only two hundred and fifty men were left to defend the place. They fought

bravely from the shelter of buildings, but in the first day's fight sixty of them were killed. Almost three hundred had been taken captive, mostly women and children, and it was not known where they were or how they were treated.

For the fifteen hundred remaining in the village, many sick and wounded, their houses, cattle, and everything else gone, their relatives butchered or captured, there was no other course than to flee to Mankato, thirty miles down the Minnesota river. For a week they remained huddled in cellars, then set out in one hundred and fifty-three wagons, loaded with women, children, and wounded men, the others on foot—a heart-rending procession. One woman living on a lonely farm west of New Ulm, her husband killed, had escaped to travel on foot to Mankato. She carried her child all the way, keeping to the woods, and subsisting for seven days on roots and berries.

The women of Superior, glad as they were that there had been such a place of refuge as Mankato, could not help thinking what their plight would be, should Superior be attacked. There would be for them no place of safety within less than a hundred miles, the village of Hudson, and the road to Hudson was through a wilderness. There were not enough wagons and horses in Superior to carry away half the people. As they pondered on their danger, their isolation, news kept coming of more attacks in Minnesota, of fire and pillage, of murder, rapine, and torture.

The final result of the cruel and hideous warfare waged by the Sioux was that practically all of the surviving inhabitants of twenty-three counties abandoned their farms and villages, and took the roads eastward with only the clothes they wore. In all, a

region two hundred miles long and fifty miles wide was devastated or depopulated.

As soon as the facts of the Sioux uprising were definitely known in Superior, the leading citizens took steps to defend the town and quiet the fears of the apprehensive. A public meeting was called, a committee of safety was chosen, and Mr. E. C. Clarke was dispatched to Madison to procure arms. Inasmuch as Superior had no means of speedy communication with other settlements, the committee of safety deemed it wise to be unceasingly on the lookout, and to forestall as far as possible any overt act of hostility on the part of an Indian. In furtherance of those ends they issued on Sunday, August 31st, Public Order Number One:

"1st. There will be a regularly organized Guard detailed each day, who will go on duty at nine o'clock each evening, and remain on until five o'clock the following morning, which Guard will act under the orders of an officer to be appointed by the Committee of Safety. To the furtherance of this regulation, every male person residing within the limits of the Town, between the ages of eighteen and sixty years, will be called upon in their turn to stand guard, and if not able to perform the service personally, they will be required to furnish a substitute.

"2nd. All families are requested to sleep each night, within the following prescribed limits, namely; Between St. John and Thompson Avenues, and Fourth Street and the Bay.

"3d. All venders of ammunition are prohibited selling or disposing of the same to any Indian, under penalty of Confiscation and having their place of business closed.

"4th. Any Indian or Squaw who may be

found in a state of intoxication will be taken into custody and made to disclose from whom they obtained such intoxicating liquor.

"5th. Any person who shall sell or give Liquor to any Indian or Squaw, will be arrested, his stock taken possession of, and a guard placed over his or her premises, until a proper disposition of the same shall be determined upon."

The Kimball home was in the zone set apart, and from that time on, for months to come, people went there to spend the night. In the rooms below stairs they laid their mattresses on the floor so that, if Indians should come and fire through the windows, there would be a chance of the bullets passing over the sleepers.

XLIII.

During the three weeks that expired before Mr. Clarke returned to Superior from Madison, there was opportunity for the citizens to study the situation and decide how best to meet it. First, as to the Chippewa. In 1862 the Chippewa in Wisconsin numbered about four thousand five hundred. Nominally they dwelt on four reservations comprising in all about three hundred and seventy-five thousand acres; but in reality they roamed anywhere and everywhere, hunting, trapping, picking berries, making sugar, as if all land were theirs to use.

There was an Indian Agency at LaPointe, which had long been under the wise and capable management of Benjamin Armstrong. Before the attack on New Ulm he had conceived the idea of taking a select group of Indians to Washington to see the white soldiers, and thus impress upon their minds the futility of any uprising. Nine chiefs were selected for the tour. In Washington they saw forty thousand soldiers in camp and at drill. They were amazed. They said, "They are as many as the trees of the forest." They went to the Navy Yard, and they visited the barracks of the Army of the Potomac. One chief remarked, "There are more soldiers in Washington alone than there are Indians in the great Northwest." They spent forty days in Washington, and had an interview with President Lincoln, at which he promised them that all arrears due them from the Government would be paid. The Government gave Mr. Armstrong fifteen hundred dollars to spend in New York City for presents for the Indians to take

home. They returned to LaPointe mollified and friendly.

In 1862 the hereditary chief of the Chippewa was Buffalo, who lived at LaPointe; but the acting head chief was Hole-in-the-Day, who lived at Crow Wing, Minnesota. He was a son of the celebrated chief Hole-in-the-Day, who outwitted the Sioux at the battle of the Brulé, and who had previously formed a new band of Chippewa, taking them to new territory in Minnesota, where they became the frontier band of the tribe and a terror to the Sioux. The occasion of his forming a band is an interesting matter of history.

In 1820, when Lewis Cass, Governor of Michigan and Superintendent of Indian affairs in the North, was ordered to break up the British custom of giving presents to the Indians on the United States side of the St. Mary's river, he went with fifty men to the Sault, where he found the British flag erected and many Indians gathered, awaiting the arrival of the British agent and his goods.

Cass boldly tore down the British flag, and explained the case to the Indians, each of whom carried a gun. He then called on those who stood by the United States and the Great Father to come forward. Hole-in-the-Day impetuously came to his side, and called on others. Instantly one hundred or more responded. Governor Cass distributed presents, and permitted any who wished to cross over to the Canadian side and receive presents from the British agent. He then gave an American flag and a medal to each chief, also to Hole-in-the-Day, whereupon he formed his band.

He was a brave chief, renowned in the chase, on the warpath, and in council. About 1843 he was acknowledged as acting head chief of all the Chippewa. He had great power as a speaker. When he

addressed his band, he began calmly but grew more and more eloquent. When expressing strong feeling, his voice and manner changed as if electrified, causing his men to leap from their seats in a frenzy of excitement. He was always friendly to the United States, but at the same time he was jealous of the rights of the Indians.

Young Hole-in-the-Day, born about 1830, had succeeded his father as acting head chief of the Chippewa. He lived at Crow Wing, occupying a house instead of a wigwam. He subscribed to the *St. Paul Press*, and had it read to him by an interpreter. He was a splendid specimen of manhood, and bore himself with grace and dignity. Like his father he was brave, generous, and noble, but he was treacherous.

During the early summer of '62 the Chippewa had been gathering in force at Crow Wing. They made charge of great wrong committed on them by an Indian agent named Walker, who had swindled them out of thousands of dollars. They had threatened his life. He fled, and on the way to St. Paul committed suicide.

Hole-in-the-Day himself had gone to Washington to lay evidence against Walker before the Indian Department. He was promised that an investigation would be made, which in August he was awaiting. He deserved great credit for such procedure, because Indians had not been trained, nor did many of them have the ability, to seek redress for wrongs by civilized means. By nature and long custom they sought revenge instead. Knowing this, white men who betrayed them were alone to blame for incurring their enmity.

Contradictory reports came to Superior. It was said that the Chippewa chiefs had held a council with the Sioux chiefs, had settled their old differences, and

were planning a simultaneous attack. Their plan was to kill first all the whites and sympathetic Indians at Crow Wing, capture the fort there, and follow the river to St. Paul, making a clean sweep on the way. A contrary report was that Hole-in-the-Day had gained on his visit to Washington such an idea of the wealth and power of the whites as he had never before conceived. After his return he had often been heard to declare that the United States never could be conquered, and was "too great and powerful to be unjust."

Persons who had heard him express such views thought that the idea of his joining the Sioux was most absurd, and that on the contrary nothing would be more gratifying to the Chippewa than an invitation from the whites to join in a war of extermination against their ancient enemy. Many believed and said that if the Sioux were not exterminated, emigration had received a death blow.

The Sioux Indians, all of whom occupied territory west of the Mississippi, had many grievances. They claimed that they had been robbed of their country and their freedom, that the white man had fooled and cheated them, and was trying to force upon them an alien language and religion. Unfortunately there was truth in their claims. Their land had been taken without fair compensation, and promises made to them had been broken.

Little Crow, the Sioux chief, was a man of great energy and determination. He had an accurate memory and was an eloquent speaker. He was the leading spirit of the pagan Indians, bitterly opposed to all changes in dress or habits of life. He was no friend of missionaries, and clung to the superstitious observances of his fathers. He encouraged the Indians in the prosecution of their bloody war in '62,

while some of the other chiefs would gladly have restrained their warriors from indiscriminate slaughter. When each scalp lock, whether of a murdered child or of a man slain in equal combat, would win an eagle feather for an Indian's headdress, and there were hundreds of young braves eager to win their first feather, it was impossible to restrain them.

In their consideration of what course it would be best to take at Superior, the citizens gave thought mainly to the Chippewa—their character, their history, their dealings with the Government and with the white settlers. They wished to be fair, and above all to avoid any appearance of either suspicion or aggression. At the same time they were agreed that they must be prepared for the worst. While the majority of them did not believe that Superior was in any danger, they thought that a manifestation of ability to defend themselves would be wholesome for the Indians, and would tend to promote peace of mind among the women.

Several plans were suggested, but no decision was arrived at that would lead to immediate action. Some thought that it would be best to wait until they knew what aid Mr. Clarke had been able to procure at Madison. All were agreed that some place of refuge, impregnable to Indian assault and large enough to house all the inhabitants, was a prime necessity. There was no such building in Superior, not even the hotel, and it would require a long time to erect a stockade. They must give further consideration to their problem. In the meantime the orders already in force would be strictly carried out.

It is doubtful if anything they could do would have brought tranquillity to the women. Their minds, gripped by their imagination, would not respond to reasoning or to any show of defense. They saw their

homes in flames, their husbands slain while trying to protect them. They saw themselves fleeing through the forest, their children starving or dying of exhaustion. Every day seemed an age, and every night they went to their beds dreading what dreams might come. News was what they craved most—news from Minnesota, news from Madison, news of the draft.

XLIV.

After several days of consideration and discussion the men of Superior eliminated all plans for the defense of the town except two. One plan was to plank up the warehouses on Quebec pier and make them as nearly fireproof as possible, to serve as places of immediate resort in case of alarm. The other plan was to enclose one square of the town in a stockade with block houses at the angles. Within such an inclosure, if stocked with provisions, it would be possible for the people to remain for a longer period.

It was estimated that the first project would cost eight hundred and fifty dollars, the second twenty-five hundred dollars. The expense of Mr. Clarke's trip to Madison would not be less than two hundred and fifty dollars, as he had to make the journey by steamer both ways, traveling almost the entire length of Lake Superior and Lake Michigan. Since there were no funds on hand, county orders were sold to meet that expense at thirty cents on the dollar, but only seventy dollars was raised in that way. Nobody knew how a larger obligation could be met, but the Committee of Safety decided to incur it. They set about fortifying Quebec pier.

To assuage any fear of immediate attack that such action might arouse, and also to inform the Chippewa that citizens of Superior had full confidence in them, a suggestive and politic statement was published in the *Chronicle*, saying, "The Chippewa of Wisconsin have always been the White man's friends, and are not feared now. We have no question of their fidelity,

and have no doubt that they are in equal and more immediate danger than we."

Work on the warehouses went forward with all speed. As soon as they had been made a safe deposit for property and a refuge for all the citizens, Thomas Clark gave notice to the people that at the tap of the bell by day or by night all women were to betake themselves thither. The women had then something to listen for besides the fiendish war whoops of infuriated Indians.

While Quebec pier was being fortified, the St. Paul newspapers brought a most alarming report in the form of a letter from William Dole, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, to Governor Ramsay of Minnesota. It was written at Fort Ripley on the 11th of September:—

"Dear Sir:—I have been here twelve days endeavoring to effect an amicable arrangement of the troubles with the Chippewa Indians, but regret to say that at the time of writing this I despair of doing so.

"When I arrived, Hole-in-the-Day and a considerable number of his band were encamped at Gull Lake, some thirty miles north of this place. I have sent him repeated messages to come and meet me in council, and had the invitation borne to him by different messengers. For ten days he delayed, evaded, and refused. During this time he was busy gathering and arming his men and warriors, and moved his camp from Gull Lake to within two miles of Crow Wing. On yesterday he finally consented to meet me in council in Crow Wing. Instead of bringing with him thirty or forty of his chiefs and head men, as had been agreed, he brought near 300, all armed, some with guns, others with bows, hatchets, clubs and

knives. One hundred of them advanced to meet us in front; eighty concealed themselves, made a circuit through the woods, and at a signal from the front, suddenly appeared upon and took possession of the road behind us, where they detained and took two white settlers prisoners, and held them until I ordered their release.

"In the council Hole-in-the-Day was bold and impudent, and no result was reached by the conference. It is to be renewed this morning, but I fear a collision will take place. I have sent Capt. Burt's company to the agency, and stationed Capt. Libby's company at Crow Wing. I take another company with me to-day, to attend the council, and so prevent another such trick as occurred yesterday. I request that you send immediately to this place at least three hundred additional troops. I regard the danger of an outbreak as being imminent.

"The Indians in addition to their depredations at Leech Lake, Rabbit Lake, and Otter Tail City are almost daily entering houses and shooting cattle in this region.

"The force that I ask for is needed to protect this fort, the agency and its property, and the frontier settlements.

Yours in haste, Wm. Dole."

The Commissioner's letter produced the same effect in Superior as the news of the massacre at New Ulm. The timid reasoned that if Hole-in-the-Day had gone on the warpath, then Superior, situated between his forces on the west and the numerous bands of Chipewewa on the south and east, could not escape destruction. Calmer and more thoughtful men believed that with more soldiers Mr. Dole could overawe Hole-in-the-Day and bring him to terms. A full week of tor-

turing dread and anxiety elapsed before further news came in the *Pioneer* of September 17th:—

“The Governor and the Commissioners appointed by the Legislature to repair to the Chippewa country to confer with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and make some satisfactory arrangement with the Chippewa, returned last night after an absence of but three days, having settled successfully all questions of complaint, and left the Indians in a more cordial and friendly state of mind than according to the testimony of those longest among them, has existed for many years.

“Nearly all the chiefs, as we learn, were present and signed the Treaty of Perpetual Friendship entered into between the Commissioner and the Mississippi and Pillager, or Leech Lake, bands of Chippewas.”

Such authentic news was most encouraging to the people of Superior, and formed a real basis for hope that they were not in danger. But almost immediately it was offset by news in letters from St. Cloud. Some related that from the country fifty miles back, people were coming into the settlement. They were bringing only their beds and their cattle, and had to be fed by the townspeople. In the country from which they had fled, Indians had murdered whole families, and those atrocities were only a beginning.

Other letters told that the Chippewa would soon join the Sioux, that they trafficked largely with British traders and were subject to powerful influences most unfavorable to the United States. The nervous and excitable in Superior, who were many, felt that their doom was sealed. Hole-in-the-Day had already played one trick on Commissioner Dole. His signing of the treaty of friendship might be only another, under

cover of which he would burn and pillage and slay like the Sioux chief Little Crow.

As more than a fortnight had passed, and Mr. Clarke had not returned from Madison, nor had any word been received from him as to the success of his errand, the Committee of Safety decided to present again to the state government the plight and the needs of Superior. They sent a letter by special messenger to St. Paul to be forwarded at once to Madison, in which they made bold to ask for two companies of soldiers and four pieces of artillery. They explained that since the Chippewa in Minnesota were between Superior and the United States troops in the St. Croix and Mississippi valleys, Superior would be a certain victim of the Indians' anger, should it be excited, and would be utterly defenseless against such a foe. Their letter closed with this strong appeal:—

“It is not the people of this country only who are interested in maintaining the defense of the harbor and bay of Superior. The State has vastly more at stake. The seven thousand Chippewa, embracing twenty-five hundred warriors, if unchecked here will augment their numbers from the region bordering on the northern lakes, will congregate a force here, and under cover of the forest will pour their bands into the St. Croix and Mississippi valleys, lay them waste, make good their retreat, and when pursued retire by the lake to British territory. The abandonment of the Wisconsin harbors on Lake Superior would be but an invitation to the Indian warriors to devastate the northern settlements of this state as they have the western settlements of Minnesota.”

XLV.

Immediately after the attack on New Ulm, Governor Ramsay of Minnesota had sent a request to President Lincoln for an extension of the draft. On August 27th the President telegraphed a characteristic reply:—

“To Governor Alexander Ramsay: Yours received. Attend to the Indians. If the draft cannot proceed, it will not proceed. Necessity knows no law. The Government cannot extend the time.”

News of the exemption in Minnesota had reached Superior, but there was no indication that it applied to any part of Wisconsin. As to their own obligations the citizens of Superior remained in suspense until the 20th of September, when James Ritchie of the draft committee received the announcement that there would be no draft in Douglas county. Several men without families enlisted, but the majority felt that they were serving their country by defending their homes, and a great burden was lifted from the hearts of all the women.

On the same day in September came other welcome news with the return of Mr. Clarke from Madison. He had obtained the promise of two hundred stands of arms and five thousand cartridges, which were to be sent up on the next steamer. Encouraging as Mr. Clarke's assurances were, they were received with some disappointment because the arms had not been sent immediately under his charge, and because there had been no response to the request for soldiers and cannon. The disappointment led to the taking of an

inventory of all the firearms then in Superior. It showed only sixty shotguns, rifles, and pistols, all told.

A full month elapsed before the arms were received, one hundred and ninety-two rifled muskets and five thousand cartridges; but in the meantime the people were kept from sinking into any despondency by the very definite and real assistance of Captain Maurice Samuels, sent by Governor Salomon to visit the border communities and the Chippewa camps and report conditions. Captain Samuels had been a fur trader. He knew the Chippewa well and trusted them. His timely arrival, his uniform, and his arrest of whiskey sellers did much to clear the situation. He agreed with the citizens that they should be provided with artillery, and asked the Governor for a loan of cannon. He also advocated the cutting down of the forest as far back as Tenth street, and the building of two or three block houses.

Although the presence of Captain Samuels, a man invested with authority, combined with a feeling that at last the State was showing a real concern for the welfare of Superior, did much to buoy up the spirits of the inhabitants, and enable them to cast off fear, still it seemed that whenever the bright star of hope appeared above their horizon, a cloud was lurking to obscure it. Hardly had Captain Samuels left, when rumors came that Little Crow and his followers contemplated a war of extermination in the spring, in which they would be joined by all the fierce Indian bands of Dakota. General Sibley was already preparing for a vigorous campaign in Dakota, and General John Pope had been ordered to co-operate with the governors of Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin in protecting the frontier. Several regiments fitting for the front had been detained for that purpose, but the

need for them was so pressing that General Pope was urged to release them.

The people of Superior began to fear that no soldiers would come to them, that winter would close in, isolating them with barriers of ice and snow, insurmountable for escape, but not effective to prevent an Indian attack. They were almost in despair, they saw before them the probability of complete annihilation. Then, in this, their darkest hour, they were notified that paroled prisoners were to take the place of the soldiers released for service at the front, and that General Pope had assigned to Superior a company composed of troops that had been captured the preceding spring at the battle of Shiloh, Company B of the 18th Wisconsin.

Governor Salomon made requisition of warm clothing for those men, and embarked them on the steamer *Sea Bird*. They reached Superior in November, and opportunely, for the Chippewa were then showing signs of restlessness. However, the appearance of sixty armed soldiers, and the knowledge that they were to remain in Superior for the winter, sufficed to overawe the aborigines. The soldiers were quartered in homes and boarding houses, and it is safe to say that never before had any guests, not even Douglas or Sumner, received a more heartfelt welcome.

In the period of uncertainty as to whether any troops whatever would be available for the protection of Superior, the men of the town had conceived the idea of making soldiers of themselves. They organized a military company, giving it the dignified name of The Douglas County Home Guards. Washington Ashton, the young editor of the *Chronicle*, was Captain, Dan Waterman was First Lieutenant, and August Zachau, the carpenter, was Second Lieutenant. There were five sergeants and eight corporals,

of which latter group William Kimball was one, also a drummer and a fifer, and sixty-seven privates.

Most of the eighty-five members were men of English descent, American born, like Thomas Clark and Charles Kimball, but the French Canadian names of Vincent Roy, John LeFevre, and Joseph Cadotte appeared on the rolls, the German names of Sixtus Hoffman, Diedrich Schutte, and August Behrendt, the Irish names of Patrick Carey, Anthony Gallagher, and Jerry Martell, and the Scandinavian names of Lars Lenroot, Johannes Peterson, and Louis Larson. Whatever the land of their birth, they were all Superiorites. They deemed themselves more truly American than any followers of Hole-in-the-Day or Little Crow.

They were so much in earnest that they met for drill three evenings in the week, and kept up their organization during the following winter. They were supplied with arms from the store obtained by Mr. Clarke, and were aided in drill by the soldiers under Lieutenant Curtice. Their show of military activity and the presence of the soldiers were so encouraging to the women that, as the holiday season drew near, they wished to give united expression to their relief and joy. The best means at their command was a bountiful Christmas supper for the soldiers, followed by a dance for everybody in the town.

XLVI.

The winter of '63 was a repetition of the frigid winter of '61, and as before the most intense cold came in February. On the morning of February 1st it was 14° below zero, and grew steadily colder day after day until the mercury stood at 38° below. For a period of six days there was not a moment when the temperature rose above -8°. Always during such periods the air was dry and the sun shone, so that if there were no wind and a man were properly clothed, it was both stimulating and pleasant to be out of doors.

Men kept their feet warm in shoepacks, or leggings and moccasins, first wrapping the feet in squares of old blankets. They wore fur caps with earlaps, and let their beards grow for further protection of the face and throat. A smooth face or one embellished with merely a mustache was a rare sight in winter, while beards short or flowing, chin whiskers, and throat fringes from ear to ear were the rule. The usual outer garment was a coat of buffalo or wolf skin; but as such a coat was cumbersome for traveling on foot, its place was taken by a shorter mackinaw coat and a heavy woolen shawl. Charles Kimball often wore the shawl that his father had worn in Maine. If a northwest wind was blowing during a cold snap, bringing all the bitter chill of Canada into Wisconsin, it was customary for women and children to keep closely indoors, where brisk wood fires kept the rooms comfortable, even though window panes were frosted deep, and sometimes too the plastered walls.

The chief activity in Superior during the late winter and early spring of '63 was the building of a stockade, partly for the proper housing of the soldiers. In its issue of February 14th the *Chronicle* strongly advocated such means of defense:—

“There is considerable stir among the military and also among our citizens, concerning the erection of fortifications at this place. We are glad to perceive that this matter is receiving the consideration it deserves.

“Immediate measures should be taken to erect a system of defences adapted to frontier posts. There is no more exposed point in the Northwest; we are liable to have our communication with the Mississippi cut off at any time, and in case of a foreign war there is no place on the whole frontier so totally at the mercy of an invading foe. We believe that if the proper representations were made at the headquarters of this department, orders would be sent on for the erection of the necessary block houses and stockades.

“In addition there should be barracks built for the accommodation of at least two hundred troops, and that number should be stationed here permanently, at least until the present war is over.”

The War Department was promptly responsive to the needs of Superior, and gave orders for the building of a stockade, the entire expense to be borne by the United States Government, and the labor to be performed by the soldiers. The supervisors of Douglas county engaged Charles Kimball to plan, direct and superintend that work.

For the location of the stockade a level space was selected in the most densely populated part of the town, extending from the bay shore back to Third

street, and lying between Carlton and Walbridge avenues. Three frame buildings were already standing on the land, two occupied by half-breeds and one by Stephen Bungo, an African whose boast it was that he was the first white man born on the site of Superior. Those buildings were retained for the use of the soldiers.

The stockade was to be large enough not only to accommodate the troops, but in addition to furnish a refuge for the entire population of the town in time of danger. Provisions and ammunition for use in case of a siege were to be kept in the inclosure at all times, sufficient to last until reënforcements could be received. The Superior stockade was not to be a temporary makeshift, a mere corral, but a safe shelter for the people, a fort impregnable to Indian attack.

In the construction of the fort as carried out under the direction of Charles Kimball, the first work was the digging of a trench four feet deep to mark the four sides of the square. Poles were then set closely in the trench to a height of twelve feet above the ground, each one sharpened to a point at the top. The poles were logs of cedar, tamarack, and spruce, from eight to twelve inches thick, cut in the neighborhood so as to clear the land as suggested by Captain Samuels.

On the front, or bay side, was an opening of twenty feet, on each side of which the stockade was projected into the bay about thirty yards, thus insuring access to water and a free passage for boats. At each of the farther corners on the land side was a block house of logs, from which the garrison could direct an enfilading fire along all sides except the bay side. Altogether it was a very substantial, bullet-proof structure, strongly resembling its colonial prototype. Several large pines were left standing in the inclosure, as

towers from which to make observation, and a large house, forty feet by sixty, was erected for use as a community house in case of necessity.

The stockade was speedily completed, and in the following June Charles Kimball received from the county for his pay as designer and builder thereof the sum of forty-five dollars, not as compensation for services rendered, not even as a living wage. He built the stockade on honor; he received therefor an honorarium.

During the spring of '63 there was no panic of fear at Superior, but there was anxiety and apprehension. The men were, outwardly at least, composed and calm; but their daily life was ordered as if they were in continual and immediate danger. They did not venture beyond the clearings, they rounded up the cows for milking before sunset. If it was necessary for a timid householder to go out alone after dark, he carried his gun cocked, for every stump suggested a crouching redskin about to spring with whoop and tomahawk. Men who had never used firearms for self protection were equipped with muskets and bayonets, and thus armed they daily and nightly patrolled the streets and approaches in obedience to orders issued by the officer of the day. Every person whose bearing excited suspicion was halted and questioned. Experienced woodsmen scouted the woods in the vicinity of Indian haunts and trails, keenly watching for any significant signs. Communication was maintained with the Sioux country, and runners were on hand to report movements.

Perhaps their watchfulness gave the men assurance of safety, but it was not so with the women. The extensive preparations for defense, the provision for a siege, the order to keep in readiness to enter the stockade when the alarm was sounded, the warning

to outlying dwellers to get into the settlement for protection, the armed guards posted about the stockade and even as far as the Nemadji—all these precautions made the women expect danger and attack, the only uncertainty being the hour of its coming. They were nervous during the day, wakeful at night, tortured by fancies bred of the massacre in Minnesota. Rumors were always in the air, and one day came a report so alarming that a stampede to the stockade was barely averted. Carrie Kimball's fear was so great and her husband's solicitude so constant, that for more than a year, whenever he was obliged to be away from home over night, he engaged a man to stay at the house and keep guard.

Precaution was no less meticulous throughout the settlement, especially in the vicinity of the stockade, where it led to a tragic accident. One evening at dusk a boy of fifteen was coming up from the bay shore near the stockade, carrying a short fishpole in his hand. As the arrangement of his dress made him look somewhat strange, and the fishpole resembled a gun, a soldier on guard called out to him to halt. He did not obey, whereupon the soldier fired, and the boy fell. The young lieutenant who fired the shot went to the boy, and found to his amazement and grief that he had killed a boy whom he knew, one of a family that had shown him friendly kindness in their home. He was so shocked by his terrible mistake that he died soon afterward of a broken heart.

XLVII.

While the people of Superior were building their stockade and maintaining it as a place of refuge, Colonel Sibley and his soldiers were prosecuting a war against the Sioux that would bring them to defeat and submission. The Indians had then about two hundred and fifty white captives, whose lives Colonel Sibley hoped to save. In a single battle at Wood Lake he completely overpowered the Sioux, rescued the captives, and brought the hideous Indian outrages to an end. Little Crow himself sued for peace.

News that the Sioux were effectually quieted was not long in reaching Superior. It brought inexpressible relief. Men shook hands and treated one another. Women wept, and opened their long closed windows. The news came also to the Chippewa, who gradually renewed their visits to the settlement, with the same stolid, harmless demeanor that had been their wont before they were mistrusted and feared.

As there was no longer any need of soldiers at Superior, most of them departed on the *Planet* early in August. Thirteen remained in charge of the post for a few months more, when Lieutenant Curtice sold off the commissary stores, and the stockade was abandoned.

The steamer that took the soldiers away in August brought on its next trip to Superior the piece of artillery that had been applied for the year before. It was a twelve pound brass howitzer, accompanied with one hundred rounds of ammunition, consisting of round shot, shell, and canister. Although the occa-

sion for its use was over, the people could not refrain from firing it. Several times they gratified their desire to see and hear it work. The din and the shivering of glass in the vicinity of the stockade made up in a measure for the lack of a noisy demonstration on the Fourth of July.

In after years, when vivid memories of the Indian uprising came to Carrie Kimball, there also came, with balm to soothe, the memory of one long summer evening. It was the Fourth of July 1863. There had been no demonstration of patriotism, no holiday spirit manifest anywhere in Superior. At sunset the family of Vincent Roy were inspired to do a surprising and beautiful thing. They placed their melodeon on a boat, and rowed up and down the bay singing their French vesper hymns. They knew no national songs, so they sang the hymns again and again in the golden twilight, until the stars came out and night fell.

Charles and Carrie took their children to the shore and sat there listening to the music, now faint in the distance and then swelling sweet and clear as the boat came down the bay. All the people were still, as if receiving the very blessing of heaven. It was an experience that could come only once in a lifetime, but having come it could never be forgotten.

The summer of '63 brought another treasured day to Carrie. It was a few days before her wedding anniversary that the soldiers left Superior, so Charles proposed that they celebrate both their day and their deliverance from fear. Should they have a merry gathering of the Kimballs, including William and his bride, who had already become the children's adored Aunt Jennie, or should they go to some pleasant place where they would be alone?

They decided that if the day were fair they would

spend it on Minnesota point, with Lake Superior before them, which Carrie had not seen for a long year. The day was perfect. Charles put a low rocking chair and cushions in the boat for Carrie, a blanket and playthings for the children, and a new story book, *Which; the Right or the Left?* that he liked to hear Carrie read aloud. They had a picnic dinner of baked potatoes, beefsteak that Charles broiled on the shore, and huckleberries gathered on the point.

In the afternoon, while the children were asleep, Charles lay on the warm sand at Carrie's feet and they talked of the lake. It was deep blue like the sky, but different, for its surface seemed to be throbbing with life. At the shore the long, low waves were transparent as crystal. They talked of how it had built up the point ages before, and of how it had worn away the sandstone cliffs to make the Pictured Rocks.

Carrie said, "But I cannot think of it as creating. It seems to me to be always destroying. When the waves are high, they rush in as if they meant to devour. To-day it is lovely, entrancing. The murmur of those little lapping waves is sweeter than music. Tomorrow it may be gray and dark, its huge waves breaking with an angry roar. You have told me many times, Charlie, that it is a blessing to this region, a blessing to mankind; but what a toll it takes for all it gives, the wrecked ships, the human lives."

Then they talked of Mantheno. After a silence Charles stood and looked long at the lake. Turning, he said, "Carrie, in spite of all it takes, it means more to me than anything else in the world but you."

Charles was obliged to be away from home a good deal during the rest of August, for most of his work was county work far from the settlement. With a crew of men he repaired the military road from Su-

perior west to the Minnesota boundary, and he built a bridge on the road south to the St. Croix. He also spent some time at his copper mine on the Black river. Rich specimens had recently been taken out on the South Range, which seemed a sure guaranty of early progress in copper mining in that district. He engaged Thomas Clark to make plans and profiles showing fully the force and extent of mineral veins and deposits on his locations.

He procured those drawings at the request of a speculator with whom he had become acquainted, Dr. A. W. Hanchett of Hancock, Michigan, and Cincinnati, Ohio. In '62 he had offered Charles two thousand five hundred dollars for one hundred and sixty acres of mineral land, which had been refused. He had now written from Hancock that he was in close touch with a number of wealthy and influential citizens of Chicago, Cincinnati, and Philadelphia, all of whom were anxious to secure an interest in some mining company at the head of the lake. Charles knew that their anxiety was due to the fact that the demand for copper during the War had so stimulated its production that the price had risen from twelve or thirteen cents a pound to fifty cents. Dr. Hanchett desired Charles to effect the necessary explorations to admit of examination of his lands as soon as possible.

Mr. Clark's plans and profiles were sent to him, and the value of the lands, two hundred and sixty acres in all, was set at fifty thousand dollars. Dr. Hanchett replied that he regretted that Mr. Kimball esteemed his lands of such extraordinary value, for he felt sure they could not be disposed of at that figure. He made an offer of twelve thousand dollars for three quarter sections, but that offer did not lead to a sale.

To Charles Kimball it was not merely the copper

in his mine that gave it value. His personal relation to it, the place it had occupied in his thought, his imagination, in that inner life of his that nobody shared—such intangible things made him loth to part with it at any price. How eagerly he had pored over Owen's Report, learning how to interpret the surface of the earth, how to determine the nature and value of its outcroppings. With what zest he had gone into the wilderness time after time, tramping through the solitary places, his mind intent, his eye keen, to discover indications of precious ore. How many nights he had lain down in his blanket under the stars to dream of rich treasure that the next day's search might reveal.

After he had begun operations on his Black river mine, how he had planned for transportation of his ore to Cleveland and Buffalo, how he had visioned a future when smelting works should stand on Superior bay, a pillar of fire by night, a pillar of cloud by day. When hopes were brightest, how joyous had been his elation. When hopes were frustrated, how sore had been his disappointment. But he had never despaired. Without meaning it, without knowing it, he was demonstrating the truth of Stevenson's line, "To travel hopefully is better than to arrive." Deep in his heart he was glad that the wealthy citizens of three metropolises had not chosen to pay him fifty thousand dollars for his mine.

On the fifteenth of September a second son was born to Charles and Carrie Kimball. There was no debate, no difference of opinion as to what his name should be. At first sight of her youngest grandson, Mary Kimball expressed her wish in the question, "Would you think of naming him Mantheno?" Carrie was glad that she could answer, "Charlie and I have thought of no other name." The baby was chris-

tened Mantheno Crosby, the second name given in memory of Carrie's dearest friend at Hampden.

XLVIII.

For a year past the concern of Superior folk had been so concentrated on their own plight, the immediate danger of Indian attack, the maintenance of adequate defense, that the War between the States had been for most a minor consideration. They had all rejoiced over the victory at Gettysburg and General Grant's successful campaign around Vicksburg. It seemed to them that the South must soon own itself defeated.

When exemption from the draft had come to the northern counties of Wisconsin, the people of Superior had thought it final. Now there appeared a likelihood that it might be operative again. On the 17th of October President Lincoln issued a "New Call for Men":—

"Whereas the terms of service of part of the volunteer forces of the United States will expire during the coming year; and whereas in addition to the men raised by the present draft, it is deemed expedient to call out 300,000 volunteers to serve for three years or the war—not, however, exceeding three years.

"Now therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States and Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy thereof; and of the militia of the several states when called into actual service, do issue this my proclamation, calling upon the Governors of the different States to raise and have enlisted into the United States service for the various companies and regiments

in the field from their respective states, their quotas of 300,000 men.

"I further proclaim that all volunteers thus called out and duly enlisted shall receive advance pay, premium, and bounty, as heretofore communicated to the Governors of States by the War Department.

"I further proclaim that all volunteers received under this call, as well as all others not heretofore credited shall be duly credited and deducted from the quotas established for the next draft.

"By issuing this proclamation I address myself not only to the Governors of the several States but also to the good and loyal people thereof, invoking them to lend their cheerful, willing, and effective aid to the measures thus adopted, with a view to reinforce our victorious armies now in the field, and bring our needful military operations to a prosperous end, thus closing forever the fountains of sedition and civil war."

The people of Superior read this proclamation with troubled hearts. Three hundred thousand volunteers! If they were not forthcoming, the Government would be obliged to resort to the draft, and Douglas county would be obliged to furnish its quota. They could only wait and abide the turn of events, hoping that before another spring the army would be disbanded.

That hope was a common hope, for to a remarkable degree the people of Superior were as one. Among the four hundred inhabitants there were no cliques in the sense that any groups of kindred souls held themselves aloof from others not so congenial. Naturally the French Canadians had a strong bond of union, likewise the Scandinavians, and the Americans who had migrated from New England. There was also a distinct group of Presbyterians, another of

Episcopalians. But a common danger and a common defense had united all groups as members of a larger body, the citizens of Superior.

They had many qualities in common, for those who had remained during the panic, the War, and the Indian scare were all true pioneers. They were emotional and enthusiastic, thrilled by dreams and hopes, confident of the future. They were interested in one another, neighborly, adapted to community life, willing to lend or to give, ready to help in sickness or misfortune. They had initiative. They were resourceful. They were not scornful of luxuries, but they could be happy without them.

The Americans especially, well-educated, refined, and competent, were gifted in the art of living well on small means, and none of them were inclined to live for themselves alone. There was one family, however, that did more than any other to promote community life and make it profitable and enjoyable—the Gates family. Mr. Irvine Gates, who had been a schoolteacher, organized in troublous times a literary society that continued to meet one evening in each week. The programme was a debate or a lecture on some question or topic of the day, and was always presented by home talent. On only one occasion did Charles Kimball muster courage to furnish the programme. At that time, even to isolated Superior accounts had come of explorations by David Livingstone in South Africa. Such a life as his, with the missionary activities omitted, had a strong appeal for Charles, and he had obtained Livingstone's book relating his discovery of Lake Ngami. With no comment of his own he read selections from that book to the members of the literary society.

But although Charles Kimball could neither argue nor exhort nor instruct in public, he could neverthe-

less go from the literary meeting to a bowling alley near by, and knock down ten pins at a shot. He bowled because he liked the game and had mastered it; he attended all the lectures and debates because he was glad to learn from any source and on any subject.

It was more than a year since he had indulged in his favorite sport of hunting, so he planned to go deer hunting during the holiday season if conditions were favorable. The autumn was long and mild. December brought only a light snowfall, but the nights had been cold enough for good ice to form on the bay and the rivers. Christmas Day was delightful, and happiness reigned in the Kimball home. The children were introduced to Mother Goose, and for the first time heard their mother read Moore's thrilling tale of the Night before Christmas.

In the following days, there being no indications of storm or of any decided change in temperature, Charles made arrangements with Dan Waterman and John Wallen to leave home on the 29th and go up the Nemadji on the ice to woods where they had hunted deer successfully before. Intending to be gone only two nights, they had nothing but their blankets and a few provisions to carry in their packs, and expected to make quick time traveling. They took a sled with them on which to bring home their game.

Charles had engaged one of his road crew to stay at the house, and told Carrie to look for him before nightfall on the 31st. They would spend New Year's Day together and have roast venison for dinner.

XLIX.

On the 30th of December the sun set in a golden glow that filled the western sky. The air was so still that it seemed as if the very earth were holding its breath in awe before the splendor and the mystery of the sun's withdrawal.

The next morning no one was surprised to find the temperature below zero. As Carrie thought of Charlie walking home on the ice of the river, she was thankful that it was not snowing, and that he was not facing a biting wind. Mid afternoon passed, the sun sank low, and he had not come. Twilight came and went, it began to grow dark, and still he had not come. She became anxious, for there was nothing to impede traveling on such a day unless some accident had happened. Night fell. She listened in vain for his quick step, his cheering call.

She tried to put away fear of accident, reasoning with herself that Charlie was always careful, that nothing ever had happened to him amiss, and that he had often traveled when it was bitter cold. The man at the house was not alarmed, and assured her that the hunters had merely prolonged their sport and would be home next day. She sat up late to keep the fire burning, and when she went to bed it was long before she slept.

At dawn Carrie woke with the feeling that the house was besieged. In a moment she realized that the wind was blowing a gale from the northwest, rattling the shutters, shrieking round the corners of the house, as if in spiteful rage to tear it down. She perceived that it was intensely cold, but she did not sus-

pect that it was the coldest morning ever known at Superior, forty degrees below zero.

Her thought flew to Charlie. How had he spent the night? What shelter had he found in the forest? How would he make his way home against such blasts as shook the house? It was New Year's Day. How could she make it a happy holiday for the children with their father gone? She dreaded what the day might bring, what suffering, what news, what anguish. Nothing was farther from her thought than what actually befell—that she herself would go forth into that awful cold and meet as best she could that searching wind.

She wondered why the man had not built the fires, why she did not hear him stirring. She went to call him, and found that he was ill, unable to rise. He asked her to look in his bag for medicine. The bottle was empty. He was in great pain and must have relief.

It was a dire situation to confront a woman, but Carrie did not flinch. She built the fires, got breakfast for the children, and then made ready to go to Dr. Hohle's drug store for the medicine that the man said would make him well. She put on leggings, arctics, a quilted hood, shawls, mittens, and her furs, but when she opened the door and the wind smote her forehead with pain, she wondered if she could hold out to reach the store only a few blocks away.

It seemed to her that her wraps counted for nothing. She had to hold her muff to her face lest her eyelids should freeze shut. She kept on, got the medicine, and hastened back, thinking that Charlie was no doubt frozen to death somewhere in the woods, and that she had no way of getting word to Joseph or William.

When she reached home she was chilled to the mar-

row of her bones. She drank hot ginger tea and sat close to the stove, but she could not get warm. And she was almost beside herself with anxiety. The children saw tears on her cheeks and came to her chair. Then she resolved to bestir herself for their sakes.

On the day before she had made plans for the New Year's dinner, so she set about preparing it with the venison left out, and let the children play at helping her. With their father's place at the table empty, they became more keenly aware of his absence, and after dinner they kept asking when Papa would come. Again and again Carrie replied, "Mamma doesn't know." Finally, in desperate mood, she said, "He is almost home now. He is running to get here soon."

She did not believe her words; but fate was kind, she had told the truth. In less than an hour Charles arrived, drawing the sled on which was bound a large deer.

He was not frozen, neither his hands nor his feet, and his companions too were unharmed by their long exposure. Their pace had been a dog trot most of the way, and every half hour they had changed off drawing the sled, so that always two of them could swing their arms to keep the blood circulating. But Charles's beard was a solid mass of ice formed of the moisture in his breath. He sat before the stove to thaw his beard in a basin of warm water, while the children stood in wonder at his knees, the baby cooed in its cradle, and Carrie opened a can of cove oysters to make him a hot oyster stew.

In the room where they were gathered, the frost on the window panes was half an inch thick, and the one outside wall was covered with crystals that sparkled in the lamplight like diamonds or stars. As soon as the discomfort of a frozen beard was re-

moved, and he had been refreshed by warm food, Charles told his story.

L.

Their first night out the hunters spent at a shanty in the woods, in front of which was a clearing large enough to permit of a fire. Their plan was to hunt all the next day, keeping an eye out for deer but getting whatever game they could find. So little snow had fallen that the ground in the woods was almost bare and held no tracks. The only game they secured was two squirrels, which they cooked for their supper.

The next morning they debated as to whether they would go home empty handed or try another forest a little farther up the river, where the trees were not so thick. They all wished to extend the hunt, so they took another chance, hoping that they might have luck early in the day and get home before night. They separated, having decided on a rendezvous at noon.

Waterman came upon tracks, followed them, and killed a fine buck. Charles shot a rabbit, and Wallen a squirrel. They had to go after the deer with the sled, and by the time they had it securely loaded it was three o'clock and growing colder, so they went back to the shanty for another night. They kept the fire burning, taking turns at watching, and set out for home at sunrise. They would have arrived earlier, but twice on the way they had thought best to build a fire and make tea. Waterman was a bachelor and therefore irresponsible as to the time of his return, but Wallen and Charles knew that their wives would be anxious, and regretted it.

Charles had no reason to think that Carrie would have occasion to leave the house, and when he learned that she had been exposed to that terrific cold, he

reproached himself as the direct cause. He should have persuaded his comrades to give up the chase, or he should have come home to his family even if they had chosen to stay.

It soon became known that the cold wave was not confined to the north, but had swept over the entire state. Ann Libby wrote to Carrie from Vinland that the oldest resident of Winnebago county, Robert Grignon, the lieutenant to whom Black Hawk surrendered in 1832, froze to death in the night while traveling from Oshkosh to his home at Buttes des Morts.

On the morning after New Year's Day Carrie woke with a sore throat. It did not yield to treatment for several days, and was succeeded by a cough. Before that was overcome she was aware of a sharp, intermittent pain in her right knee. She used liniment, but the pain persisted. Soon the knee was swollen and inflamed, the pain was constant and severe. She kept about as long as she could, but had to succumb at last and go to bed, suffering from an acute attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

For six weeks she could not rise, and was not for a moment free from intense pain. There was no physician in Superior except Dr. Hohle the druggist. He did the best he knew how, but instead of giving her the medicine that her system needed he relied wholly on local treatment. He even resorted to cupping, using a scarificator, and further tortured his helpless patient by blistering the swollen knee with cantharides. Such painful, heroic remedies did not effect a cure. The inflammation was finally reduced by applications of ice water, but the result of unskillful treatment was a permanent stiffness of the knee joint. When Carrie began to walk again, it was by the aid of crutches.

It would be hard to say which suffered more that

winter, Carrie or Charles. Carrie's pain was all physical. She had a good nurse, the children were not neglected, Charles was at home, and she had nothing to worry about. With Charles it was the reverse. He was in good health, but had to endure the pangs of remorse and self reproach. He could not be persuaded that Carrie's illness was not entirely his fault. If she had not taken cold on New Year's Day, she would have been spared all those weeks of pain. If he had been at home as he promised to be, she would not have had to expose herself to that awful wind. Why had he stayed away one day longer? It was thoughtless, it was selfish. He could never atone for it, and perhaps she would suffer for it all her life.

Carrie did not reproach him. On the contrary she held him blameless. She insisted that they were the victims of a train of circumstances that no one could have foreseen. They were not to blame for the cold or for the man's illness. The circumstances befell, not due to any act of human will, but to forces beyond human control, perhaps beyond divine control. Carrie laid no blame on a Supreme Being, neither did she regard her suffering as a chastisement. She looked on the bright side, for she was better and stronger as time passed, and she cherished a belief that a surgeon in St. Paul might cure her lameness. Charles did not share her hope. Daily her patience and her cheerfulness wrung his heart.

Some of Carrie's cheerfulness was assumed. She had a cause of anxiety about which she said little, though she felt its presence always, like a load that could not be laid down. It was the draft. The dreaded conscription act had come.

It provided that "every volunteer accepted and mustered into the service for a term of one year, unless sooner discharged, shall receive a bounty of \$100,

and if for two years \$200, and if for three years \$300, one third at time of being mustered, one third at expiration of one half the time, and one third at expiration of his term, and in case of his death while in service the residue shall be paid to his widow if any, or to his children if any, or to his mother if she is a widow."

Carrie thought that those provisions, with their implication of three years more of war and of death while in service, would not appeal to many men as an inducement to enlist. But if there were not sufficient volunteers then men would be compelled to serve, and if intelligence and physical fitness were made the basis of selection then her Charlie would be the first man chosen in Superior.

The long list of men in Douglas county subject to draft was published early in March. As Carrie read it she could think of very few whose names were omitted. Almost every man in Superior was of military age and fit for military service.

The quota assigned to the county was seventeen. In the preceding November four men had commuted by paying each three hundred dollars. In the spring the situation was this: the Government would proceed to draft thirteen men unless the sum of three thousand nine hundred dollars was forthcoming in lieu of their service. In April nine of the thirteen commuted, among them both Charles and William Kimball. They honestly believed that three hundred dollars would be as great an aid to the cause as their service in the field. As that belief was the prevailing opinion of the community, the remaining twelve hundred dollars was made up by contributions from many individuals. No soldiers were conscripted at Superior during any period of the War. All those who joined the army were volunteers.

LI.

During the weeks when Carrie was confined to her bed, her little daughter had been entertained, to her own great delight, at the home of her Uncle William, where Aunt Jennie had made of her a companion as well as a pet. Willie had been lonely without his playmate. He missed their games of make-believe, their impersonations of Little Red Riding Hood and Goody Two Shoes. And he missed his sister's presence at his side when he knelt alone by his mother's bed in the light of a shaded lamp, to pray the Lord his soul to keep.

On the day that Lillie came home the two were given a lunch of milk and caraway cookies to eat at their little table. Willie began at once to assume the role of host. Lillie was politely responsive as a guest until he said what he had heard the nurse say in persuasive tone to his mother, "Won't you have a glass of wine, Lillie?" Then she broke the spell with a dignified reproof, "Seems to me you're acting silly."

Their mother heard, and knew that her sensitive son was hurt by his sister's rebuff. He was so delighted to have her at home again that he had carried make-believe to the height of absurdity, and at the very moment when she was bent on impressing him with her recent association on equal terms with grown up people, who lived in a world of things as they are. It showed Carrie how dreary the winter must have been for Willie. It increased her longing to get well so that again she might devote herself to her children.

With the burden of uncertainty and fear as to the outcome of the draft lifted from her heart, and with

daily encouragement given by the advance of spring, Carrie rallied all her forces in constant endeavor to resume her usual activities. At first the crutches had been abhorrent to her, and she had used them as little as possible, sitting in her chair most of the time to read or sew, with the baby's cradle at her side. Now she looked upon them as her good friends, and went about the house more and more, and with less fatigue. To interest the children and forestall their pity, she named the crutches "upright" and "downright." She tied a ribbon round each, leading Willie to suggest blue for upright because it was the color of the sky "up above the world so high," and green for downright because it was the color of grass down below.

The spring, often belated at Superior, delayed by fog and north winds, came all of a sudden in the last week of April, and was followed by no serious setback. The ice in the bay broke up into huge cakes, which the children watched from the kitchen windows, floating, racing, toward the Entry. The balm of Gilead tree in the front yard put forth its glossy buds, which Willie discovered to be engagingly sticky to the fingers and pungent to the tongue. The time was at hand to make the garden. Carrie sat in the sunshine holding little Mantheno, while Charles shaped the beds and directed the children in the planting. Each of them had also a shallow box, filled with earth that they had pulverized, in which they planted various seeds, whose sprouts they were allowed to pull up week by week and examine.

In May, when he was six years old, Willie enjoyed the distinction of being enrolled as a scholar in Miss Jennie Clark's primary school. Carrie made herself responsible for perfect lessons. Willie's reading from a primer with a picture on each page such delightful stories as "Ann has a goat. The goat can draw a

cart," made Lillie eager to go to school with him. To thwart untimely ambition and yet gratify a desire for knowledge, Carrie taught her some things that Willie did not know, how to count to ten in both English and French. Such instruction led her to use *Mademoiselle* for her daughter's pet name, which soon supplanted any other.

When Lillie displayed her knowledge to August Behrendt, the genial proprietor of a boarding house and saloon in the neighborhood, he added to her linguistic attainments by teaching her to count in German. To know something of French and German and be totally ignorant of the finest language in the world was intolerable to another neighbor, John Jones, who proceeded to teach her the Welsh names for her thumb and four fingers. It seemed as if there were no peculiarity of speech that she could not imitate and remember. When, after one month in school, Willie was promoted to the First Reader class, Carrie looked to the future and pictured her children as intellectual prodigies.

Charles was at home all that spring and at his wife's service from morning to night. He was cheerful for her sake, and yet he did not feel her relief as to the working out of the draft. He felt that perhaps more than any other man in Superior he was constrained by circumstances to commute, but he was troubled by doubt as to whether he had done right. Conscience faced him with the fact that not since the beginning of the War had he made any voluntary personal sacrifice for his country.

In the beginning he had thought the War unnecessary, that statesmen should have found a way by compromise or conciliation to avert it. After it came he saw clearly that the preservation of the Union was more important than the perpetuation of negro slavery

in the South. He saw further that having thus arrayed himself on the side of the North, he was in honor bound to do his part in winning the war. The persistent, disturbing question was, What is my part?

In '62 he was sure that his duty as a frontiersman was, as President Lincoln had expressed it, to attend to the Indians. The Government had now established a contribution of three hundred dollars in money as equivalent to one man's service as a soldier. It had been no sacrifice for him to make that contribution. Therein lay the reason for his anxiety. No amount of money without soldiers could win the war. Was it fair then for him to be at home safe, preserving his earning power for the future, when thousands of other men were in hourly danger of sudden death, or of being rendered by loss of limbs incapable of supporting their families?

Once by a flash of insight it came over him that his doubt and uncertainty were due to a desire to be a soldier and not to a conviction that he ought to be, that if he should follow his bent he would join the army instead of remaining with his wife and children. He imagined himself as a soldier under General Meade, as captain of a company, colonel of a regiment. He saw himself leading men into action, shooting rebels, taking prisoners, capturing a fort, winning praise from Meade, under whom he had worked in the survey of Superior harbor. Would Meade remember?

After contemplation of such pleasing but forbidden pictures he thought of Carrie, whom he had brought to Superior, of how willingly she had come far from her father's home, how happy she had made him, how disappointed she must have been when the panic blighted the settlement, and what reason she had for hatred of its climate. It made him ashamed of his

longing to be a soldier. It was vanity, not patriotism, that prompted it. If he should join the army he would not deserve the name of soldier. He would be in truth a base deserter.

One day late in May, when he made his weekly call on his mother, she showed him a letter from her son John, in which he reported that he had not yet been either wounded or taken prisoner. They rejoiced at his continued well-being, and Charles praised him for giving up three years of his life to his country's service.

Mary said with a sigh, "Yes, John is the only one of my five sons who has done his part."

"But, Mother, a man can do his part in other ways than by carrying a gun. The soldiers must have food. James is safe in Minnesota, raising wheat. But his wheat furnishes bread to feed the soldiers. John was free to go. He had no obligations that were binding on him. Would you send William or Joseph or me to the front?"

"Yes, all of you, if it was the Lord's will. Your father fought in the War of 1812. Your grandfather and your great grandfather fought in the Revolutionary War."

"They were young men, Mother. They had no responsibility for the support and protection of wife and children. Besides, the Government must have money to carry on the War as well as men. Perhaps the money that we paid is of more real assistance than we could be in the field. Why, I didn't know you were so warlike. I believe that you would be going as a nurse if you were thirty years younger."

"Yes, I would. But then, how could I get away? I have to be here to keep house for Joseph."

Charles laughed. "You are in the same boat with William and me. Your duty to Joseph is paramount.

Don't you see, Mother, that duty, necessity, constrains me to stay with Carrie, and William to stay with Jane? Who would care for them if we should join the army?"

"The Bible says the Lord will provide."

"Not any sooner for my family than for Joseph. Was the Lord neglectful when the women and children of New Ulm were not provided for? Or when we were short of food here in the winter of '56? No, Mother, the Lord is not a provider. He sustains the spirit but not the body."

On his way home Charles pondered on his mother's words. He did not resent them, he was somewhat amused at the effect they had on him. If she had condoled with him, commended him for self sacrifice in staying at home instead of joining the army, he would have been offended at the implication that it was any sacrifice on his part to stay with his wife and children. To prove that he was entirely unconstrained, he would have felt like enlisting at once. Her surprising attitude that he ought to be in the War, entrusting the care of his family to the Lord, roused just the opposite feeling, confirming him in the belief that the duty that lay nearest him was the care of his family, not merely during the exigencies of the war but always. In that certainty, for the moment his heart was lighter than it had been for many a day.

LII.

As soon as the weather permitted, Charles resumed his usual line of outdoor construction work. He rebuilt a bridge on the military road that had gone to pieces in the spring thaw and freshet, coming home on horseback every evening instead of tenting with his crew. The early morning ride of several miles, when the silence was broken only by the caroling of birds, put him so completely in tune with the day's work and the present, that he was unmindful of either past error or future mischance. Another piece of work by which he eased his mind and promoted the general welfare was the releasing and repairing of the ferry boat operated on the Nemadji, which had gone aground during the high water of early spring and suffered damage.

He was most contented while at work, for interest in his work kept him from introspection, while association with other men who apparently felt no pricks of conscience because they were doing civilian duty instead of military, helped to dissipate his own doubts for the time being. Still it befell that in one way or another he was continually reminded of his negative response when President Lincoln made his appeal to the "good and loyal people" of the United States.

One such reminder emanated from the far away state of his birth. Early in June Carrie received a letter from her sister in Maine, written expressly to tell her that their brother Daniel, although he had not yet reached the age of seventeen, had enlisted as a volunteer for a term of three years. What was even more extraordinary was the news that two days after

Daniel had been mustered into service, their father, wrought up to desperation by anxiety for his son, had himself enlisted in the same regiment. Strict Puritan though he was, he had not scrupled to give his age as forty-four instead of fifty-six. At the time of writing, Daniel was in the South and had not been heard from. Jonathan Howe had been defeated of his purpose to share the fortunes of war with his son, for he was taken seriously ill before the regiment left Augusta. His wife had gone to nurse him, and had brought him home after his discharge for disability.

Charles could not help admiring the older man's pluck, his quick obedience to a summons from the very heart of him, but he thought him foolhardy, and also deluded in entertaining the idea that he could be any protection to his son. Carrie agreed with him, but she did not wonder at her father's action, for Daniel was his idol. From the time that he was able to walk, his father had kept him almost continually in his sight, often taking him to the field where he was ploughing or to the lot where he was making hay. He almost never went to town without Daniel on the horse before him or sitting on the high seat of the wagon at his side.

Carrie thought her brother very brave and noble for going to war when he was only a boy, for risking his life when it was all before him. She had not seen him for seven years, but she knew him to be high-spirited and venturesome. In battle he would not be afraid, nor would he be cautious. She was much concerned for his safety. Charles was not surprised that a youth like Daniel living on a small farm in Maine should succumb to the lure in the glamour and glory of war, even to defying his father's wishes. Whatever the future might have in store for him, Daniel could feel that when he was tried in the balance he

had not been found wanting. For a space Charles could not decide whether he or the boy had chosen the better part, whether in such a choice there should be any thought of worse or better.

Soon after Carrie received the disquieting news of her family in Maine, it befell that a letter came to Charles from Dr. Hanchett, who was then living in St. Paul. He wrote that he had been approached by the Governor of Minnesota to make a geological survey of the north shore of Lake Superior from the St. Louis to the Pigeon river, that fifteen hundred dollars had been appropriated for the purpose, that he wished to have a crew of four men who were familiar with the north shore, and would be glad to confer with Charles in regard to his being one of the party.

When Charles read the letter to Carrie, she urged him to accept, assuring him that it would be easy for her to get along without him in the summer, for she was daily improving in health, and her housekeeper was in every way competent and reliable. It would do him good to get away from Superior and news of the War. The change of work and scene would make the trip a real vacation. Charles knew that it would, that if his spirit needed restoring, it could be healed by communion with the rocks and the rivers on the shore of the lake that was part of his being.

He decided to go to St. Paul to confer with Dr. Hanchett, and while there to consult a surgeon in regard to Carrie's stiff knee. It was not an errand that he wished to undertake, for he felt almost certain that surgery would not avail in her case, and he was loth to deprive her of hope. At the same time he would not neglect any possible means of curing her lameness.

During the eleven years that had elapsed since the first promoters of Superior made the overland journey

from St. Paul, in canoes where rivers were navigable, on foot where portage was necessary, through forests and swamps, over hills, in regions trackless and toilsome, there had been a slow but constant development in the mode of travel between the capital of Minnesota and the settlement at the head of the lake. The military road put through by the Government had been kept up and improved. Travel on horseback and by ox-team had been superseded by the stage-coach. In 1864, however, conditions had not improved to such an extent that the trip of one hundred and sixty miles could be maintained on schedule time. It took from four days to seven, the time depending on the season and the weather.

In the month of June Charles Kimball made the one way trip in five days. Night and day he sat in a heavy Concord coach ten feet high, drawn by four horses over corduroy roads such as he himself had laid. Stops were made at fourteen stations on the route, at each of which there was a change of horses, also an opportunity for passengers weary and stiff to walk about for exercise and to refresh themselves with a warm meal. Even with those half hours of relaxation, Charles would have found the trip extremely fatiguing if he had not stopped off at Willow River for one good night's rest.

LIII.

At his conference with Dr. Hanchett it became evident to Charles that in addition to ascertaining the true geological character of the mineral territory within the state of Minnesota bordering on the lake, and determining accurately the vein and deposit phenomena of the same, Dr. Hanchett had a secondary purpose of his own. He wished to secure definite information for a group of capitalists who intended locating a large tract of land, developing it partially, and then selling it in smaller tracts for mining purposes. He had been seeking therefore for an experienced geologist who already knew something of the mineral resources of the region, and had succeeded in engaging Thomas Clark of Superior.

Charles was more than ever pleased with the proposed expedition, since it would bring him again into close association with a fellow townsman for whom he felt great respect and sincere affection. He agreed to be one of the party, and to procure at Superior the necessary outfit for the cruise.

Before Charles left Dr. Hanchett's office, a gentleman entered who was introduced as Mr. P. P. Wintermute of St. Paul, a brother-in-law of James Stinson, one of the Proprietors of Superior. He joined in the conversation, revealing that he was to be a member of Dr. Hanchett's party, that he had studied Owen's Report, and was interested in mining. Charles inferred that he was one of the capitalists desirous of securing a large tract of mineral land for development and sale. He was so friendly and affable, and seemed so much at home in St. Paul that Charles asked him

to recommend a skillful surgeon. He named several, among whom both he and Dr. Hanchett thought Dr. J. H. Stewart the most eminent and able. He accompanied Charles to Dr. Stewart's office.

The result of his consultation was in all but one particular what Charles had expected. Dr. Stewart told him that the pain from which his wife had suffered was not ordinary rheumatism, but was due to inflammation of the synovial membrane in the knee joint, that the membrane had ceased to function and could not be restored, hence the knee was permanently stiffened. He said, however, that a fitted brace would afford support to the limb and enable her to walk without crutches and with only a slight limp.

Charles was glad that he could take to Carrie that much of encouragement. He knew that she would submit to the inevitable with no outward complaint or repining. What her disappointment would be he could estimate only by imagining what a similar affliction would bring to him. He thought again of that bitter cold New Year's morning and her exposure. Was there deep in her heart any accusation of neglect on his part? If there were, she would never acknowledge it. But was it there? Would it be the little rift within the lute that would mar the sweet harmony of their life together? Or could he overcome it by increased devotion? He would try. His resolve was a prayer.

There was another and happier errand for Charles to perform before leaving St. Paul. He must not go home without sugar-plums and other goodies for the children. He bought also a drum for Willie, and tried the drumsticks to see whether he were still competent to teach a tattoo to his son. For Lillie he bought a purse of cut steel and mother-of-pearl, fitted with tiny pockets of crimson silk to accommodate silver three-

cent pieces and folded shinplasters. Carrie's gift was a parlor lamp furnished with a globe of etched glass, the bowl surrounded with dangling prisms. While the lamp was being safely packed in his portmanteau, he called on the jeweler who had made Carrie's wedding ring, and then took the afternoon stage for the long journey home.

It was hard for Charles to tell Carrie what Dr. Stewart had said about her knee. It seemed incredible to her that for the rest of her life she must submit to a physical handicap. But there was real comfort in the assurance that she could sometime discard the crutches. Charles told her that as soon as she could undertake the journey they would go to St. Paul to have a brace fitted. She began at once to set her right foot on the floor, and in a few weeks could walk about the house by pushing a chair before her. They were both greatly encouraged, and planned to go to St. Paul in September.

While Charles was out of town it had been announced that the Fourth of July would be celebrated in Superior by a community picnic on Minnesota point. As it would be impossible for Carrie to cross the bay, and the children would therefore miss the pleasure, she tried to think of some festivity that she could provide for them at home. She decided on a children's party to be held on the Saturday before the Fourth. Furthermore it was to be a patriotic party. Mademoiselle was to wear white with a blue sash, and Willie was to have a suit of red, white and blue. She made for him a little jacket of blue that opened to show the dainty frills of a white blouse, knee trousers of red merino, and a black velvet soldier cap. She also made an American flag, turning the edges of the small white stars and hemming them down on the field of blue flannel.

That Saturday was a gala day for the little children of Superior. The memorable features of the soldier party, as Willie called it, were a drill, a parade, and a supper. With the help of two older girls Charles arranged the little ones in ranks on the lawn, each carrying a furled flag for a gun, and put them through the motions that they had seen the soldiers make in the stockade. Then he formed them in line on the sidewalk, Willie at the head beating his drum, and the others waving their flags. He let them march as far as August Behrendt's, where they were applauded, and presented with lumps of loaf sugar. The final scene was the supper, which began with sandwiches and ended with floating island and strawberry tarts.

In the evening, after talk of the children's happiness, Charles surprised Carrie with a present that he had procured for her in St. Paul. For several years she had worn her hair rolled back from her face and hanging in soft natural curls, but during her illness the curls had been cut off. As it was fashionable to wear bracelets, brooches, and even rings made of human hair, Charles had taken one of her curls to a jeweler in St. Paul to be made into a bracelet. It had come by mail that morning. It was so elastic that it slipped over the hand, but for adornment it was provided with a gold clasp to which was attached a gold heart. As Charles gave it to her he said, "When we are old and gray, this will bear witness to the glory that once was yours."

Carrie tried the bracelet on, then put it in the little box, saying, "This is the second time, Charlie, that you have given me a heart of gold."

LIV.

During the period of the War, and especially in the year of the Indian uprising, Charles had greatly missed his old friend, Asa Parker. For Parker's habitual steadiness of mind, and his cheerful outlook under all circumstances, whether propitious or untoward, had been a source of strength to all his associates. Having no family to provide a home for, he had not become rooted in Superior. When Dame Fortune frowned, he was free to change his dwelling place and seek elsewhere her smile. In '59, two years after the panic prostrated Superior, he went back to Ontonagon.

In the five years since his departure he had been variously employed—as miner, surveyor, and operator of a sawmill. In the summer of '64 he added a fourth vocation to his repertoire, that of a sailor. He was acting as captain of the schooner *Ford* engaged in carrying freight on Lake Superior. In May his seamanship, combined with the impelling power of a brisk northeaster, had brought the *Ford* safely through the Entry into the shelter of Superior bay, ready to take on a cargo of lumber.

For the pleasure of being with Parker again Charles helped him in the loading. As he handled the white pine boards and inhaled the woodland fragrance of the cedar staves, his thoughts went back to the forests of Maine, to the sawmills on the Kennebec. They talked of boyhood days in New England, and of logging on the Wolf river in Winnebago county, where first they met and became friends. Charles enjoyed the companionship so much that he invited Parker to

spend the night at his home. In the evening their talk was all of mining, for Parker had recently sunk a shaft on the north shore near Two Island river, and was no less optimistic of results than he had been in '55 about the Fond du Lac Mining Company's location on the South Range. Under his influence Charles dreamed again the old alluring dreams of treasure found and made accessible to benefit mankind.

In July Captain Parker came again to Superior for another load of lumber. He neared the Entry early in the morning, enveloped and surrounded for leagues by a fog so dense that it completely smothered the light in the lighthouse. The result was that the schooner went aground on Minnesota point, and not with merely her bow in the sand but broadside on. The captain and his crew made every possible effort to get her off, but could not move her an inch, and had the double misfortune of losing their small anchor and a large amount of chain. The next day Captain Halloran of the steamer *Cleveland* essayed to pull the schooner free, but she was so imbedded in the sand that no available ropes were strong enough to stand the strain.

In his dilemma Parker besought the aid and counsel of Charles Kimball. After studying the situation, Charles entered into a contract, together with John Wallen as his assistant, to set the schooner afloat by digging a canal for her into deep water. The work was difficult and prolonged. Exposure to the water and the hot July sun was exhausting. After several days labor they had moved the schooner four or five feet, and felt confident of success the next day. Then a beneficent wind joined forces with the weary contractors and set the *Ford* free in the night. Parker proceeded at once to the sawmill on the Nemadji, and

took on a cargo of 113,000 feet of lumber for ports down the south shore.

Charles averred that his task was the hardest piece of work he had ever attempted, and told Carrie that there was no one in the world for whom he would have done it except Parker. As he had been notified by Dr. Hanchett that the geological party would set out the first of August, he decided to take Carrie's advice and spend the next two weeks in resting and getting fit. He had engaged Dan Waterman to take the party in his mackinaw boat, and had no more to do in the way of preparation but assemble the food supplies, tents, and tools that he had already arranged for. Thomas Clark had secured the services of Robert McLean, so that four of the party were to be Superior men who had often worked together.

Charles looked forward to the trip as a resumption of the old activities, a revisiting of the old scenes, that had so delighted him when first they became a part of his experience.

On the night of the 19th of July most of the people in Superior were out of doors gazing at a most unusual display of northern lights. The Kimball family had retired early, but before Charles fell asleep he was reminded that he had not padlocked his boat when he left it at its mooring place back of the house. He got up and went down to the bay to take that precaution. Thus it befell that he saw again the aurora borealis.

He had never told Carrie of his seeing it before his father's death and again before Mantheno's. He would not like to have her think him superstitious, nor would he plant a germ of superstition in her mind. But seeing the aurora again, he could not help thinking of her young brother Daniel in Louisiana, unused to the climate and exposed to malaria. They had re-

ceived no further news from him. Had the aurora come as a forerunner of his death?

The exhibition was the most gorgeous that Charles had seen. The firmament was alive with color—white, yellow, red, and purple—in undulating masses that swelled to brilliance, then ebbed to swell again. Gradually the masses changed in form to belts, while between them and beneath them the sky was smoky black of unfathomable depth. Then, imperceptibly, the belts of color changed to columns, rising, darting, to the zenith and beyond. Finally a bright arch formed in the northern sky no broader than a rainbow. When it faded away the sky was empty of all but stars.

In less than a week Carrie received another letter from her sister, telling her of the sad sequel to Daniel's enlistment. He had died in May, not killed in battle, not from any wound, but from illness contracted in New Orleans. In the certainty that he had died two months before, Charles found relief, sure proof that the northern lights had not been a harbinger of his death. But his relief was transitory. It passed when into his mind entered the unwelcome thought that just as the aurora had come twice before as the precursor of calamity, so now it would be followed by another misfortune. Thomas Clark's phrase had been "an omen of impending disaster," a sign of evil not present or gone by but to come.

He was haunted by the idea that accident or death was coming to his family. He should be with them for protection. How tragic had been the consequences of his brief absence on the hunting trip. To leave them for a month was to tempt Fate to do her worst. But when he hinted at giving up the expedition, Carrie remonstrated. It was summer. It would be easy to call on William for any help she needed. What

would Dr. Hanchett and the others think of him if he withdrew because of foolish apprehensions?

Then he told her about the northern lights that he had seen in the summer of '54 and again in '56, followed both times by death in his family. Now they had come again to warn him.

Carrie was surprised and dismayed at such evidence of superstition in her husband. She had thought of him as practical, as reasoning clearly, thinking sanely. Her own mind revolted at the notion that there could be any relation between a phenomenon of nature and the vicissitudes of human life.

She tried to show him the utter folly of his fear. "Why, Charlie, no doubt many men had unlooked for success or good fortune following those auroras. Those men might think the northern lights were a sign of prosperity or happiness. And they would be as nearly right as you are. You are wrong. It was only a coincidence that an aurora appeared before a death in your family. It was not a warning, nor a sign, nor a cause. You might as well establish a relation between a comet and a war, which I have heard you say is sheer nonsense."

Charles admitted that she was right, and said that he would not abandon the expedition. At the same time he was powerless to shake off his fear.

LV.

The day set for the exploring party to leave Superior was Tuesday, August 2nd. Dr. Hanchett and Mr. Wintermute had arrived on the preceding Saturday, pleased to find that nothing had been overlooked in the way of preparation. The boat had been put in order for the cruise, all food supplies and tools were ready for delivery, and each man had equipped himself with a rifle and fishing tackle, for they were to procure some of their food from the woods and the lake.

Thomas Clark recommended Stuntz's dock as the most favorable point of departure, so Dr. Hanchett decided to have the three tents set up on Minnesota point, and the entire company sleep there Monday night, prepared to make an early start the next morning. As the boat was not to be loaded until afternoon, and McLean had agreed to attend to that work, Charles had the entire day to spend with his family.

In the forenoon while Willie was at school learning addition, Charles took Lillie with him to the Uptertown to say goodbye to his mother. They went up the bay in his rowboat, landing near the Crystal Palace. Mary was expecting her son, and wasted no time in casual remarks before telling him the momentous news that Joseph had made up his mind to enlist, and in a few days would go to Stillwater to enroll in a Minnesota regiment. As William and his wife were then living near by, in the house that Charles had built for his bride, Mary would be well cared for, and she would not be lonely with Ellen Moore in the house. Then she communicated another surprising

piece of news, that as soon as the War was over Ellen would be married to John Scott, one of the paroled soldiers who had been stationed in the stockade the year before.

When Charles left his mother's house to walk over to the bay shore, thinking of how little of relish there had been of late in Joseph's life, and how welcome would be new scenes, new acquaintances, new action, he was conscious of a wish that he might be his brother's comrade. At Second street he took Lillie up to carry her down the bank, when he heard someone call his name. He turned, and saw Ellen Moore approaching. He stopped to congratulate her on her engagement.

Ellen told him that Scott's home was in Neenah, and seemed elated at the prospect of living there instead of in such a "forsaken hole as Superior."

"Why, Ellen," said Charles, "you ought to have a tender feeling for Superior. If you hadn't been living here, you might never have met your soldier boy."

"Maybe not, but I'll be glad to leave it all the same. We'd be married right away if John wa'n't bound to fight to the very end of the War. He's no shirk like the men of this town. He enlisted at the first call, and he'll stick it through."

Charles did not appear to heed her insinuation, but spoke of Joseph's purpose to enlist, adding, with a smile, "That ought to redeem the Kimball family to some extent."

Ellen's mood did not change. Even after they had parted she sent another dart his way. She called out over her shoulder, "Uncle Sam'll get you yet, too."

There was venom in her tone, so that Charles could not take her remark for banter. Perhaps because she must wait for a home of her own, she was envious of Carrie, and of his devotion. He wished that he had

not seen his cousin. If he had only left his mother's house three minutes sooner, they would not have met. He wondered if she really thought him a shirk, and if anyone else thought so too. After they were in the boat Lillie asked, "Where does Uncle Sam live?"

"A long, long way from here. He never comes to Superior."

Charles hoped that she would forget before she could tell her mother what Ellen had said. To drive it out of her mind he told her the stories she liked best, stories of his sister Sophy when she was a little girl. But all the time the implication in Ellen's indictment of the men of Superior rankled in his breast, and her parting assurance, so like a threat, kept ringing in his ears.

He made landing near a meat market where he was to buy a steak for dinner, and as he did not dare to leave Lillie in the boat he carried her up the bank. Before he set her down he was met by Mr. Williamson, the Episcopal rector, who greeted him, then took Lillie's hand, saying, "This little lady had a rather close call the other day."

Seeing that Charles did not comprehend his remark, he went on, "Just as I stepped on the bridge near your house a few days ago, I saw Lillie running toward me. Then I saw her fall and drop out of sight. I thought she had gone through a hole in the planking, but when I got to her I found her hanging to a cross piece, so I drew her up and took her home. There wasn't enough water in the creek to drown a kitten, but if she had let go she might have been badly hurt."

This story was news to Charles, and disturbing, but he understood why Carrie had not told him, that it would make him even more fearful about leaving home. He thanked the rector for being a very present help in time of trouble, and as he and his daugh-

ter went down to the boat, he asked, "Why did you go on the bridge, Lillie?"

"Mattie Wallen chased me."

"Why did she chase you? Had you done anything to her?"

"I bit her knee."

"Oh, why did you do that?"

"I didn't have any why. She stuck up her knee, and I just bit it."

Charles was thankful that his darling was unharmed, that the minister had happened to come along in the very nick of time. He did not reprove his daughter, nor did he mention the matter to Carrie. And he had no fear that Mademoiselle would ever tell her mother that he knew.

In the afternoon both the children had a thrilling experience. For the first time in their young lives they had their pictures taken. A traveling daguerreotypist was in Superior, and everybody was taking advantage of an opportunity that had long been lacking. Carrie dressed her son in his soldier suit, and her daughter in blue. Charles took them to the studio, and reported later that the pictures were fine and had been left for mounting in the little booklike cases that fastened with a tiny brass hook.

After supper Charles took Willie to the bay shore, and showed him the three white tents on Minnesota point, in one of which he would sleep that night. He pointed out the sailboat at the dock, and said, "Long before you wake up in the morning, Papa will be sailing down the lake. You must take good care of Mamma until I come back."

LVI.

The geological party of six hardy men, all of whom except Mr. Wintermute were accustomed to camp life and sailing, left Superior at sunrise on the morning of Tuesday, August 2nd. Carrie was up and out of doors in time to see the departure and to wave a last goodbye. It had been arranged on Monday evening before John Wallen rowed Charles across the bay to the camp site, that if all were well with her and the children she was to signal him by waving a handkerchief. If anything were amiss, she was to wave a blue veil, in which case he would withdraw from the expedition and await transport across the bay. He was to let her know that he saw her signal by waving a red bandana.

When Carrie raised the white token that all was well, the instant response told her that Charlie was on the lookout for her message. She watched the boat as it sailed down the bay and turned into the Entry. Just before it disappeared from view she was made aware that her husband was still looking her way, for he waved again—hail and farewell. He would write her from Grand Portage, but she would not see him again for one long month. Instead of grieving at the prospect of loneliness, she thought only of what improvement she would make in that time, and of how pleased Charlie would be to see it when he returned.

The wind was fair on Tuesday, so that instead of stopping at French river, where a mining company was then operating, Dr. Hanchett thought best to go on six miles farther and make camp at Buchanan. As

a United States land office had formerly been located there, they found a pier and several unoccupied houses. They tented there for the night, and spent all the next day exploring the locality, part of the valley of the Knife river, whose outlet was only a mile farther down.

On Thursday they were weatherbound by rain and wind. They folded their tents, put them in one of the houses to keep dry, and took shelter there themselves. They labeled specimens obtained the day before, and studied Owen's Report. At sunset it was clear, so they went on to Knife river, anchored in the estuary, and set up their tents.

The next day it was exceedingly hot, and there was not a breath of wind from the lake. The men worked all the forenoon up the river, making their way through dense underbrush, climbing the rough and steep rock formations, and chipping off specimens. They found the trappous rock traversed with scales of native copper, some of which were sheets one thirty-second of an inch in thickness and from three to six inches wide. At noon it befell that Charles was overcome by the heat, unable to continue at work or to partake of food. He was obliged to lie in camp for the rest of the day.

In mid afternoon three men from Duluth arrived at the camp on their way back from a visit to their mine on Stewart river. As they were well known to the Superior men, Dr. Hanchett offered to let Charles go back with them. The others urged him to go, but he would not entertain the idea for an instant. He assured them that he would be all right in the morning.

That night he slept very little. When his tent mate, McLean, turned in, he was delirious, laboring under the hallucination that his house was on fire and his

family in danger. McLean tried to convince him that it was all imagination, but he insisted that he could see the house in flames, that his wife could not get out with the baby, that they would all perish. After a time he became quiet and fell asleep, but just before dawn McLean woke to find him gone.

Stepping outside, he saw Charles looking at the eastern sky and heard him damning northern lights. As McLean approached he turned and said, "See those lights, Bob. They're a sign of disaster, and they'll bring it to me. You'll see." He pointed to the sky where the first faint light of day was visible above a low bank of clouds. As the light spread and grew brighter, he saw that he was in error, and went back to the tent, but he continued to talk of his family. Not until Dr. Hanchett gave him some quieting medicine was he able to find forgetfulness in sleep.

When he woke late on Saturday morning he seemed to be himself again. As it was much cooler and a fresh breeze was blowing from the west, Dr. Hanchett thought best to take advantage of a favorable day for sailing, and proceed for a considerable distance down the lake. Charles was not allowed to perform any labor, and continued to improve in appetite and appearance. He was interested in all they saw, and was able to give information interesting and valuable.

When they passed Agate bay and Burlington bay, separated by only a point of land, and each of them furnishing a safe harbor, clear of ice for two months longer than Superior harbor, talk arose as to the future of those locations. Thomas Clark ventured to assert that in respect to the mineral and commercial development of Minnesota in the Lake Superior region, they would be if not of first importance then certainly of second. He prophesied a railroad from Duluth to Burlington bay as an extension of the first

railroad to be built from the Mississippi to the head of the lake. Then, as in the years when the St. Croix railroad was in prospect, the men indulged in entertaining visions and speculations as to the development of Superior, confident that it would begin as soon as the War was over.

At Beaver bay, fifty miles from Duluth, they landed in order to call on the Wieland brothers, who had made there a settlement, the only permanent one between Duluth and Grand Portage. The five brothers had emigrated from Wurtemberg in 1856, and had gone directly to the north shore of Lake Superior. They engaged in two occupations, farming and lumbering. They built a sawmill run by water power, and equipped it with lath and shingle machines. They erected houses, barns, and warehouses, and constructed docks. They cleared land and cultivated farms, raising large quantities of hay, and marketing their produce with their lumber at mines on the south shore. They had opened a road thirty-five miles long into the forests on the northwest. They maintained a post office, and had weekly mail service from Duluth. They were prosperous, contented, and happy.

The first islands, worthy of note, except Knife island at the mouth of Knife river, were found extending in a chain from Beaver bay to the Palisades. They were all of dark reddish brown trap rock except one, a puzzle to geologists, which was entirely of white granite. Beyond them rose the purple walls of the Palisades, columnar in structure, varying in height from sixty to two hundred feet. Their buttresses, arches, and projecting angles, together with their rich color interlaced with veins of quartz and inlaid with sparkling crystals, made them no less beautiful than the Pictured Rocks on the south shore.

Charles told of visiting the Palisades with Parker,

and of finding on the top a level area of several hundred yards in extent covered with a coat of moss and decayed vegetation, out of which rose a grove of small pines and spruce trees absolutely destitute of underbrush. It was evident that the grove was an annual retreat for caribou when the time came for them to shed their antlers, for the ground showed a network of trails, and the moss was filled with the decaying weapons of the North American reindeer.

Thomas Clark then told of being out one summer evening in a birch bark canoe near the Great Palisade, when the lake was so limpid that one could hardly realize its presence, so placid that the reflection of the rocks in its depths made them seem to be twice as high. The motionless reflection was so perfect in form and color that it seemed as if there were nothing between him and the jagged rocks of the talus except the frail boat in which he sat, as if at any moment his boat might fall upon them, and he be dashed to pieces. It was a relief to disturb the water with his paddle, to hear its splash, and to see the reflections waver.

The party went on about ten miles farther to camp for the night on the shore of the bay called Little Marais. After supper, when they were out fishing a mile and a half farther down the lake and about forty rods from shore, their attention was arrested by an echo of the words "Pull him in," spoken by Waterman. Dr. Hanchett called out, "Who is there?" The response was a perfect imitation of his voice and words. They lay to, and entertained themselves with what seemed like an invisible presence in the hills. When Charles said, "Who is there?" they laughed at what they called his Maine way of eliminating *r*'s, and Echo laughed back at them.

Mr. Wintermute fired a gun, a light charge. Two seconds afterward their ears were astounded by one,

two, three, and more detonations from the bluffs both down and up the shore. A second and heavier charge was then shot that they might count the echoes. They came in pairs, clear and distinct, a second or two intervening, the louder from down the lake, the lighter from up the coast. They counted four pairs, then in astonishment they failed to count, for the echoes came louder and louder, the adjacent forests were in an uproar as of artillery. A more than ordinary storm accompanied by rolling thunder in a mountain region would no more than equal their reverberations. When all was quiet again, a third gun was fired and fourteen pairs of echoes were counted, followed by several indistinct ones that, as Thomas Clark recorded it, "blended with the rumbling of a hundred cars in high speed winding their way in the distance and beset by dozens of ambushed howitzers belching their angry mouths at the hastening train."

On Sunday they continued to sail down the lake, passing the mouths of many creeks and rivers. At one of them Charles recalled having seen a memorial erected there by Bishop Baraga. Crossing the lake in an open boat from LaPointe, fifty miles away, in order to visit the Indians on the north shore, he had been overtaken by a severe storm. Ascribing his safe though perilous landing to the aid of Almighty God, he had piously planted a cross as a memorial of his gratitude for deliverance. The river had therefore lost its Chippewa name Inaonani, and was thereafter called Cross river. A few miles farther on was Temperance river, where the party made landing to examine peculiar potholes in the river gorges.

That river was known to Charles as the Kawimbash, the Indian name used in Owen's Report. It had been renamed because of a certain characteristic that distinguished it from other rivers on the north

shore. Except when swollen by the melting of snow or by heavy rains, many of the rivers discharged so little water that they were closed at the mouth by gravel thrown up by the waters of the lake and forming a bar. As the Kawimbash never had a bar to incommode or baffle a weary voyageur, some unknown punster had named it Temperance river. Only half a mile away was Carlton's Peak, the height that Charles had climbed with Parker years before, to look upon Keweenaw point, the Apostle islands, and the range on the south shore. He remembered how he had been thrilled by Parker's words, and wished that Parker were again his companion.

They found numerous potholes on the margin of the gorge cut by the river, round depressions enlarged and deepened by gravel and small bowlders that had been kept revolving by circular currents. One of them, several yards from the bed of the river and eight feet deep, was much wider at the bottom than at the top, a truncated cone forming a natural trap for small animals. Its floor was strewn with the bones of animals so captured, and a young mink lying there had evidently been dead only a few hours.

The men also went up the river half a mile to the narrow gorge seventy-five feet deep, through which the water made its way in a succession of cascades and one great fall. They took specimens of basalt, trap rock, feldspar, and shale, some of them showing iron but none of them copper. Returning to the shore, they set up their tents, numbered and recorded their specimens, packed them, and then rested there for the night.

Charles had insisted on doing his full share of work that day, and had been rational and companionable, but as night began to fall he was silent and depressed, and showed signs of uneasiness. After he lay down

to sleep he began again to talk of his wife and children. He was beset by the same fear as before, that they were dead or in imminent danger—drowned in the bay or caught in a fire. Dr. Hanchett took him to his own tent, gave him medicine to allay his fever, and prevailed upon him to stay there. After midnight he slept.

The next morning he was again restless, laboring under the same hallucination that had so tormented him in the night. When they set out in the boat, a bed was arranged for him in the bow, and he was persuaded to lie down. In about half an hour he sprang from his bed into the lake. As the boat was under full sail, it required several minutes to turn and come to a stop, but in the meantime Charles kept himself up until he was rescued. His clothes were changed and he rested. It seemed as if the plunge into the cool water had entirely restored him to sanity and health, for in a short time he was perfectly rational. They landed to prepare a warm meal, for which he had an appetite, and after they set sail again he offered to steer the boat. He was allowed to do so, and continued to manage the rudder for an hour or two, when again he appeared excited and nervous.

He seemed to be watching the shore, furtively, and once said in a low voice to McLean, "Do you see that old man in the woods following us?"

"No, Charlie, I don't see any old man. There isn't anybody in the woods. Not even a young man could keep up with this boat."

In a little while he asked again, "Don't you see him, Bob? That old man with gray hair and chin whiskers? He's after me. Can't you hear him calling me? There! He said my name. He said, 'I'll get you yet'."

McLean tried to assure him that five strong men

could keep any old man from getting him or doing him any harm. He talked to him of other trips that they had taken together. Charles conversed sensibly and with interest. Therefore, when they approached the shore at sunset to land for the night, McLean thought nothing of the whispered request, "Let me out first, Bob." As the other men were hauling out the boat, Charles went into the woods and was hidden from view.

Five minutes passed and he had not returned. The men were anxious. Dr. Hanchett and Mr. Wintermute went into the woods, found his trail, and followed it as long as they could see, but with no success. At the same time Clark, McLean, and Waterman were keeping watch up and down the shore. Once or twice they thought they heard him halloo. They answered, and called over and over again, "O Charlie." He did not answer or appear.

It was a long and troubled night for the five men who could do nothing but keep up their camp fire and wait for daylight. One of them was constantly on the watch, straining his ears to catch any sound that might indicate the approach of their lost comrade. Many times they thought they heard a step in the woods or on the beach, but it was only the stir of a night bird or the lap of a little wave.

As soon as they could see the next morning they began a thorough search. Dr. Hanchett and Mr. Wintermute followed his tracks into the woods, where moss and vegetation made them easy to trace. Thomas Clark went down the shore. McLean and Waterman went up. There they soon came upon his tracks in the woods near the shore, and followed them for more than a mile, where they turned toward the lake. For the rest of the day all the men searched in that vicinity, covering every inch of the woods, and scanning

the beach and the shore. No further trace of him could be found, but they knew that he was somewhere, and they would not give up.

Just before nightfall McLean and Waterman, his old familiar friends, came upon his clothing, his shoes, his journal, laid in a pile at the foot of a spruce tree near the edge of the woods. Tracks led to the shingle of the beach and were made by bare feet. As there were no tracks indicating a return, the men had no doubt that they had found the last tracks that Charles had made upon the land.

Sore beset by fear and distress he had gone for refuge, for comfort, for peace, to the lake he loved. Then was his destiny fulfilled, for then they were at one. What the lake had taken to its heart it would forever keep.

LVII.

In the report supplementary to Dr. Hanchett's made by the assistant geologist, Thomas Clark, on the physical geography of the northeastern geological district of Minnesota for 1864, there are one hundred and two entries, each dealing with a separate geographical subject. Entry number seventy-five, indexed under "Kimball Creek," is here appended:

"Kimball's creek enters the Lake in fractional Sec. 10, T. 61, R. 2, eight miles below Grand Marais. This corps camped on the beach about a hundred yards below this creek the evening of August 8, at dusk. Mr. Charles D. Kimball of the party, who had for several days been afflicted with illness accompanied with occasional aberration—but apparently sane at this time—on leaving the boat plunged into the forest. With the utmost diligence the party were unable to overtake or find him that night. The next morning all hands spread into the woods in pursuit; his tracks readily found by daylight were traced to the shore, a mile above, on Sec. 9, where his clothes and shoes were—nothing else but bare feet tracks to the shingle beach. Further and extended scouring of the woods and beach was made, but no additional traces could be discovered.

"Mr. Kimball was a citizen of worth, had spent the last ten years of his life in the lake districts, and had acquired a very general practical knowledge of the region in quest. As a slight tribute to his memory we leave his name to the mountain stream where an inscrutable Providence separated him from his companions and the world."

THE END.



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